The Saturday Evening
# POST
November 10, 1956 — 15¢

## My Life in the White House Doghouse

By DREW PEARSON

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# NASH ANNOU

## The World's Newest a

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Product of American Mot

# POWER UP_ PRICE DOWN_IN THE BIGGEST OF THE BIG V-8s!

**Performance way, way up**—255 horsepower in the all-new Nash Ambassador V-8. Yet, when it comes to *price* for this big, long wheelbase Ambassador—it's *down!* Here's the motor car news of 1957 that only Nash can make—the motor car value that only Nash can build.

Here's the biggest car of all where bigness counts. It's more than 18 feet long—and its low silhouette—only five feet from roof to road—makes it look even longer. Yet Nash tops even the highest-priced cars in headroom, shoulder room, legroom. It has the greatest visibility, too, with its wide, wide Scena-Ramic windshield.

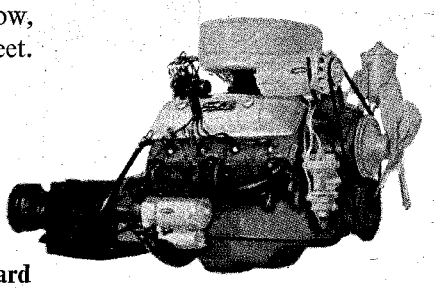
Come see it. See the brand-new Lightning Streak styling. See the bold, sure-to-be-imitated front end design with Four Beam Headlight System that means better night visibility, even in fog, snow, sleet or rain, yet reduces glare toward cars you meet.

See the best that's new in automobiles—

- **New wider front tread for surer footing**
- **New sharper, easier turning**
- **Airliner Reclining Seats**
- **All-Season Air Conditioning**
- **Choice of Hydramatic, Overdrive or Standard**
- **Twin Travel Beds**

See the safest car ever built with exclusive all-welded Single Unit Construction—twice as strong, twice as lasting—assures top resale value.

**See the new low, low price tags** that make the Nash Ambassador the greatest car value on the road today. At your Nash and Rambler dealer.



**255 HP Strong!** That's the al new, Nash-built V-8 engine! combines blazing acceleratio and performance with th amazing economy that onl Nash can build into a big V-8 *Come try it today—there'* never been anything like it!

***JOIN THE SWING TO THE TRAVEL KING***

## '57 Nash

*World's Finest Travel Ca*

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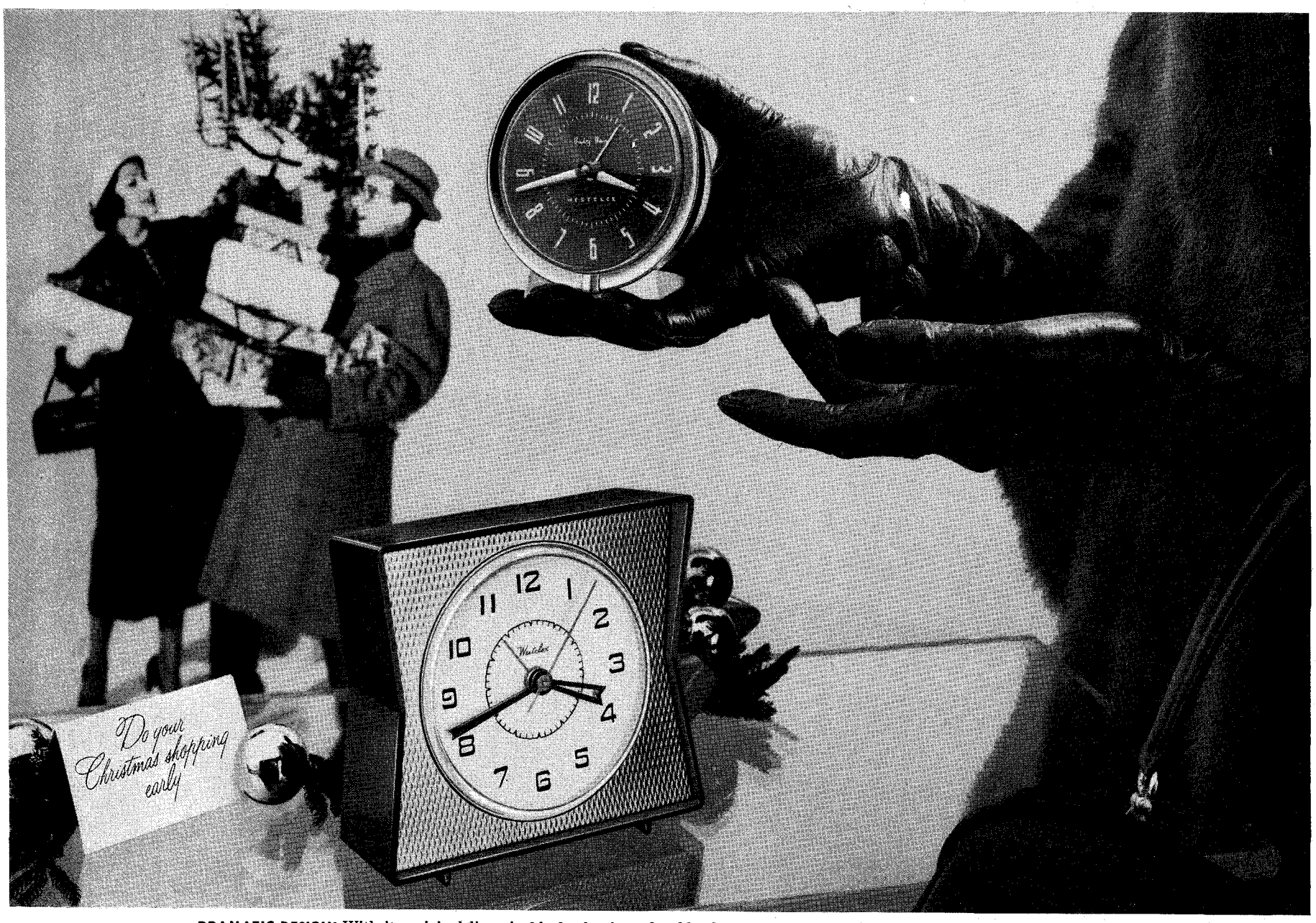
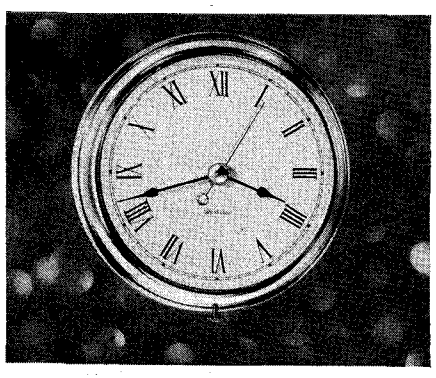
# More Westclox have been on more Christmas lists than any other clocks



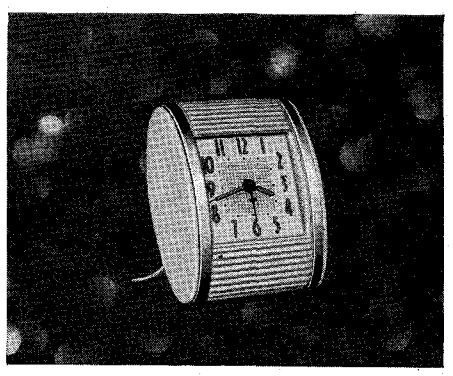

**DRAMATIC DESIGN!** With its original lines in black plastic and gold-color recessed front, DASH electric alarm is a stunning little clock for any room. 4" high. Shatter-proof crystal. Only **$5.95.** With luminous dial, a dollar more.

**PERKY NEW BABY BEN SPRING ALARM.** He couldn't be cuter! New patterned dial, cone shaped crystal. Quiet tick. A steady call adjustable to loud or soft. White or black finish with gold color trim. **$6.95.** Luminous, a dollar more.

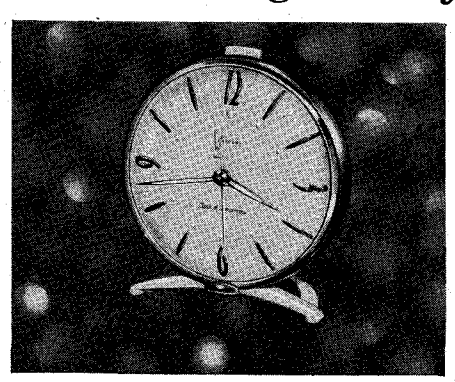
## A Westclox is a special gift, a handsome gift . . . a gift long remembered. For with it, your best wishes live on and on through every hour of every day.



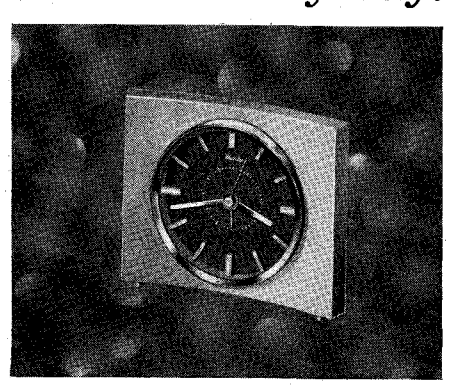
**BEAUTY IN BRASS.** Here's a heart-lifting idea—whether it's for her kitchen, his office, or a gift for your home. Trim and gleaming, brass-finished SPICE electric wall clock is right for any decor. Mounts flush. 5½" dial, brass-finished sweep second hand. **$5.95.**



**CLOSES LIKE A CLAM!** An exclusive design —TRAVALARM tucks easily into corner of bag. Sliding shutter front, easel back close for traveling. Luminous dial, shatter-proof crystal. Ivory or walnut finish with gold-color trim; black with nickel trim. **$9.45.**



**MOST LUXURIOUS SPRING ALARM.** Anybody would want the beautiful CLOCK OF TOMORROW—with chime alarm, quiet tick, luminous dial. An ingenious luminous signal shows when alarm is set. White or black, gold-color numerals and trim. **$12.50.**



**ELECTRIC AND ELEGANT.** Put stars in someone's eyes...give her this slim beauty in modern gray tone plastic, with high-styled dimensional dial, gold-color trim and luminous dial. The FORTUNE electric alarm is a handsome gift at modest cost—only **$6.95.**

Electric or Spring **WESTCLOX*** ...dependable as the day is long

Made by the makers of **BIG BEN***

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Remember, a luminous dial can be read in the dark.

**WESTCLOX,** La Salle-Peru, Illinois • *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U.S.A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change. *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.*

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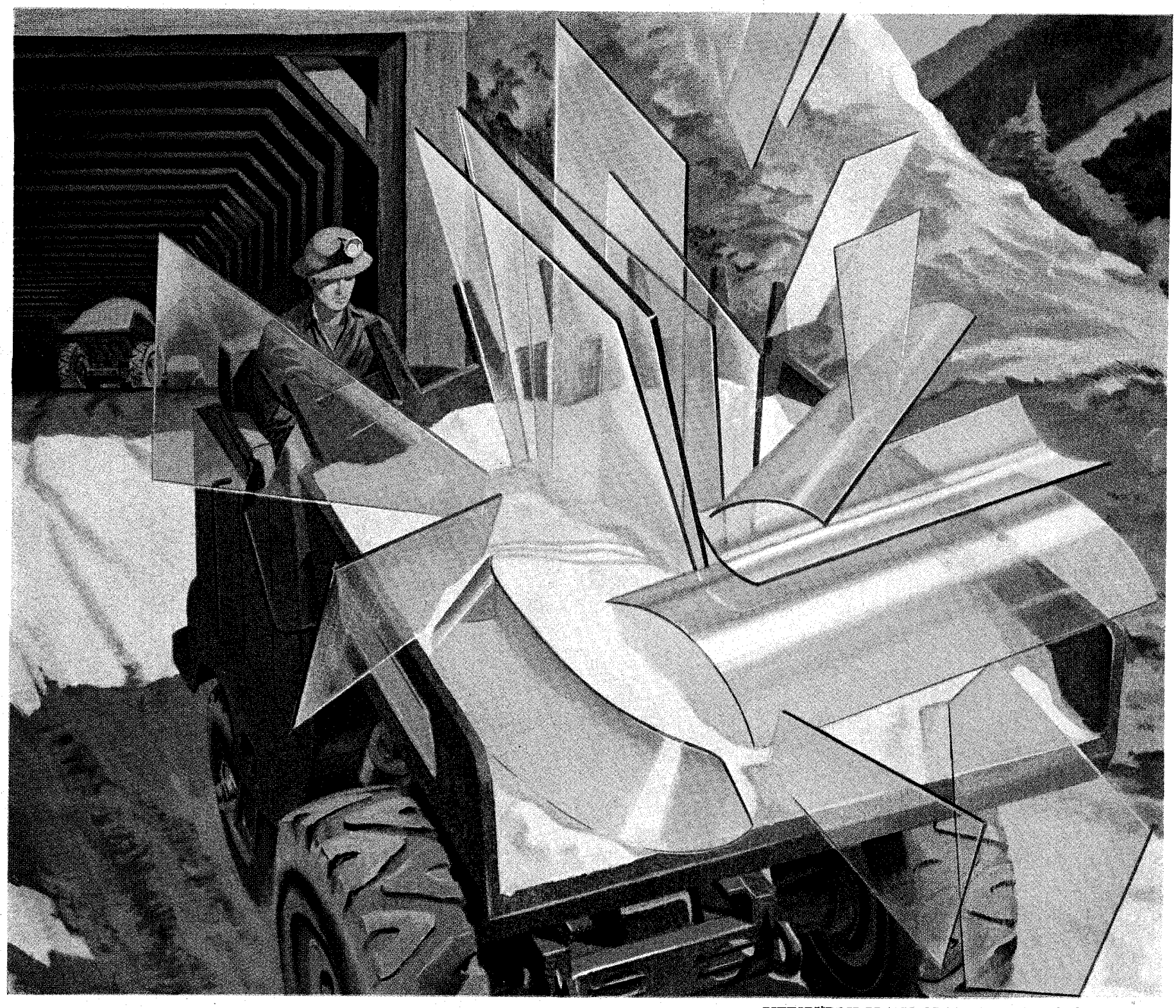

**PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY** had an operating problem in its underground sand mines. It was solved by a product of Shell Research.

# Underground glass miners hit pay dirt

Down in the Missouri sand mines of Pittsburgh Plate Glass, big 10-ton sand haulers move and dump the raw material that is one of the major ingredients of your picture window or automotive windshield.

With demands at a record level, Pittsburgh needed full production from every machine, but wasn't getting it from the sand haulers. The reason was that underground springs kept the mines soaking wet, and corrosion caused frequent delays for repair.

Engineers, asked to study the problem, recommended a product of Shell Research, ideally suited to heavy duty in wet places—*Shell Rimula Oil.* Installed in the sand haulers it proved the right answer. Not only was the corrosion problem brought under control, but each individual filling of oil lasted much longer.

Developing lubricants that can take the toughest going is a typical program of Shell Research. It proves that you can expect something extra when you buy products that bear the Shell name.

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*more for your money*

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## THE COVER

For the whopper of a lady, a scanty lunch; for the scanty ladies, a whopping lunch; and for the man who makes his living selling these vittles that's a well-balanced diet. If the girls notice the full, unfortunate grandeur of Mrs. Bigbe's silhouette, will it put a crimp in their appetites? No. Ah, youth; ah, to be young and lean yet full of calories! Concerning that still life on the table, for several days Alajálov lugged trays of it up to his New York studio, but he couldn't eat it without rendering his perfect figure imperfect. So the kind man kept feeding it to the elevator boys, and they rejoiced. When his job was done, he stopped feeding them in the manner to which they had become accustomed, and this made him feel like an unkind man. One of life's wacky little tragedies.


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*(See pages 20-21)*

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# Letters

## Richest Hillbilly

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks to Joe Alex Morris for his wonderful article on Winnie Rockefeller [THE HILLBILLY ROCKEFELLER, Sept. 29]. Rockefeller has indeed done wonders in our state, but he did not do all of them singlehanded. A lot of credit goes to some Arkies that finally got some inspiration and did something.

BURT EIKLEBERRY
*Russellville, Arkansas*

Dear Sirs:

Winthrop Rockefeller probably feels like big King Dodo, up on his mountaintop, dictating to the people who are real natives that they must raise their taxes and take in the colored with white in their schools. How they must love it! Wonder they don't ride him out on a rail.

MRS. R. W. STANFORD
*Beaver, Pa.*

## Secondhand Glamour

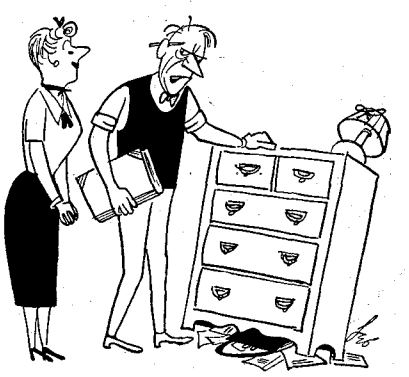
Dear Sirs:

More power to Mrs. Florence Barry [SHE SELLS GLAMOUR SECONDHAND, by Hartzell Spence, Sept. 29] for giving the gals with the champagne taste and beer income an opportunity for savoring the real thing.

BETTY FARRAR TUCKER
*Gladwyne, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

I got a chuckle out of Florence Barry's weird bookkeeping method "which sets the practices of accounting back 200 years." It is my custom to put all bills, receipts and money-order stubs in an old purse and shove it on the floor under the dresser. . . . About once every six months



my husband goes through this shambles and restores law and order.

Everything always balances.

MRS. LAWRENCE WESTLUND
*St. Paul, Minn.*

Dear Sirs:

I wonder if Mrs. Barry could fix a farmer up with a gray flannel suit?

CARL PORTZ
*Newcomerstown, Ohio*

## Male Teacher

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Robert Haley's fine article on male teachers in the elementary grades [DON'T CALL ME A SISSY, Oct. 6] and am aghast that anyone would ever think of them as "sissies." These people should follow one of our excellent male teachers around for a day to see how much they accomplish! I feel qualified to speak as I have just finished a two-week struggle with thirty fifth-graders while their regular teacher was away. . . . More power to Mr. Haley and the others like him who fill such an important need for so many of our children at an age that is very important in their growth. I have seen so many "disturbed" and "difficult" children blossom out when they came into day-to-day contact with a man in 5th or 6th grade.

I, for one, (a female teacher and a mother) feel that everything that is possible should be done to encourage our young boys to consider this very important field when they pick a career.

MRS. HAROLD SLINGERLAND
*Delmar, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for Robert M. Haley and his feeling of how important the education of our children really is.

Our daughter entered the sixth grade this fall, and for the first time has a man teacher. And believe me, we can see the difference. . . .

They say we need bigger and better schools; let's have more men teachers to go with them.

MRS. EDWIN STOWE
*Springfield, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

I agree with Mr. Haley when he says that boys especially need daily contact with men in their formative years. I have nothing against female teachers (I am one myself) but we do need to untie the apron strings.

MRS. FRED WALDRON, JR.
*Muncy, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

Having been a teacher for some years, I am convinced that gender is not the important consideration in teaching. What counts most is the character of the person and the amount of work he *or* she is willing to put into the job.

DOROTHY NOONAN
*Boston, Mass.*

Dear Sirs:

A fitting and timely article, and it contained implications that are alarming. It is alarming that the mere presence of a man teacher in an elementary school should be a matter of national interest—which it certainly is! According to this article, one teacher out of every six in the Los Angeles elementary schools is a man. This is a very high ratio. It is doubtful if any school community in the United States can equal it. Our classrooms, in fact, are "manned" by women.

The average American boy goes to school for SIX years before he ever comes into regular contact with a man teacher! Is this a desirable situation? . . . We should remember that half of our school children are boys.

I admire the women in the teaching profession. They are splendid teachers and splendid women. Unfortunately they are in the position of the widow with a family who tries to be both "mother and father" to her children. Must our American school children be "educational orphans"?

ROBERT O. BARKLEY
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Continued on Page 6

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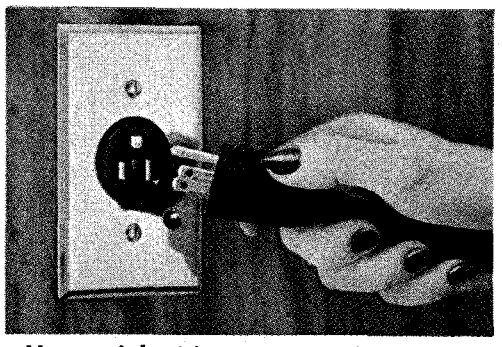
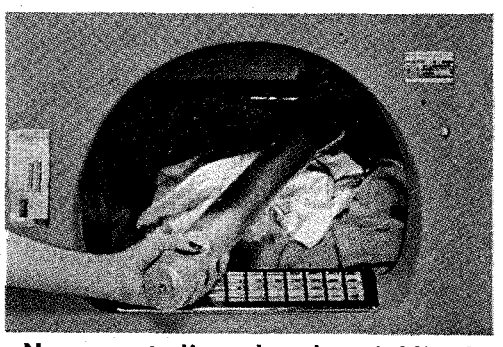
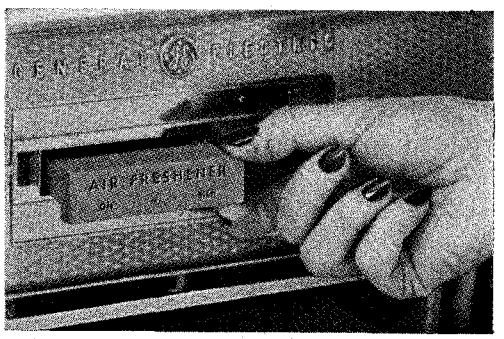
**Fast, perfect drying** . . . *indoors . . . can be yours any* time at all with this new, high-speed General Electric Dryer. A family wash can actually dry in about a half hour. Most synthetics take less than 8 minutes. Your clothes will smell fresh . . . feel soft . . . and be so wrinkle-free you'll actually save hours of ironing time every week! See it at your General Electric dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.



**No special wiring necessary!** This General Electric Dryer is completely automatic on either 115-volt or 230-volt circuit. Takes slightly longer on 115-volt.



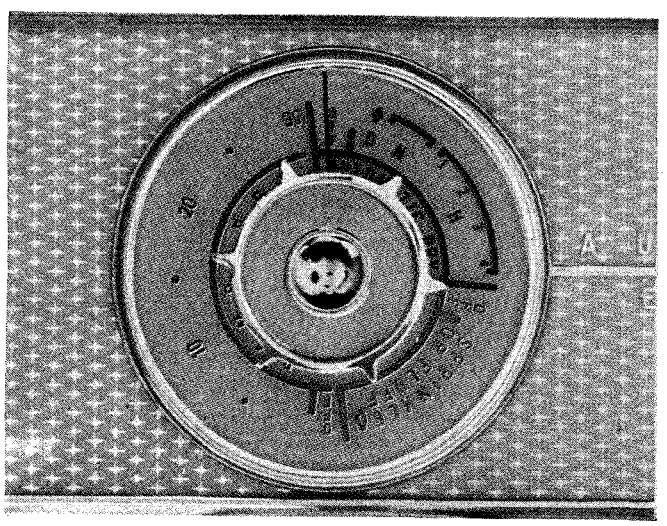
**No more tedious hand sprinkling!** Whenever you're ready to iron, put in this Automatic Sprinkler . . . add clothes to be dampened and turn the dial to SPRINKLE!




**Clothes smell fresh** as all outdoors because this Air Freshener releases a gentle fragrance into the air stream. Adjustable . . . select any amount of fragrance you want.

# Now! Perfect, Automatic Drying for All Washables . . . with the New 1957 General Electric Dryer!

## Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes!



**Just one dial to set** for perfect results every time! No guessing at correct time and temperature—just set control to

D . . . .for delicate silks and synthetics
N . . . .for normal loads of cottons and linens
H . . . .for heavy loads of bedspreads, rugs, etc.

The control automatically adjusts drying time and temperature to suit every load—every fabric.

- **Foot Pedal** opens full-width, magnetic door.
- **Smooth Porcelain Basket** prevents snagging of buttons or fabrics.
- **Lint Guard** of nylon catches and holds all lint.
- **Four colors plus white!** Petal Pink, Turquoise Green, Canary Yellow and Woodtone Brown available at slight extra cost.

New General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control as low as $2.70* per week after small down payment. Other high-speed General Electric Dryers as low as $149.95.

**Based on distributor's recommended retail price. Prices subject to local variation.*

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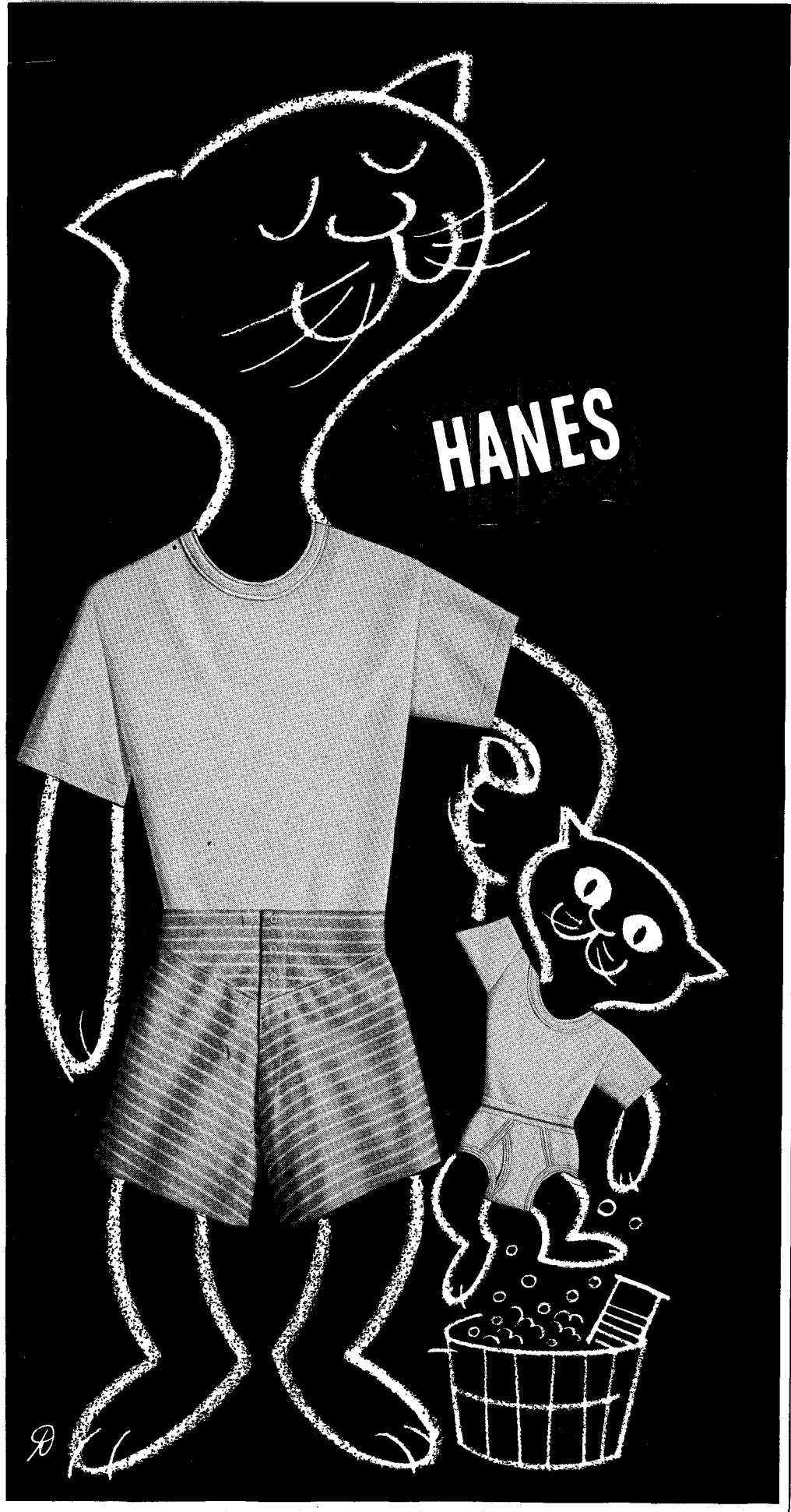



# Happy in the wash!

Picture a T-shirt that's whiter-than-white when you buy it . . .
and *stays* that way, no matter how many times it's worn and washed.
Only Hanes knows this secret! And wait'll you wear it!
The no-sag, Nylon-reinforced neckband holds its shape always.
The tail is *long*. Stays tucked in no matter how active you are.
And they're fine, soft, long-staple cotton throughout!
Best buy in town for only $1 for men, 75¢ for boys.

| *More great buys* | *for men* | *and boys* |
|---|---|---|
| Nylon-reinforced undershirts . | 79¢ to 85¢ | 59¢ |
| Fig Leaf Briefs . . . . . | 95¢ to $1 | 69¢ |
| Seamless-seat Givvies shorts . | $1 . . | 65¢ to 69¢ |

*Get more than you bargained for . . . get* HANES

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N.C. Canadian Manufacturer and Distributor, C. Turnbull Limited, Galt, Ont.

# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

## The Post for Ike

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on an objective, thoughtful editorial [THE COUNTRY STILL NEEDS EISENHOWER, Sept. 29].

MRS. MYRA FLINT
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

You have given the case in behalf of the Eisenhower Administration . . . in the clearest, most concise statement that has yet been made.

RALPH E. HODGES
*Eagle Rock, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

Why should a company come out and try to tell the people that they should return Eisenhower to the White House? It would be quite wise not to take any side regardless of what your feelings are.

INED W. JACKSON
*Monmouth, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

What a disappointment your current editorial is! If you *really* like Ike . . . then you will do like many of us who have *his* welfare in mind. We like Ike and are voting for Adlai in order that Ike may have all of his time to play golf, hunt and fish and not have to be bothered with being President.

D. F. FLEET, JR.
*Tazewell, Va.*

## Democrats' Case

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to The Saturday Evening Post on publication of Mr. Rayburn's article [THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATS, by Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Oct. 6]. It is far above all other political treatises I have read during this campaign. Clear, concise and informative, it has a ring of truth and sincerity.

HELEN W. LUZADDER
*McCall, Idaho*

Dear Sirs:

Speaker Rayburn's article indicates that the Democrats regard the United States as a nation of incompetents who must be "looked after" by a paternalistic government—Democrat, naturally.

Shades of the pioneers!

HARRIET LOCKHART
*Sodus, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

This land of ours would have nothing to fear if all Democrats were like Mr. Sam, but Tom Jefferson would no doubt turn over in his grave if he knew what constitutes the Democratic Party of today. . . .

The strength of the Democratic Party is based solely on their appeals to dissatisfied minorities and not on the great principles of the founder of their party or the many most worthy men in their ranks.

E. E. ANDERSON
*Connerville, Okla.*

Dear Sirs:

After reading THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATS, one wonders who they are trying to elect—a dead man (F.D.R.) or Stevenson. The major part of the article was given over to F.D.R. and his policies while only one or two paragraphs dealt with Stevenson.

This is 1956, not 1932, '36, '40 or '44. We, the people, are interested in the present candidates and their policies.

MARGARET COBB
*Leavenworth, Kansas*

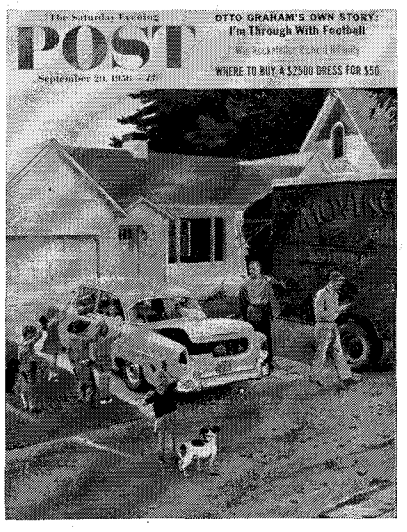
## Moving Day

Dear Sirs:

I can't resist the opportunity to write to you in connection with the cover page on the September 29th issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

You see, I am in the moving business. . . . Noting the artist's conception of what a moving job should be like, I am taking this opportunity to make a few suggestions.

First of all, if any of my men were to load a van and put a mattress on the tail gate, it would be reason to discharge him.




Even if they put it on the tail gate, it should be covered with a tarpaulin and also placed in a mattress carton so as to eliminate the possibility of its becoming soiled.

Secondly, if the men were found smoking on the job, particularly a cigar, it would be another reason for a possible discharge. Smoking increases the possibility of fire, burns and holes in the household goods, not to speak of the van and other equipment. . . .

The timely subject, in view of the fact that October the first is normally a national moving day, rates congratulations to you for always being on the ball.

C. B. MASSETH, JR.
*Minneapolis, Minn.*

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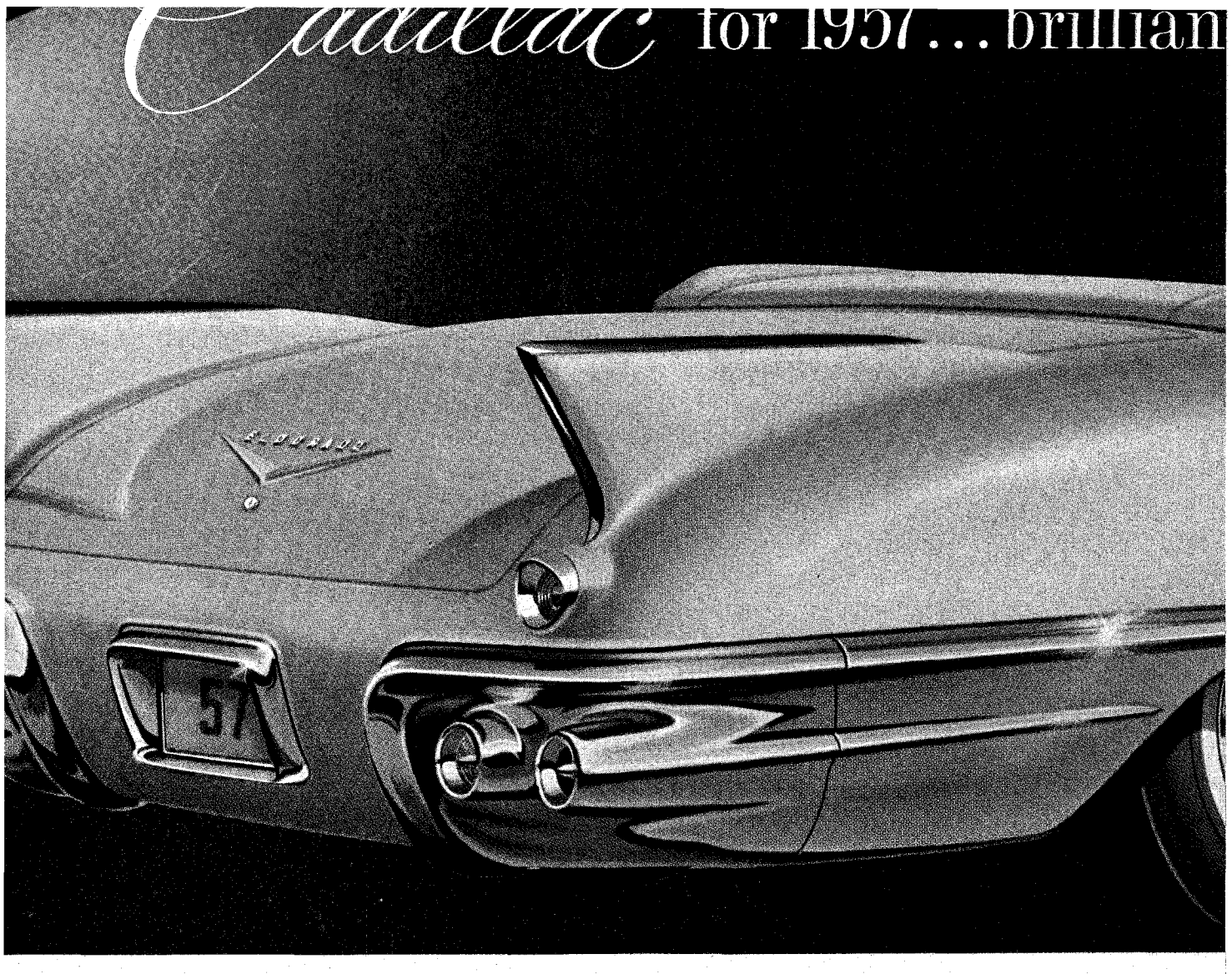
# Cadillac for 1957...brilliant




ful cars on these pages are the most important
motive advancements Cadillac has ever been
ıe motoring public.
ı and engineering, and bringing to the world's
andard of quality and excellence—Cadillac for
greatest achievements of all time.
stylists have created a brilliant new type of
beauty . . . majestically graceful in every line and contour . . . won
fully exciting in spirit and in concept . . . and with a dramatically
balance of chrome and glass and steel.

Cadillac's master coachcrafters have brought a new measure
luxury and excitement to the car's interiors . . . with gorgeous
fabrics and leathers . . . with inspiring new colors and patterns . . .
with marvelous new appointments and conveniences on every ha

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And Cadillac's world-famous engineers have introduced a sensa-ional new concept of automotive performance . . . with two great new adillac engines . . . with an even smoother, more responsive Hydra-atic Drive . . . with greatly improved power steering and power brak-g . . . with a revolutionary new frame design . . . and with a host of her equally vital engineering advancements.

These dramatic Cadillac achievements are being presented for 1957 in ten individual body styles, including the breath-ta series. Each is a Cadillac masterpiece . . . a brilliant trib who design and build the Standard of the World.

Your Cadillac dealer cordially invites you to see . . and to drive the new 1957 Cadillac at your very fir

It will be the most enlightening experience of your m

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS

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# Editorials

## Red China Owes a Lot to Western Stupidity

For the trusting souls who still believe that the way to meet the problem of communist power in Asia is to add to it by recognizing the communist dictatorship in China and admitting it to the United Nations, we recommend study of a pamphlet called Invasion Alert (Maran Publishers) by former Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, which is being circulated by The Committee of One Million. Besides reciting the familiar horror story of murder, torture and blackmail which largely account for the rise of the communists to power in China and their ability to remain on top, Mr. Grew adds one very practical consideration.

As is well known, considerable American money goes to United Nations agencies for various relief and reconstruction purposes, and there is spirited agitation in various quarters, including the American Congress, to distribute the bulk of our foreign aid through the U.N. Should the Chinese communists enter the U.N., they would have an important voice in deciding where American money should be spent, for, as Mr. Grew points out, "once a nation is admitted, the U.N. by-laws protect it securely against discrimination in membership assistance and relief. In this outlandish position, the United States, which has contributed billions to help free nations fight communism, would give more billions to help the communists fight the democracies."

It is particularly fitting that Mr. Grew should add his influential voice to those who oppose any new appeasement of Red China, because back in 1945, during the closing months of World War II, Mr. Grew, among others, sought to lay the groundwork for a peace in the Pacific which might have prevented, or at least postponed, domination of that area by the communists. The key to such a peace was, of course, an end to the war with Japan before the Russians could enter it. The procommunist play was to keep the Japanese from surrendering until Stalin could get into the war.

A dramatic account of the events and frustrations leading up to the disastrous decision virtually to bribe Russia to enter a war which, according to top military and naval authorities, had already been won, is contained in The Enemy at His Back (Bookmailer) by Elizabeth Churchill Brown. The author of this exciting book is the wife of Constantine Brown, of the Washington Star, one of the ablest diggers into the baffling background of American diplomacy during the war. Mrs. Brown has done prodigious homework among the files of the various committee hearings (Institute of Pacific Relations, MacArthur, Internal Security, and so on). As she presents the story, it was Mr. Grew's efforts to persuade the policy makers to define "unconditional surrender" for Japan to include retention of the Emperor, thus assuring an early peace, which brought about his loss of favor with the pro-Russian clique in the State Department.

Why was there so much interest among American left-wingers in the overthrow of Japan's Emperor even if this meant prolonging the war? Why was there so much resistance up front to the evidence that Japan was beaten in early 1945 and had been trying for months to make an offer of peace? Admiral Leahy, Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, Eugene Dooman, Far East specialist in the State Department, and others whose opinions should have had weight, agreed with Grew that Japan should not be harried by unreasonable terms into prolonging the war and that it would be unwise to urge Russia to enter the conflict.

But other opinions prevailed, and the slaughter had to continue until the final surrender of a defeated nation which had been trying for several months to give up. Frazier Hunt, in The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur (Devin-Adair), points out ironically that the essence of Mr. Grew's plan, which was rejected in May, was incorporated into the surrender terms at Potsdam in July. Mr. Hunt adds that "its presentation to the Japanese Government in May might have cut short the war and automatically solved the problem of Russia invading Manchuria and Korea at the ultimate cost of the loss of China. . . ."

Had Mr. Grew and his colleagues been heeded, we might now have Japan as a somewhat firmer ally in the Far East and just possibly a free China whose capitulation had not been made inevitable by the arrival of Soviet troops on her western frontier. It might now be unnecessary for Mr. Grew to argue with his fellow Americans that, despite past follies, the Far East can still be saved if we keep our heads.

## Britain's Laborites Try Out Envy as a Political Weapon

The Labor Party in Great Britain is, of course, a Socialist party. When it took office in 1945, it relied heavily on its traditional battle cries: public ownership of the means of production, and the advantages of a completely controlled economy, directed by wise, far-seeing experts.

Neither showed up well in practice. The Conservatives returned to power, where they remain today, and Labor again faces the problem of arousing the voters to a sense of their grievances. This is proving a difficult task, in a Britain where there are more jobs than applicants, where wages are on the rise and where the relaxation of controls has brought back at least some of the spirit of Merrie Englande. The new rise of Aneurin Bevan to the top of the party indicates a leftward swing in the effort to solve these problems.

Labor's eggheads have attempted to raise new popular issues in a series of proposals for improving the lot of the common man when they return to office. One Socialist thinker talks of something he calls "relative immiseration." In ordinary language, this means that you may think yourself prosperous and happy, but your sense of well-being will turn to ashes at the thought that somebody else may be better off than you are. Thus, a man will rejoice in the possession of a new car, but it may be possible to make him discontented by pointing out that the man next door has a fancier one.

The mere fact that appeals to greed and envy must be carried to such absurd lengths may be reassuring, since it marks a new low point and suggests the collapse of Socialism as a working political system.

## The World Bank Doesn't Regard Loans as Gifts

We agree with the World Bank that nations should get loans only if they are good credit risks. That is the way any neighborhood bank works, and it's also a good way of dealing with foreign governments. If someone defaults on his debts or shows in other ways that he is an irresponsible spendthrift, he automatically makes himself a poor financial risk.

Eugene R. Black, president of the World Bank—its formal name is the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development—said at its annual meeting that the bank wants countries that don't pay their debts to make "reasonable efforts to cure the default" before they can expect a loan.

The most sensible of all World Bank policies, however, is its effort to cure nations of the inflation habit. Mr. Black put it this way: "We feel we cannot lend where inflationary tendencies are allowed to develop to the point of threatening internal stability and disrupting the balance of payments." Governments that spend beyond their country's means should not come running to the World Bank, expecting to get an "easy" loan.

Egypt, which mortgaged its cotton production for years to come for Iron Curtain arms, is naturally sore at Black and the World Bank. But other countries are likely to think twice before getting themselves into deep water, expecting the World Bank to pull them out. Taxpayers in countries that contribute to World Bank funds do not get soft treatment from their own banks. There is no reason why nations should be less responsible than their citizens.

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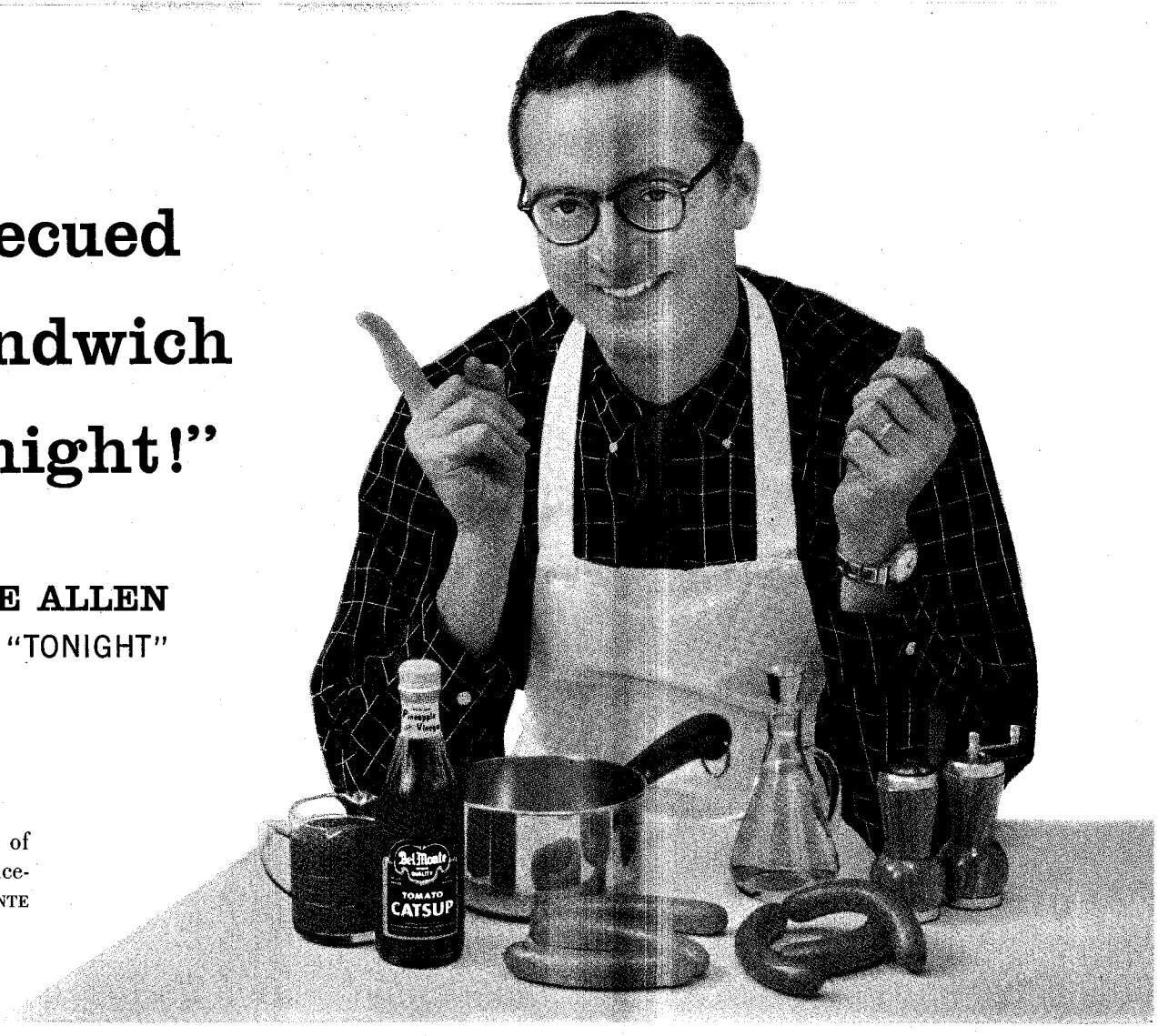
# "Put this barbecued frankfurter sandwich together...tonight!"

suggests **STEVE ALLEN**
star of NBC-TV's "TONIGHT"

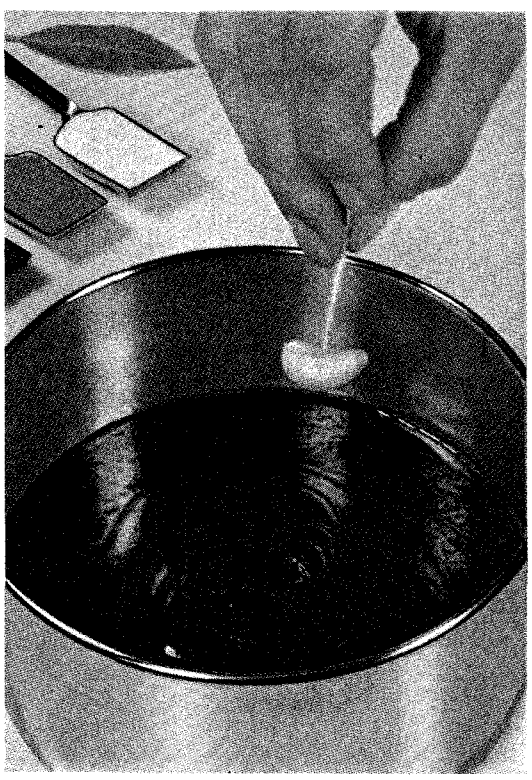


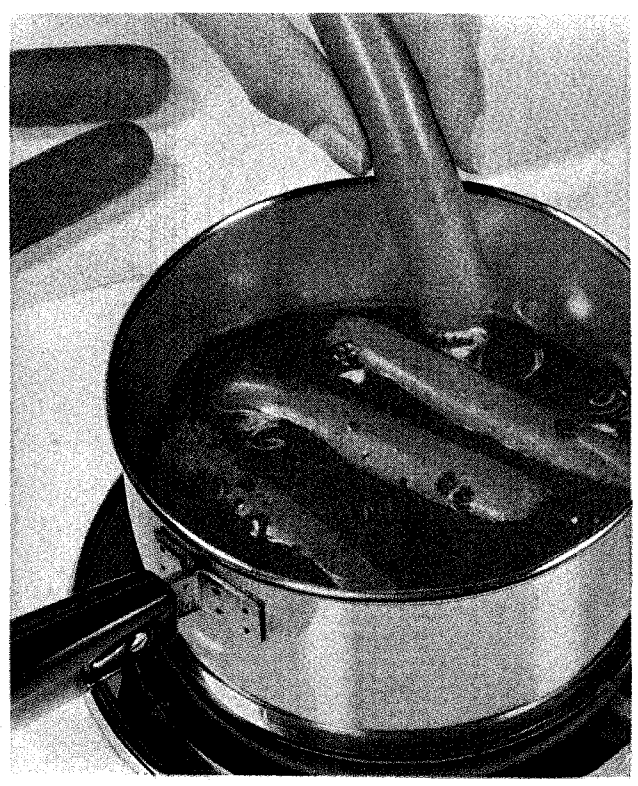

**1.** First, be hungry. Then grab any bottle of DEL MONTE Catsup. Pour one cup into a saucepan. From here on you can't goof. DEL MONTE Catsup *is the most*—with almost everything!

**2.** Now mix in 3 tablesp. tarragon vinegar, . tsp. sugar, ½ tsp. coarse-ground black pepper, . tsp. prepared mustard, and 1 small bay leaf. Then gently stab a clove of garlic with a toothpick. Drop it in the mixture.

**3.** Still with me? Bring all this to a simmer. You might flip on your TV set while your brew simmers for 15 minutes. Stir it a bit now and then. Next, add skinless frankfurters and heat through. Takes 5 to 10 minutes.

**4.** Now comes the grand finale: Serve your tasty concoction on buttered buns. Incidentally, your TV set is still on, remember? DEL MONTE Catsup and I are on TV, too. On my NBC-TV show "TONIGHT". And the thing to remember about this recipe is . . .





**...the real secret is the lively catsup made with pineapple distilled vinegar***

# Del Monte® CATSUP

* —the exciting vinegar that coaxes all the best in flavor out of fine, ripe tomatoes and fragrant spices!

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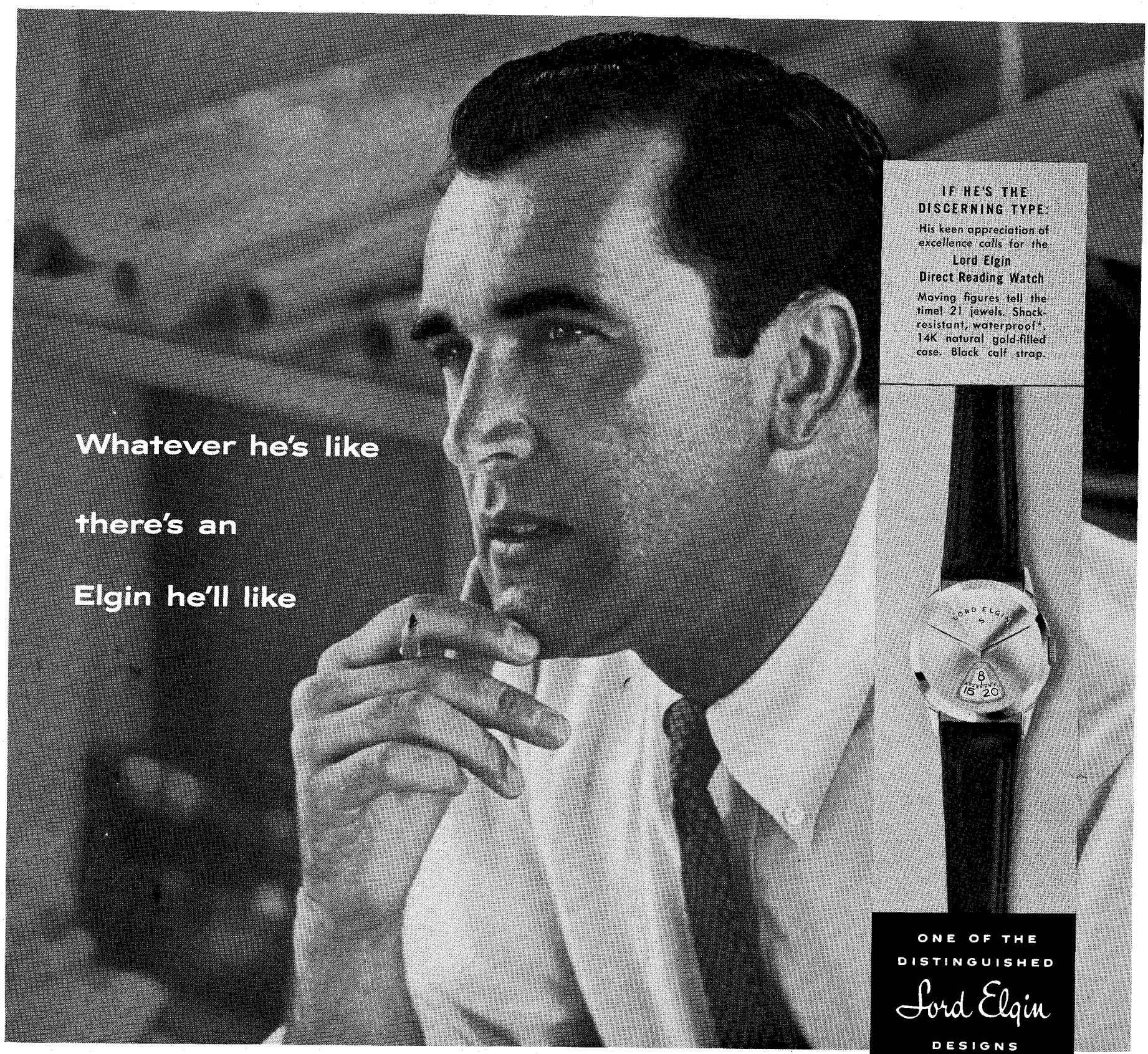
Whatever he's like
there's an
Elgin he'll like
IF HE'S THE DISCERNING TYPE:
His keen appreciation of excellence calls for the
Lord Elgin
Direct Reading Watch
Moving figures tell the time! 21 jewels. Shock-resistant, waterproof*. 14K natural gold-filled case. Black calf strap.
ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED Lord Elgin DESIGNS

*WHEN CASE, CRYSTAL AND CROWN ARE INTACT

# "Personality-Styled" ELGIN WATCHES

## ...STYLED TO THE WEARER'S WAY OF LIFE

This Christmas give a "Personality-Styled" Elgin Watch, the personal gift. "Personality-Styled" Elgin Watches are designed to suit the taste and activity of a specific type of man or woman. Only Elgin Watches are "Personality-Styled". All have the guaranteed DuraPower Mainspring, "the heart that never breaks". Select a "Personality-Styled" Elgin Watch now. A small down payment will hold it until Christmas. Lord and Lady Elgin Watches are priced from **$75** —other Elgin Watches from **$33.75.**

IF SHE'S THE ACTIVE TYPE:
Perfect watch for her sparkling, swift-paced way of life is the
Lady Elgin Normandy
21 jewels. Shock-resistant. Waterproof* case . . . 14K gold-filled. Matching bracelet.

ELGIN -the newest ideas in fine watch design

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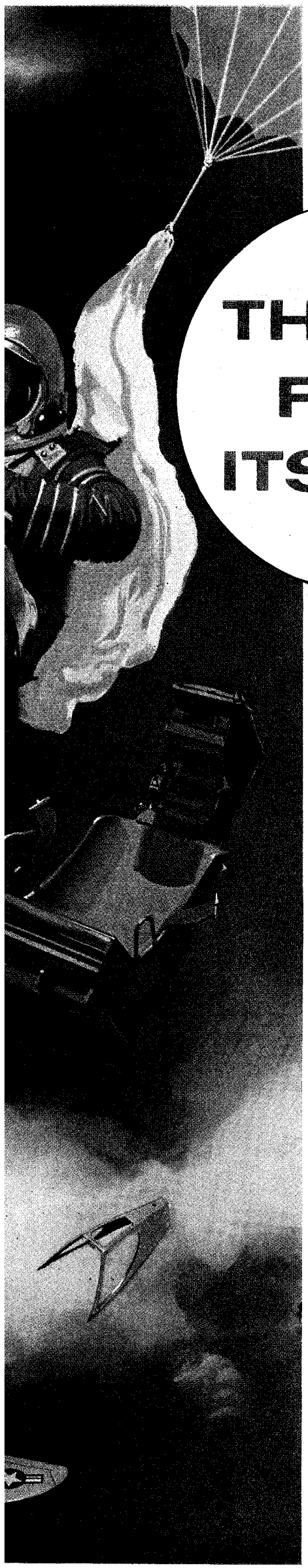

**Pilot Ejector . . .** new U. S. Navy safety mechanism thinks for itself, helps pilots escape from damaged aircraft. An automatically-controlled device blows off canopy, ejects seat eighty feet in air, throws pilot free, pulls rip cord. Thus, even under the most severe conditions, pilots are assured of greater protection. And, even under the most severe conditions, your engine is assured of greater protection with *Havoline Special 10W-30*. It's the motor oil that's light for cold starts, yet has body to protect against engine heat.

# THINKS FOR ITSELF!

**Brilliant oil discovery . . .** new Texaco petrochemical product thinks for itself. First, *Havoline Special 10W-30 Motor Oil* delivers flash lubrication for fast cold-engine starts, then provides wear-saving protection when your engine heats up. Thus it gives you *full-time* engine power.

It's the all-temperature oil that saves you thinking about seasonal grades. Change today, change regularly, to *Havoline Special 10W-30 Motor Oil.* Available from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*

**TEXACO**
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**IN ALL 48 STATES**

*Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa*

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# 2 New Appliances in 1 *from* Amana

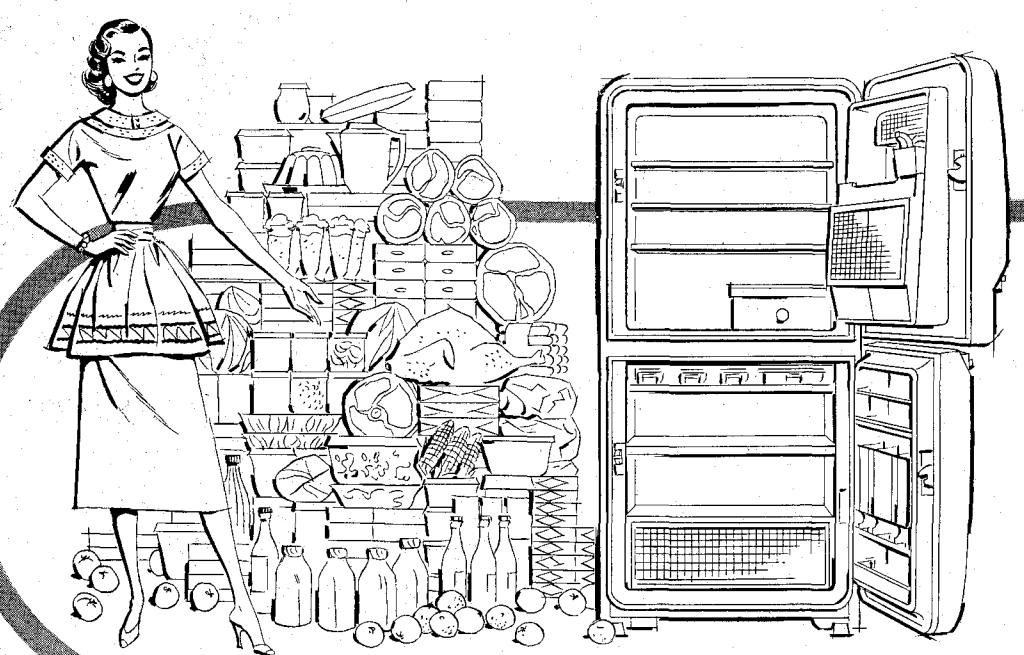
## The extra-big, ultra-modern Freezer *Plus* Refrigerator

**Can't you see it in your kitchen?** Sparkling white, jewel-like in design. It's the revolutionary new Amana Freezer-*Plus*-Refrigerator. Two super-sized appliances in one that fit easily in any normal kitchen. "Unbelievable capacity!" That's what women say about this gleaming queen of combinations that brings you totally new refrigeration performance!

**Just look at what you get!** A genuine Amana Stor-Mor Freezer that holds 297 pounds of frozen food alone. Food for fifty to feast on. *Plus* a super-usable, extra-convenient, eye-level refrigerator equivalent to an ordinary 12 cubic foot model. *Not* just another two-door combination. Every freezer shelf, plus top and bottom surfaces, has actual freezing coils! Automatic self-defrosting in the refrigerator, of course. And a single Polaramic Dial insures even zero temperature in the freezer . . . no freezing ever in the refrigerator!

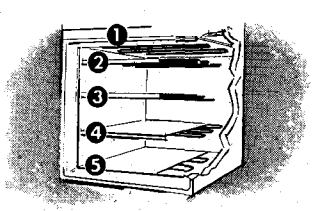
**Fabulous Stor-Mor Doors** . . . hold 128 pounds of food. There's a generous butter keeper, six-pound cheese compartment. Space for two dozen eggs. A bushel of vegetables. Holds tall bottles, short bottles. Beverage pitcher pours from door! Twenty cans of fruit juice concentrate. Two dozen packages of frozen food in handy "first in, first out" dispensers. Five colorful Planned-Over containers. Spacious crisper, meat tray.

**You'll be delighted and amazed** when you see it for yourself, because—from the first instant—*seeing* is *wanting* the new Amana Freezer-*Plus*-Refrigerator! But we warn you. Be careful, because after one demonstration, all other refrigerators will seem old-fashioned!

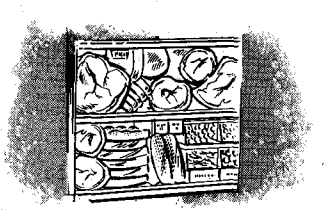


***For double duty in your kitchen***

## Look for these exclusive




**FIVE AMANA-MATIC FREEZING SURFACES!** All shelves, and top and bottom of Amana freezer section are prime freezing surfaces. It's exclusive with Amana! All foods are stored on, or directly below, a solid freezing plate!



**NO SPACE-WASTING BASKETS** in sparkling new Amana combination! Reach in, take what you like without fuss or trouble. It's easier this way. Better, too, for food is in constant contact with Amana-Matic freezing surfaces!

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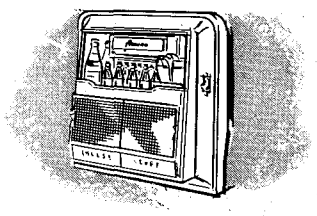
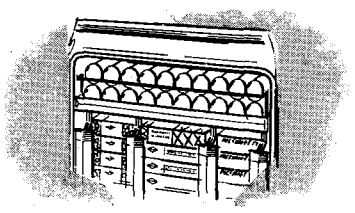
# Amanafactured features!



**JUMBO-SIZED STOR-MOR DOOR!** Food at your fingertips! Big bottle space! Butter-keeper, crisper drawers, cheese, egg sections. Exclusive 3-qt. Beverage Pitcher pours from door, or can be removed for table use!



**AUTOMATIC PACKAGE DISPENSERS!** 20 cans of frozen fruit juice concentrate snuggle in Stor-Mor freezer door. Easily adjustable food racks fit all standard packages! And, both Amana doors open with easy-push handles!

***Be Sure To Watch Phil Silvers!***

Every Tuesday evening over the vast CBS-TV network—Phil Silvers in "You'll Never Get Rich." It's television's funniest show. With lovely Laraine Day acting as your hostess for Amana.

**Aman**

BACKED BY A CENTURY-OLD TR
OF FINE CRAFTSMANSH

Amana Refrigeration, Inc.
Amana 5, Iowa

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food Freezers Brings You America's Finest Quality Home Refrigeration Products

Producers of Food Freezers, Freezer-*Plus* Refrigerators, Built-In Central Systems and Room Air Conditioners available throughout the world

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# *Be right there! (He's got The Hertz Idea)*

Being on time is good business. That's why on out-of-town business trips, this sales-minded executive leaves his own car at home, takes a fast train or plane, and has a Hertz car waiting at his destination.

That's The Hertz Idea. Try it. You'll make more calls, see customers promptly and get back to the office sooner! To take the wheel of a sparkling new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car, all you need are your driver's license and proper identification. That's all.

How much? The national average rate is only $7.55 a day, plus 8 cents a mile (lower by the week). That covers all gasoline, oil and proper insurance. If you like, charge it. Hertz honors air, rail, most all hotel credit cards; Diners' Club and Hertz charge cards. So look—next time or any time you need a car at home or away—for business or pleasure—call us. We're listed under "H" in phone books *everywhere* (more than 1,000 offices in cities around the world). Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Ill.

*Hertz has new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Airs (or other fine cars)—just like your own!*

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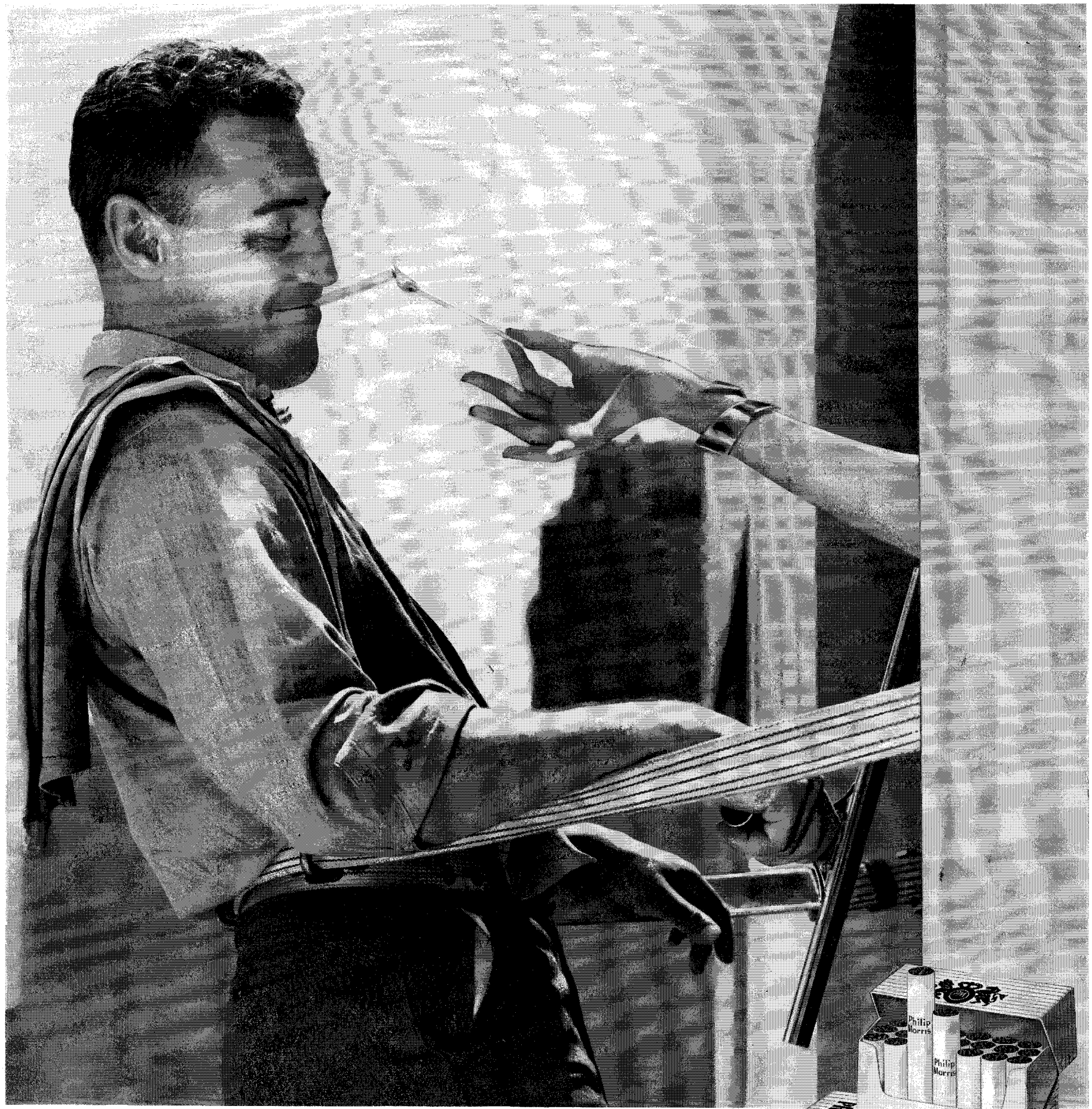

# Natural tobacco goodness

THIS NEW PHILIP MORRIS HAS IT! A new roll of sweet, rich, true tobacco. And it's all tobacco, lip end, tip end—all the way through! Before you light it give it a couple of puffs. Get that taste? That's natural tobacco goodness. Then light up, and have a real good smoke. One is a promise. A pack is proof. A carton will really convince you!

Crushproof Box
or Regular Pack

# This NEW Philip Morris has it

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# New NORGE Washer with *Dispenser Wheel* automatically makes a new kind of rinse water

YOU PRE-LOAD WITH RINSE CONDITIONER WHEN YOU LOAD THE WASHER
...Dispenser Wheel automatically adds conditioner when rinsing begins!
calgon

## Banishes yellowing, graying—for up to 39% brighter, cleaner clothes

Now Norge has discovered the first automatic way to give your tap water greater rinsing power than soft water, rain water, or even distilled water—to banish forever the film that causes yellowing, graying, roughening, linting and premature wear in your clothes.

**This stubborn film** is deposited on your clothes and in your machine regardless of your detergent, your washer, or your water—hard or soft. Since it is caused by minerals in the wash and rinse water combining with soap or detergent residue, plain water rinsing can never dissolve it. There is only one way it can be removed from your wash automatically.

**The secret** of this new method lies in Norge's new Dispenser Wheel that automatically mixes and dispenses a new kind of rinse water made with Calgon®. This new rinse water has the power to remove all traces of soap film and prevent new film from forming. So you get a 100% perfect rinse—for up to 39% brighter, cleaner clothes, automatically!

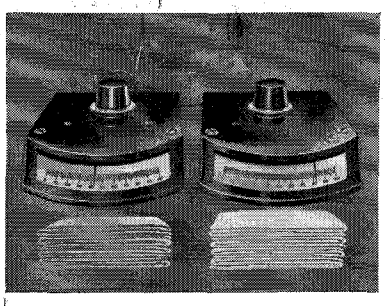
**FIRST 100% AUTOMATIC WASHER MADE!**

**Dispenser Wheel** lets you pre-load with Calgon for automatic dispensing when rinsing begins.

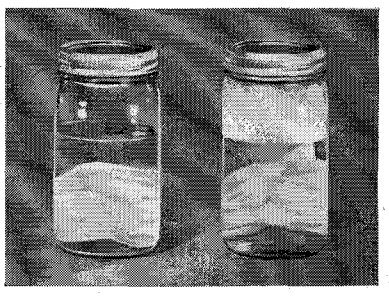
**Hot or Warm Wash—Warm or Cold Rinse.** Pre-select the wash and rinse water temperature you want according to the fabric.

**Dual Time-Line Control.** Your choice of two fully automatic cycles—regular or short.

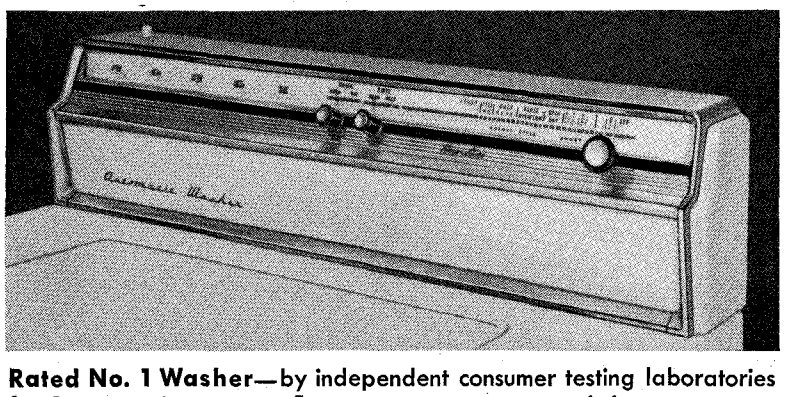
**Automatic Suds-Return**—A really automatic way to save and re-use hot, sudsy water.



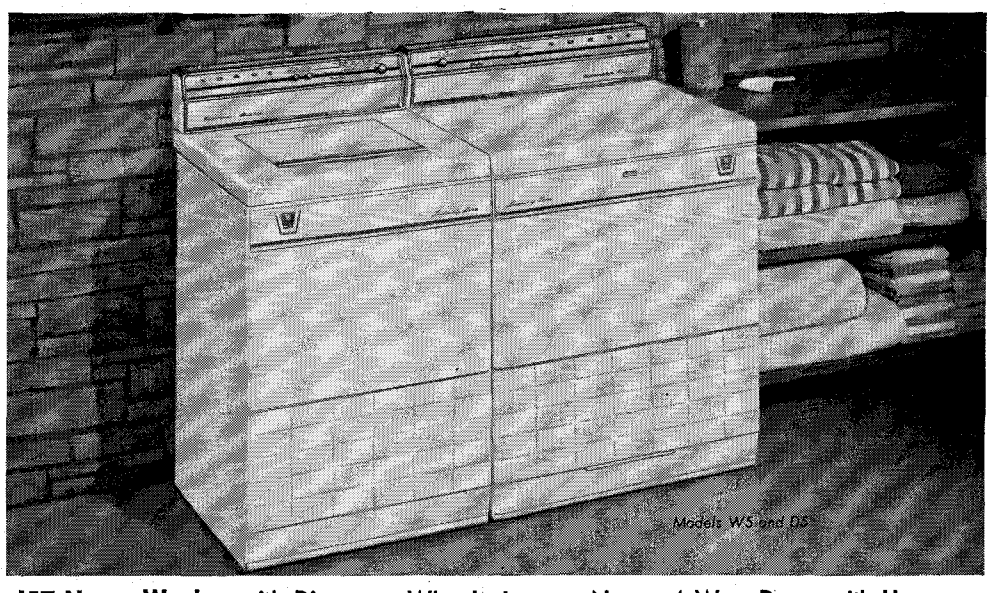
**Proof From The Laboratory**—Amazing Reflectometer test proves diapers rinsed in Calgon are up to 39% whiter, cleaner than diapers that are rinsed the ordinary way!



**Proof At Home**—Put a clean handkerchief in a jar filled with water. Shake. Add 1 tsp. of Calgon (which makes no suds). Shake. Watch soap film suds itself away!



**Rated No. 1 Washer**—by independent consumer testing laboratories for 2 consecutive years...5-year warranty on transmission components ...30 Day Satisfaction Guarantee. Introductory offer! Limited time only ...12-box case of regular Calgon free with purchase of every Norge Dispenser Wheel Washer...free box if you see a demonstration.




**'57 Norge Washer** with Dispenser Wheel plus new Norge 4-Way Dryer with Hamper-Dor make a perfectly matched pair for softer, fluffier, cleaner clothes, the easy way!

**NORGE®** ENGINEERING B/W PRODUCTION

**NORGE SALES CORPORATION, Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corporation, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Ill.**
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# Go on! Tell him...tell him to call an expert

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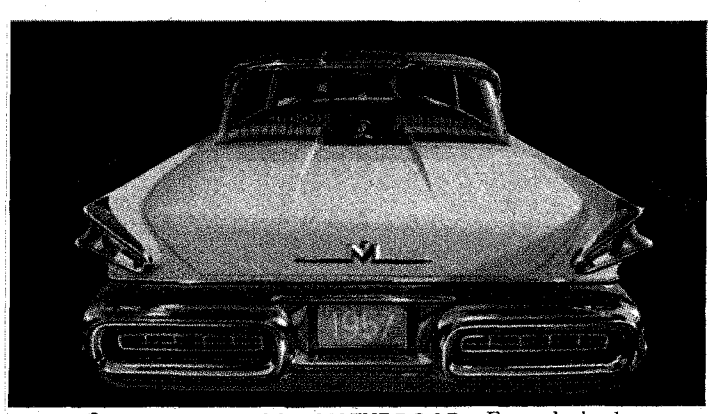
# BIG M ANNOUNCEMENT NO. 1

**WILL INFLUENCE THE SHAPE OF CARS FOR YEARS TO COME**—Mercury's new Dream-Car Design makes a clean break with the plump, bulging lines of many of today

# MERCURY PRESENTS



**OUTDATES ANY CAR ON THE ROAD**—From the back you see four stunning examples of Mercury's new Dream-Car Design: the daring V-angle tail-lights, the imaginative Jet-Flo bumpers, the sculptured rear deck and top, and the sleek, slender roof.

## See the most advanced design in cars! The biggest Big M ever! More than 17½-feet long, over 6½-feet wide, with exclusive Floating Ride, Keyboard Control, and up to 290 hp

Here is the first dream car to go into full production. Not just for showroom exhibition—not just to admire and long for, but yours to own and drive.

It's the BIG M for '57. A car straight out of tomorrow—with the biggest size increase in the industry. Bigger in every important dimension—with more room for every passenger.

**EXCLUSIVE FLOATING RIDE**—Never before has any car offered you so many new, road-smooth ing features. Revolutionary new Full-Cushio shock absorbers are the first in the industry t give such amazing control on rough roads with out sacrificing a soft, satin-smooth ride o average roads. They are engineered to tear perfectly with Mercury's new improved spring ing action. Special high-speed valves, built int the shock absorbers, act like hydraulic cushion

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# Straight out of tomorrow...a dream car you can own!

's—presents a sleek, clean-cut, dynamic look. Everything that counts in a car has been changed dramatically.

# DREAM-CAR DESIGN FOR '57

control bound and rebound like a giant hand. New *swept-back* ball-joint front suspension w, in effect, pulls you *over*, rather than pushes u into, bumps. The result: easier driving.

And this is the heaviest Mercury in history, h new *balanced* weight distribution, new d-hugging center of gravity, and many other e improvements—the most effective combi-ion of bump-smothering features ever put ween you and the road.

**O GREAT NEW ENGINES—255 HP AND 290 HP**

u have your choice. The 255-horsepower ety-Surge V-8 is standard. A 290-horsepower rnpike Cruiser engine, with a 368 cu. in. placement, is optional. And there are two Mercury "firsts." A Thermo-Matic Carburetor that controls the temperature of air the engine breathes—boosts efficiency. And the Montclair series has a unique Power-Booster Fan that *coasts* when not needed for engine cooling—saves up to 17 horsepower.

**DREAM-CAR IDEAS EVERYWHERE**—You have to see the new Mercury in person to see everything. You'll find you can get an amazing new power seat that "remembers"—turn a dial and it finds the favorite seat adjustment for every driver in your family. But why not stop in and see all the news? See the first dream car come true, today, at your Mercury dealer's showroom.

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New Fairhill Assortment for your fair lady, $1.69

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

# FLYING Can be SAFER

A Post editor's report on the past year's series of air collisions.

## Unless drastic steps are taken, he says, more mid-air disasters are certain to occur.

By Harold H. Martin

Sometime within the next eighteen months or so, a ruddy, white-haired, cigar-smoking man will trudge from his office in the old State Department building to the White House next door, there to lay upon the desk of the President a ponderous document. Full of graphs and charts and figures, and the cryptic jargon of the electronic engineer, it will probably make dull reading for the layman. But all who fly airplanes or ride in them, from the crop duster poisoning boll weevils ten feet above the flat cotton fields of Texas, to the salesman snoring in the seat of his airliner 20,000 feet above the Rockies, will be profoundly affected by it.

The task to which President Eisenhower assigned Edward P. Curtis, a vice-president of Eastman Kodak, last February, was simple in outline, staggering in complexity. Basically it was this: To draw up for the guidance of the Government a blueprint for the entry of the United States into the age of the jet transport and all other aerial vehicles which will be traversing the skies of the future.

To accomplish this task Mr. Curtis, a World War I fighter pilot and World War II Army Air Forces general, must find the answers to a number of complex problems—some of them in the realm of prophecy. As the foundation of his survey, for example, he will attempt to predict the number of planes that will be utilizing the air space twenty years from now. This is a form of forecasting which in the past has brought discomfort to the prophets, for the surging growth of air travel has nearly always far exceeded their most generous predictions.

He will also attempt to describe the characteristics of the varied aircraft of the future, their size and passenger capacity, and the speeds and altitudes at which they will fly. In this area he is on firmer ground, for the transports, the helicopters and the vertical-lift aircraft of the next decade are already on the drawing boards of the engineers, and some prototypes are already flying. He also must anticipate the kind of airports that can safely handle the swarming aircraft of the future, and the form they will take, and what they will cost to build.

In these fields of research his task is relatively simple, but it soon grows more complex. For he also must evaluate and recommend a system of communications and electronic controls by which all the aircraft that use the skies—military, civil, business or pleasure—can move freely about on their multifarious missions in fair weather or in foul, without danger of collision. Yet this is not impossible, for most of the devices by which the flight of an airplane from take-off to landing can be supervised and controlled are already in being, in various states of readiness.

His final task, therefore, will be the most difficult of all. This will be to eliminate the human frictions and confusions that have existed in the past between military and civil aviation, between the airlines and the private pilots, between all the agencies of Government which have their fingers in the aviation pie, and to set up some sort of all-powerful organization which can control the nation's air space and allot it fairly to all users.

Such an organization has never existed before. Today, conflicts are resolved or set aside as insoluble by a multitude of agencies and committees, some (Continued on Page 50)

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Bill Underwood, pint-sized developer of Defendo, shows how to throw an assailant.

# The Lady is Not Defenseless

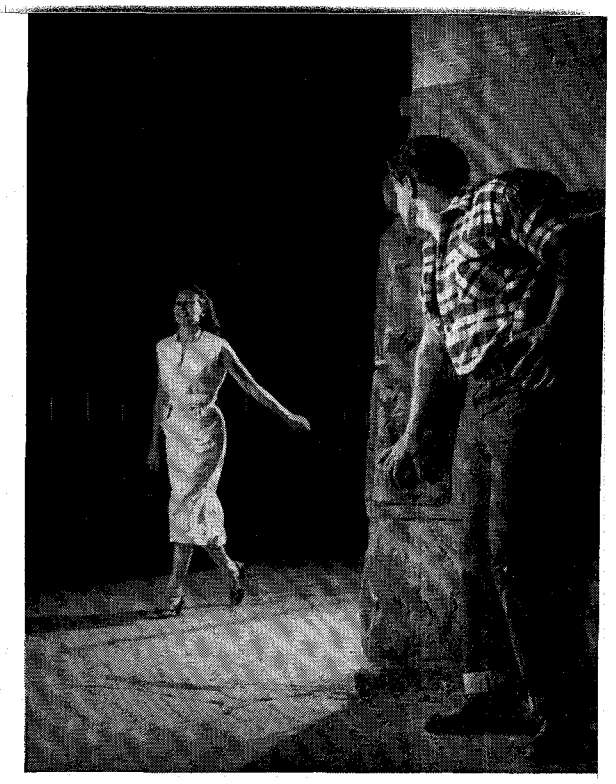
By RICHARD THRUELSEN

Dainty young ladies and the meekest of men can put a thug to rout with this easy, uncomplicated system of self-defense . . .

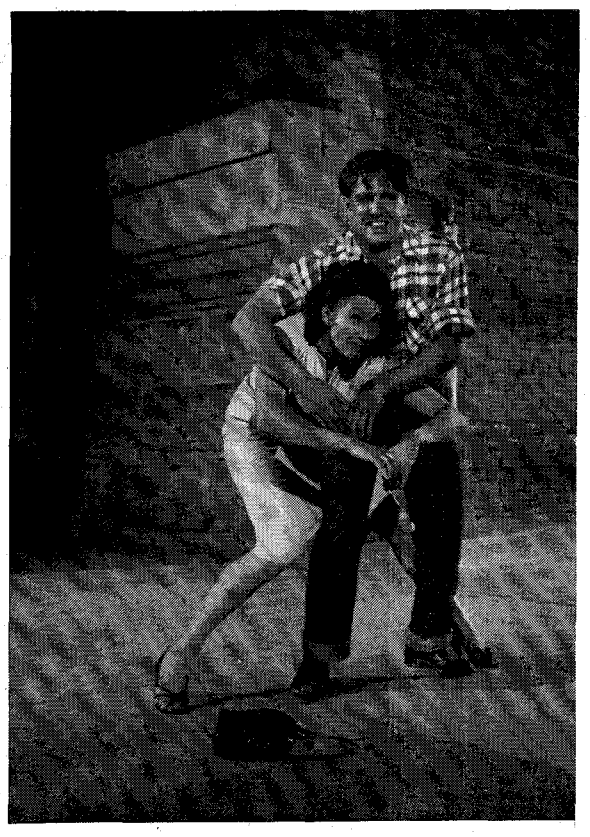
Up to a point, the pattern of action in Toronto's Town Talk Dress Shop was distressingly familiar. A few minutes after the proprietor had left the store on a visit to the bank, two strangers walked in and asked Miss Ethel Wienstien, a five-foot-two-inch salesgirl, to cash a check. When Miss Wienstien refused, one of the men drew a gun and demanded the cash in the register.

As Miss Wienstien reported later: "If he hadn't given me a push I probably wouldn't have bothered, because there was only five dollars in the till. When he pushed me I decided to see if it would work—I kicked the gunman in the groin, grabbed his gun hand, twisted his arm around behind his back and forced him to the floor. He rolled away and ran out of the shop, holding his stomach with both hands. His friend followed him and they both escaped in a car they'd left in front of the store."

It may be assumed that Miss Wienstien's curiosity about whether "it" would work or not was satisfied and it may also be assumed that her heroic experiment would have produced more conclusive results if she had found time to take more than two lessons of Bill ("Canada's little giant killer") Underwood's Defendo course in the genteel art of self-protection. Had she concluded her studies, Miss Wienstien could have been expected to immobilize both the thugs and hold them captive till the police (Continued on Page 68)



**1** A mugger lies in wait for easy prey, an unescorted girl walking home at night on a deserted street.



**5** In a crouching position, she slips her left leg around behind him. Now for the surprise.

Photographs by Jim Burns

This girl knows how to turn the tables on a movie masher. To get the grip she wants, she at first pretends to welcome his advances.

The molester is unaware tha is using these first few seconds t her left hand along the i of his wrist as she puts her hand across his knu

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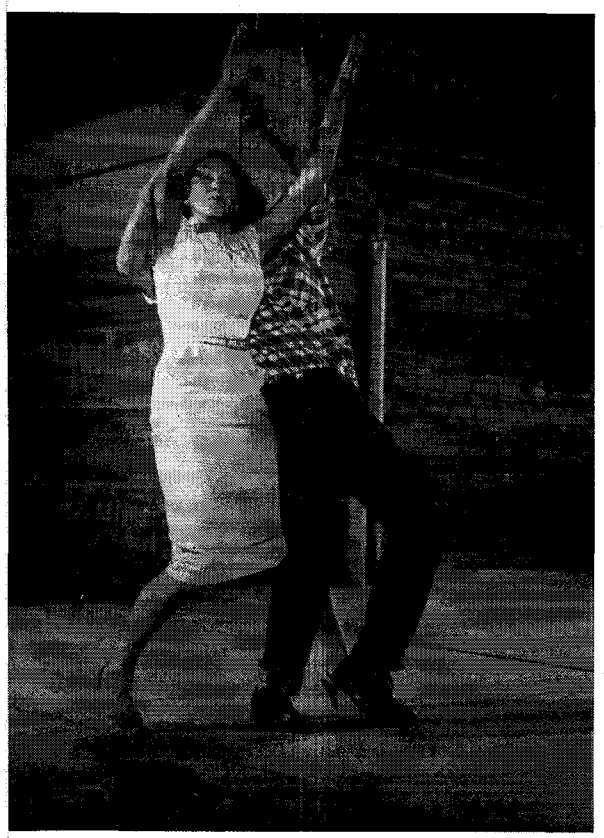
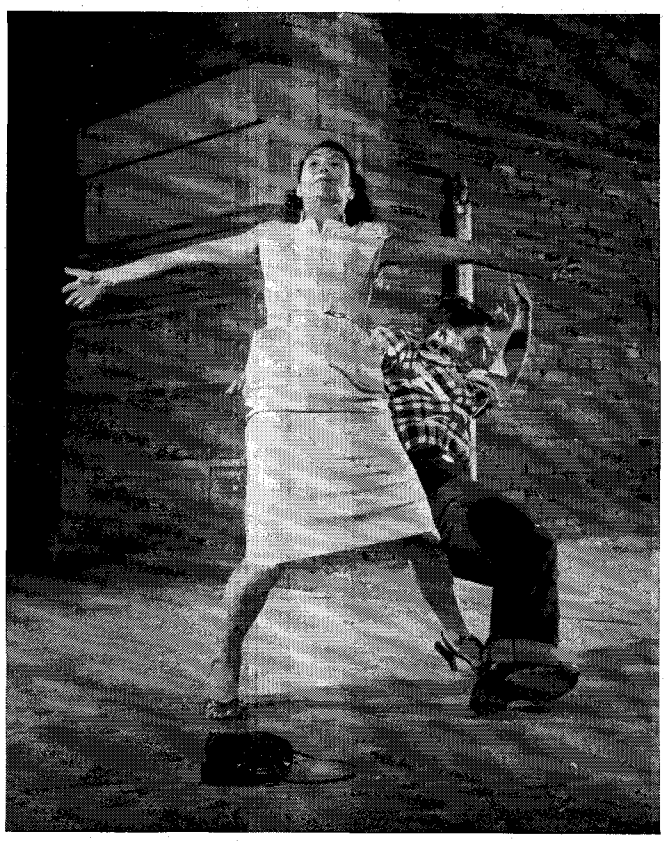
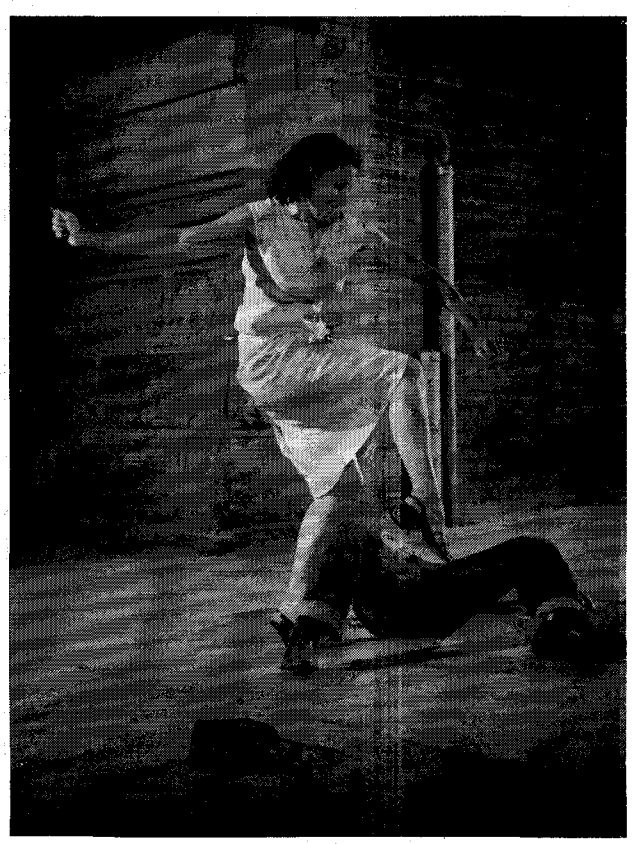
**2** Little does he know that the lady is prepared to take care of herself in an emergency.

**3** Momentarily she seems helpless as the thug lunges from the rear, pinning her arms to her sides.

**4** Then she slumps against him, upsetting his balance just long enough to take a wide step with her right foot.







**6** Up she springs, arms outstretched in front of her, forcing him backward.

**7** Bursting out of his grip on her body, she pitches the thug back over her left leg to the pavement.

**8** Down for the count, he's now the victim of the lady's effective improvisations.

Before he suspects anything, lover boy finds she's got his arm in an unbreakable lock and that she's breaking his wrist.

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# NIGHTMARE IN THE AFTERNOON

## One man's frightening adventure, trapped on a bus with a teen-age mob.

By ALEX GABY

He boarded the Winston Heights bus at the corner of Ralston and Broad shortly after three and found the bus almost empty. He chose a seat toward the rear and on the right side of the aisle, next to the window. The bus started east on Broad, and the familiar office buildings and stores seemed to him, looking out of a bus window at three o'clock in the afternoon, somehow strange, different.

At each corner the bus stopped and soon it began to fill, mostly with women going home from a day of shopping or from a movie downtown, he knew, and he thought how these women, in a bus at three o'clock, were in a separate world, coming and going on their buses at this time to avoid the working people going home from work—a different world. He sat and looked out his window, feeling alien and strange to be in this bus at this time, and without his car; the familiar car and the familiar driving home at five o'clock, not this early in the afternoon with the women shoppers.

A man, nearly sixty, or so he looked, with a beet-red face shredded with a network of angry little veins on the cheeks and on his nose, sat down next to him on his seat, shoving against him rudely. The man folded his mottled hands over his huge stomach and stared dully, with moist, red-rimmed eyes, straight in front of him.

How come this one was on the three-o'clock bus? George wondered. Too young for retirement—coming from a doctor? Yes, a day off from work to see a doctor, because one look at the man and you'd know he had high blood pressure; too fat, too much fat over his heart.

George bit his lip and decided he would watch his own weight a little more carefully; not that he was overweight—one hundred fifty-seven pounds against a height of five feet eleven inches—but at forty-two you had to watch it. It creeps up on you when you're hitting forty-two. Forty-two. A good age, with a little self-control; still in good shape, and a little self-control would keep it that way. He nodded briskly and looked out the window again.

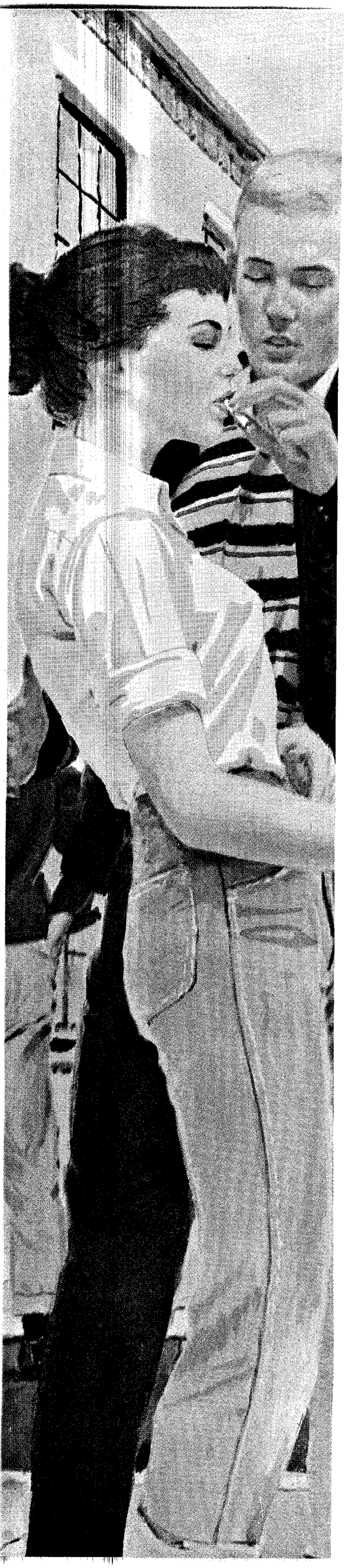
But the feeling persisted. Forty-two, still sitting at a desk, still practicing law in the same office in which he had started. Good income now, security, a good car—laid up in the garage with a defective generator. Would happen on the day Martha wanted him home early—a good life, but where had the time gone? No time for Martha, his son—where had it gone?

In a little while the bus was out of the downtown area, still going east on Broad, but going, now, past the auto agencies, then past the rooming houses, into a long stretch of one-story lunch counters, cleaning-and-pressing shops, the dilapidated bars, and more old homes—the homes that were once the showplaces, now gray, hideous, honeycombed with cheap partitions to make the rooms for rent. Then, suddenly, coming like an oasis, the park, with those benches along Broad and the crossing walks leading to the Monument—and the people, mostly bums, he knew, sprawled on the benches and on the grass although the October air was a little nippy. All this the bus was passing, and he hated it all. The broken houses, the bums in the park—somehow indecent, no discipline about it, no sanity or reason, like in his own life.

He shook his head and shrugged it off. It could not concern him; what concerned him was that his own house was in order. There was no time for all the things—all the other things. A man hitting forty-two had just so much time, no more.

Still, maybe there should be time, perhaps in the future he should make the time, dig it out of the office, and spend some of it on the things that had slipped (Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by Mac Conner



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They were graceful, healthy and powerful. They stood as if they owned the walk, the street and the world itself.

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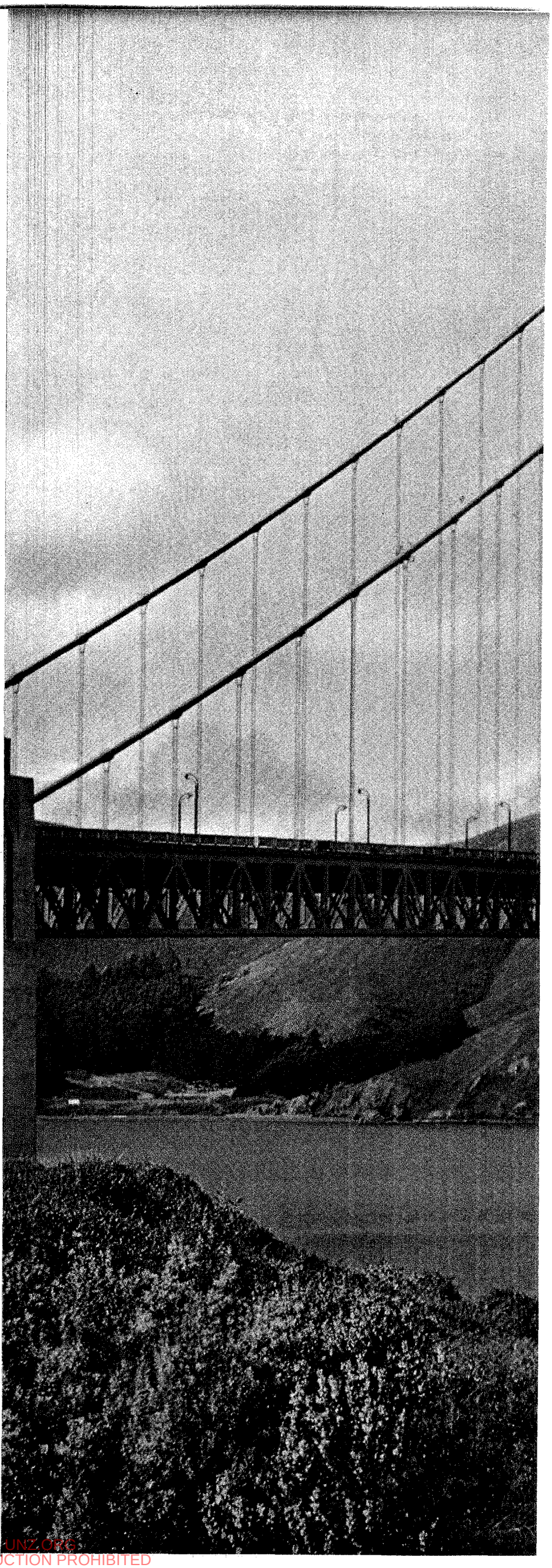
The Face of AMERICA

# Golden Gate

If Sir Francis Drake, the sea rover, had been more careful in exploring the California coast 377 years ago, he might have founded a city, but he overlooked the Golden Gate. It wasn't until nearly 200 years later that Don Manuel Ayala sailed through this channel and found himself, to his astonishment, in the world's most magnificent harbor. So a Spanish, not an English, town grew here, named for a gentle holy man, San Francisco. Thereafter another century and a half passed before men had the impudence to build a bridge across the passage. Now "Golden Gate" has several meanings. To engineers, it's a unique achievement: The longest (4200 feet) single span of suspended steel in the world. To sailors it's a channel sixty fathoms deep and a bridge that leaves 238 feet of clearance between the water's surface and the lowest point of steel. But the most important meaning Golden Gate ever had was for fighting men returning from the bloody Pacific in the wars of 1941–45 and 1950–53. To them, the Golden Gate meant just one thing: Home. ❁ Photograph by Fred Ragsdale



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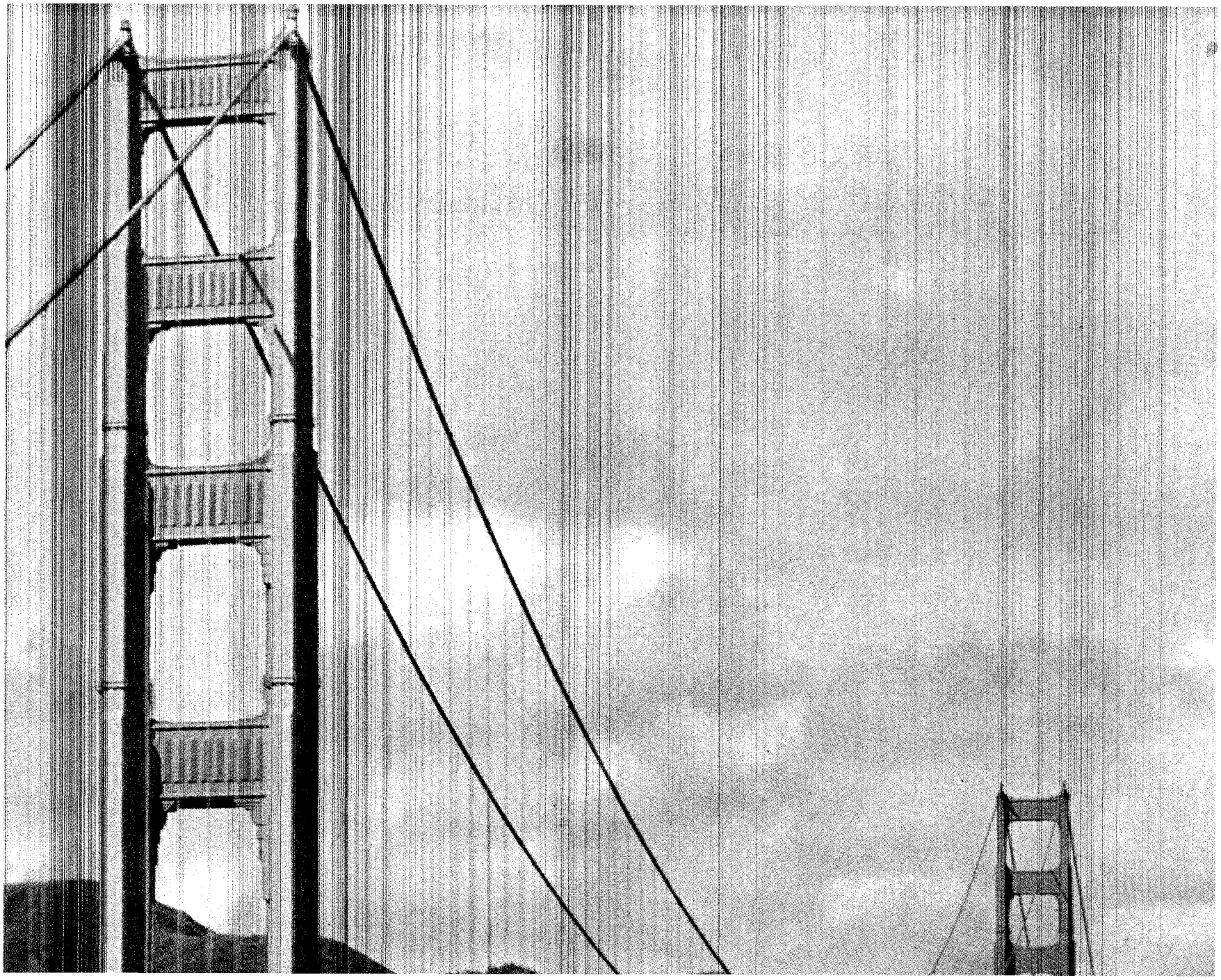

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He was fed up with being ignored.

It was time his family realized that

# Fathers are Important Too

By STEVE McNEIL

Harold McGuire looked down at his right hand and studied the scar, still there, thirty years later, even though he could not remember the name of the kid whose tooth had caused it. When he felt himself sufficiently under control, he raised his head and looked at Nick Rossini, the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

"It's a nice thing, Nick, but why me?"

Nick grinned, his eyes shining like dark marbles. "Because you're so pretty."

"Come on, Nick," Harold said.

"Well, your boy is president of the sophomore class at the university. Your girl was selected Homemaker of the Year at the high school. Maybe that doesn't make you Father of the Year, but that's the way we voted."

"I see," Harold said. "Well, thanks."

"You'll have to give a little talk."

"Me?"

"At the dinner Friday night, eight-thirty. That's when we make the presentation."

Harold frowned. "What can I say?"

"I don't know, Hal. Something about raising kids, I guess. Lot of the fellows have little ones. Maybe they'd appreciate knowing how you raised yours."

"You know, Nick—sometimes I wonder how we did raise them."

"You aren't supposed to say that. A Father of the Year knows all the answers." Nick stood up. "Don't forget—Friday at eight-thirty."

Harold watched Nick walk out of his office. He then stood up and looked out the window. Father of the Year, (Continued on Page 111)

"What were you saying, dear?" his wife asked finally.

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Pappy Lewis (hands raised) exhorts his mountaineer squad between halves of this year's game with Pittsburgh. Pappy's boys outplayed favored Pitt, but lost 14–13.

Says Lewis: "The best football players in the world come from the mines and mills here in our own back yard."

# FOOTBALL'S CRAFTIEST RECRUITER

## At tracking down fleet-footed backs and mountain-sized linemen, no hound dog can outdo West Virginia's Pappy Lewis.

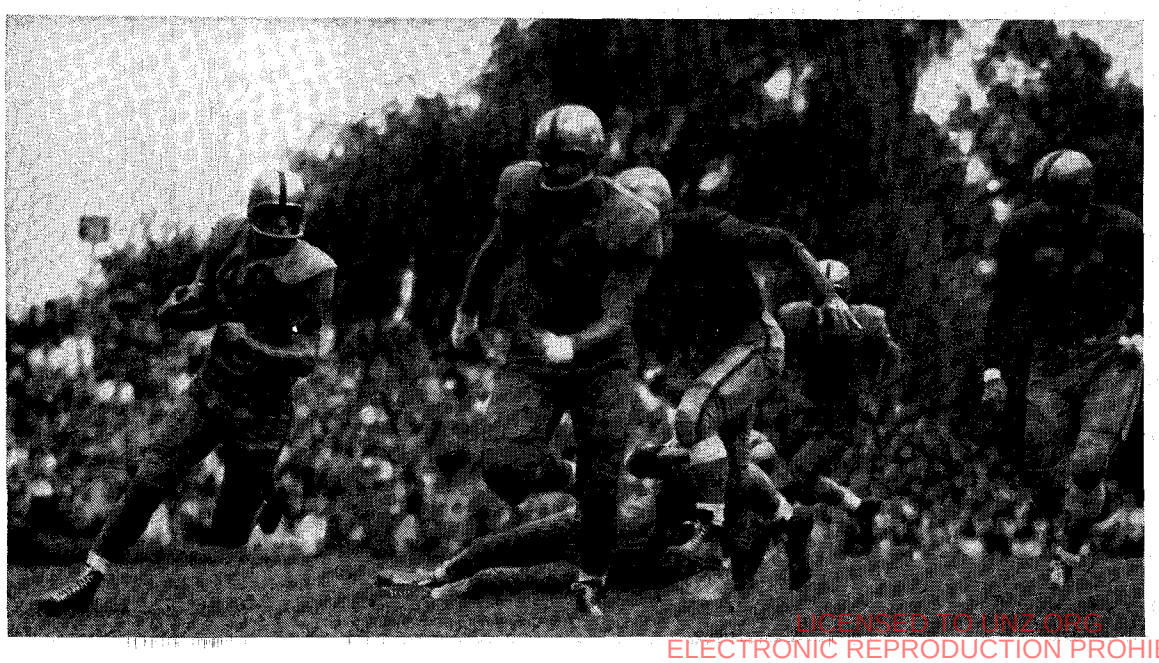
By WILL GRIMSLEY

When West Virginia University comes up to a big football game, such as its traditional battles with Pittsburgh and Penn State, weird things start happening around Morgantown, West Virginia, a rugged coal-and-steel community of 25,867 planted along the banks of the picturesque Monongahela River.

Art (Pappy) Lewis, the head coach, hauls out a fraying brown suit—now getting thin in the seat of the trousers—and a pair of stiffening cotton socks, unwashed in four years. These were parts of his attire on the great day in 1952 when West Virginia upset Pitt, 16–0. Now they are mandatory equipment.

Lewis issues the orders of the day for his two sons. Camden, fifteen, can go to the game. Johnny, thirteen, must stay home. Johnny might as well be a leper—it was his misfortune to be present when West Virginia lost its last game. Also "grounded" are Lewis' attractive, green-eyed wife, Mary Belle, and the wives of various assistants. They must don particular old dresses (Continued on Page 100)

Below: Larry Krutko, 195-pound West Virginia fullback, carries the ball for fifteen yards around Pitt's left end.



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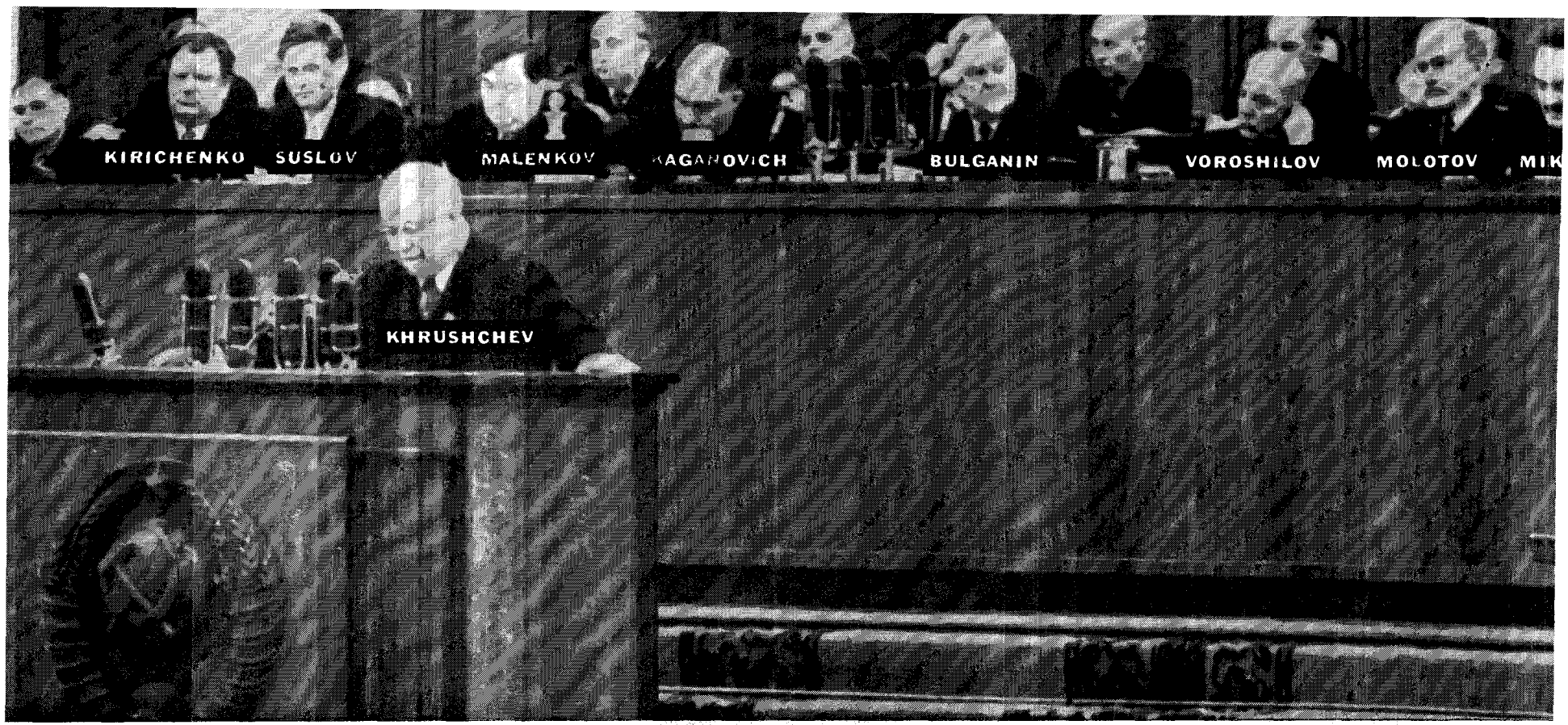


A Post editor reveals why communist leaders all over the world slavishly accepted the degradation of Stalin, and tells the real meaning of

# THE NEW RED LOOK

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

LONDON.

Now that the dust whipped up by Stalin's degradation has settled, the net result of Khrushchev's daring gambit is painfully and plainly visible. For those who had nursed hopes that communism would be badly shaken up by the destruction of its idol, the story holds no comfort. Not only has the shock of Khrushchev's exposé of Stalin been thoroughly absorbed by communists throughout the world but Khrushchev's renovated international confronts us with a new and formidable challenge.

By far the greatest concentration of communists outside the Iron Curtain still sits in Western Europe, the little world we have been trying to hold against the onslaught from the east. It is in the dramatic actions of these European comrades, rather than in the sideshow capers of communists in the United States, that we can find the meaning of the latest phase of the conspiracy against the Western world.

I have, these last few months, talked with a multitude of active communists, ex-communists and on-the-spot observers in several European countries in an attempt to find the answers to some baffling questions. Why did the Western parties swallow the new anti-Stalin line? Why did not one of them declare its independence from the Kremlin? What hold does Moscow have over the Western world's three or four million communists?

Here, in Great Britain, where some 34,000 card-holding party members far out of Moscow's lethal reach obediently accept the Kremlin's orders, a study of the recent crisis proves, to an American, especially rewarding. For here are free-born citizens, heirs to the Anglo-Saxon passion for individual liberty and self-expression, who could not help but leave a detailed record of their ponderings. And there emerges from their agonizing reappraisal a clue to the reactions of communists around the world.

"Khrushchev's speech at the Twentieth Soviet Party Congress," one leading member of the British party told me, "came as a shock, of course. Still, I must say it was a welcome shock, because the speech itself, and what it represented, was such a healthy sign."

This sugar-coated formula, however, is the afterthought. At first, the shock was anything but welcome. Like all the other foreign delegates, the British representatives had been excluded from the secret session of February 25, 1956, at which Nikita Khrushchev dropped his bombshell. There had been a few pointers, to be sure. Some months before the Moscow congress, a correspondent for the London Daily Worker, official organ of the British party, had learned, in a revealing talk with Russia's prosecutor general, of the hair-raising record of torture and injustice the Stalin-Beria reign had left. The London party bosses, at the time, had thought the yarn too hot for publication and quietly filed it away.

But even the nonsecret speech of Comrade A. Mikoyan at the Moscow congress contained enough specific charges against Stalin to indicate which way the wind was blowing. It was R. Palme Dutt, brain and vice-chairman of the British party, upon whose shoulders fell the burden of spelling out the Khrushchev doctrine to Britain's rank and file. For Comrade Dutt, the shrewd, morose son of a Hindu father and a Swedish-Finnish mother, it was a terrifying task. He had joined the party at its founding, back in 1920, had gone along with all the switches of the party line and had re-



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Khrushchev delivering the seven-hour Moscow speech in which he ripped apart the fabric of Stalinism. The stunned foreign party chiefs are at right.

mained a loyal Stalinist. He now tried to breeze through his grim assignment without applying surgery to his own soul. In the May, 1956, issue of the Labour Monthly, which he edits, he cheerily explained:

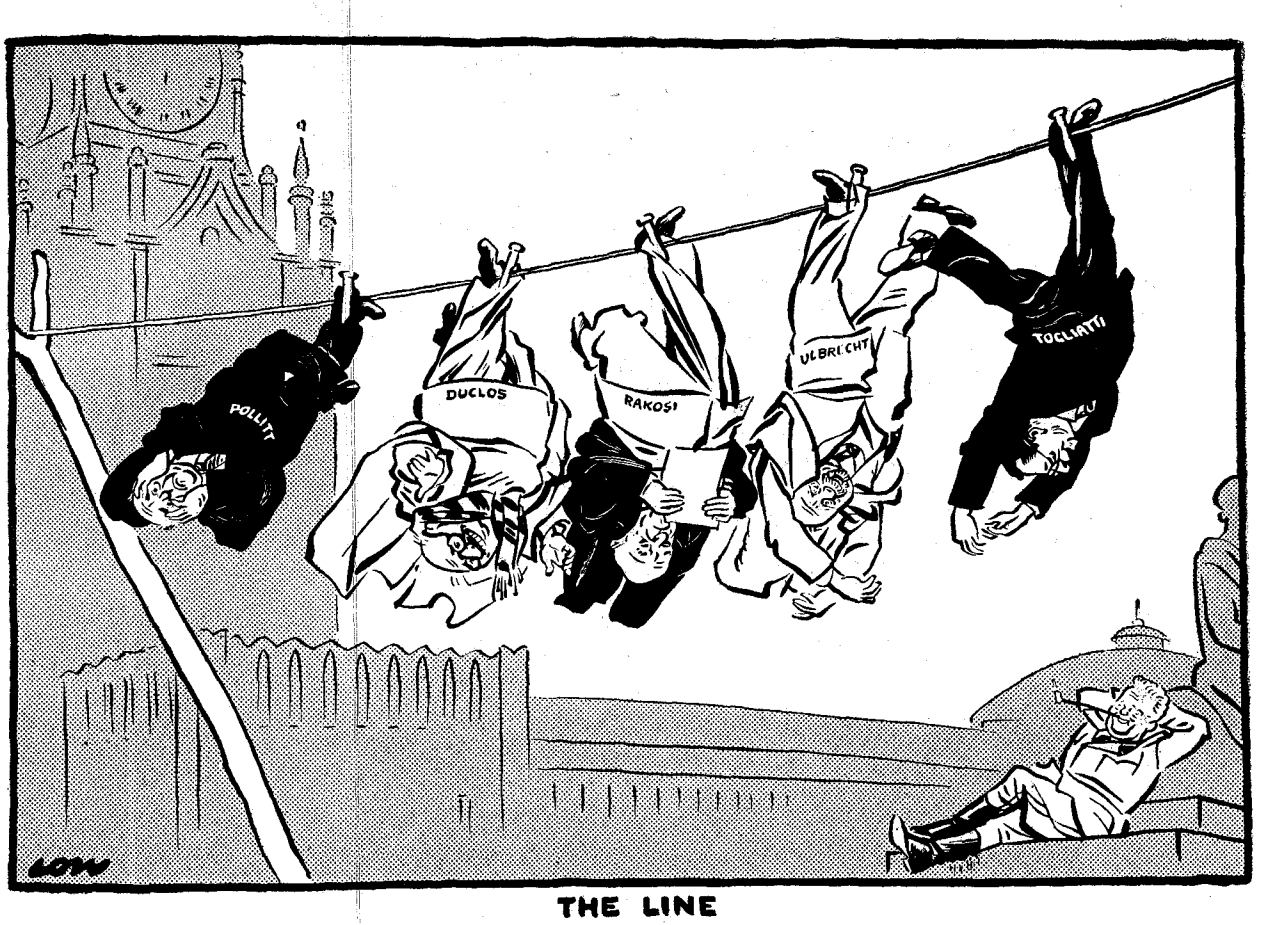
"The Great Debate? Not about Stalin. That there should be spots on any sun would only startle an inveterate Mithra worshiper. . . . To imagine that a great revolution can develop without a million crosscurrents, hardships, injustices and excesses would be a delusion fit only for ivory-tower dwellers in fairyland."

To Dutt's immense surprise, a large proportion of his party's following quite obviously worshiped Mithra, the ancient Persian god of light, or else dwelt in an ivory tower. So heavy was the run of protests that the vice-chairman had to backtrack. "It is evident from correspondence received," he manfully admitted in the June issue of his magazine—printed before the text of Khrushchev's speech was known—"that some incidental remarks . . . were unfortunately worded. It was unsatisfactory . . . to treat contemptuously the shock caused by the gravity of the revelations and the inevitable emotional feelings aroused. . . . We accordingly owe all our apologies to our readers."

However, Britain's leading Marxian doctrinaire stood by his admiration for Stalin's "genius, unyielding courage, steadfastness." And, if "some of his very virtues turned to defects, his steel-hardness to harshness," it still, in Comrade Dutt's opinion, "was not the task of the Twentieth Congress to anticipate the final verdict of history."

From Moscow's point of view, the presence of a communist fifth column in Great Britain has always been a thing of value: the close alliance between the United Kingdom and the United States made it worth while to undermine this vulnerable island from within. From its formation, out of splinter groups, thirty-six years ago, the British party has been a precise, hard-hitting instrument. Never a mass organization, like its French and Italian sister parties, and hence in no position to "take over," it deftly concentrated on a threefold task: disruption of Britain's economy by way of strikes; industrial espionage; and propaganda to the empire.

Led by a tough, devoted *apparatchik*, John Gollan, a forty-five-year-old former house painter from Edinburgh, the party gives priority to action on the labor front. In Britain's mighty T. U. C.—Trades Union Congress—which corresponds to our AFL-CIO, communist union bosses now command some 750,000 of the federation's 7,500,000 votes and, in a pinch, can muster up to 1,100,000. The sensitive Electrical Trades Union, for example, whose 215,000 members are employed in electronics works, in power plants and telecommunications, is communist-controlled from top to bottom. The huge Amalgamated Engineering Union has several Red officers. Considerable progress has been made in infiltrating such strategic spots as Britain's foundry workers', vehicle makers', fire-brigades' and boilermakers' unions. The battle for control of the already wobbly (Continued on Page 97)




THE LINE

Everyone was out of step but Tito: British cartoonist David Low depicts the plight of British, French, Hungarian, German and Italian Reds hung up on the new party line, to the Yugoslav's amusement.

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"Just keep your hands right where they are," said Frankie. "That's the way I like it, dad."

**Tough Frankie Colligan had a gun and a "fix."**

**And Heidig the cop had**

# A KILLER AT HIS BACK

**By WILLIAM FAY**

It was a new place in the neighborhood, not forbiddingly genteel, but high class in a quiet way, with beer on draught for twenty cents. It was called, perhaps affectedly, the Casa O'Brien, and a girl played the piano there most evenings. On the book matches that O'Brien gave away there was this notation: "Featuring Madeline at the console," as though the piano were an organ, or because O'Brien did not know any better. George Heidig, the detective, stopped in for a beer around eleven o'clock. He wasn't more than a three-minute walk from his own apartment in a municipal project on the east side of Manhattan.

"Good evening," the bartender said.

"Good evening, Harold."

Heidig, who was rarely a frivolous man, began to persuade himself that if a couple of beers at the end of the day could tune a man's soul to a better understanding of his wife, his

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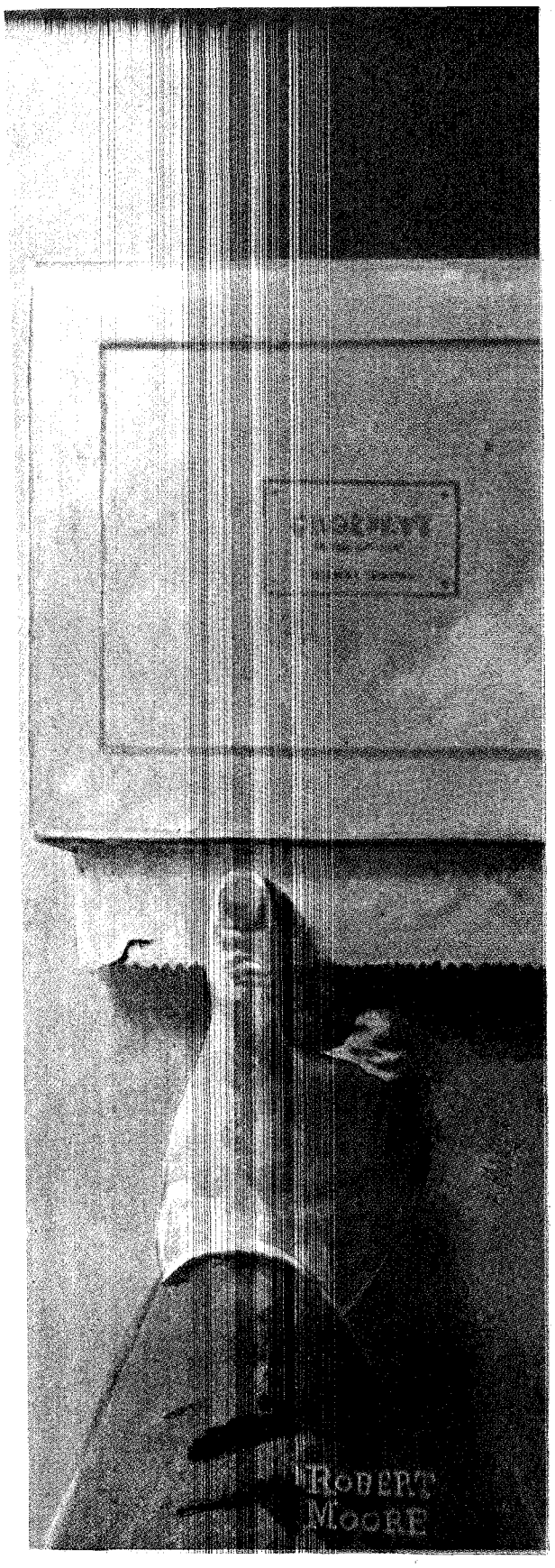


children and his duties as a cop, there was no use mourning the forty cents it chipped from the family budget. But he was not altogether convinced. After all, he had already had one beer, with his partner, Morris Lerner, when they left the station house. That was traditional and routine, whereas this stopping off at O'Brien's was something new.

The tall, square-shouldered blonde named Madeline was playing I'll See You Again, slowly and correctly, but without those shades of wry regret she wrung from it most times. She didn't give it much heart tonight, thought Heidig. She had the piano faced another way, so that all you could see of her was the pale meat of her shapely and expansive back, as revealed by the V-cut dinner dress she wore.

"The usual, sergeant?" Harold asked.

"Well, yes," Heidig said.

It was while the beer was being drawn that Heidig realized this was the fifth straight evening he had stopped off here, and the answer, unwelcome as it might have been, was plain enough: *I'm getting too fond of my own little pleasures*. Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, stood by the register, a thin and tidy, almost colorless personality, occupied with the day's receipts. *Why the hell shouldn't I be home with my family at this hour?* Heidig asked himself. He put his glass down on the bar. The music had stopped.

"A refill, sergeant?"

"Not this time, Harold, no." He fetched in his pockets. "The only thing I could use now would be cigarettes."

"Try the machine, pal," he was advised. "Between the men's lounge and the telephone."

Heidig picked up his eighty cents change. He was a strongly made man, thirty-three years old. He put a quarter in the cigarette machine and pulled the lever above the brand of his choice. He was removing the transparent paper from the pack when he heard somebody sob. He looked up and saw that the girl named Madeline was standing there. Her soft, ordinarily fine features were distorted, and her eyes, as far as he could see, were swollen from tears she could not conceivably have shed these few minutes past.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

She seemed to stare right past him, so that Heidig, in whom sympathetic reflexes were a chronic, automatic burden that ten years as a cop had never lightened, looked anxiously around for some evidence of her panic and distress. There was none.

"Do you hear me?" he said; and he was going to add, "My name is Heidig; I'm a policeman," but he did not.

"I hear you, yes," she answered him softly. "Thanks very much, but there's nothing you can do."

She walked by him without saying anything more, as big and as blond and as worthy of attention as a burlesque doll on a runway; yet not like that at all, he was somehow sure; and he supposed—well, he supposed that it was no skin off his nose, one way or the other, and he decided to go home where he belonged.

"George?" Sheila said when he got home. "Is that you, George?"

"It's not the fire department," Heidig said.

"I couldn't hear you," she explained, "because I had my head in the drier."

"Your head in the what?" He walked into the kitchen, where Sheila was seated in a straight-backed chair, her hair wound into a multitude of knots about the size and the shape of shrimps.

"A hair drier, silly. I borrowed it from Ethel. The same as in a beauty parlor, except that it clamps on a door." She got up to demonstrate. "You see what I mean?"

"It's remarkable," Heidig said. "You can't beat science. A girl can get born with a head full of crab grass and she doesn't have to feel handicapped any more."

"Crab grass?"

"I was foolin'," Heidig said.

Sheila, standing in her shufflers, stood as tall as Heidig's nose. She wore a thin nightgown under a lightweight housecoat with its flared and stained sleeves rolled to her elbows; leaning close to him, the way she did, and placing her arms around him in a solemn invitation, she could make him forget all the consolations of neighborhood saloons. It was very good this way.

"We've got some liverwurst, if you're hungry, George; and I think there's a can of beer."

"I don't want any beer."

"No beer?" Sheila said. "Are you sure?"

"I had a quick one with Morris when we left the station house," Heidig said. "Then I came straight home."

The blithe untruth surprised him more than it distressed him. He felt in a way that it was justified by the resolution to which he had bound himself while walking home from O'Brien's. There was no use pretending forty cents a day didn't matter when you were raising three kids on a policeman's pay. The same forty cents each day, plus an occasional quarter dropped on the bar, lest in some stranger's eyes you might be measured cheap, could buy a lot of things that Sheila didn't have. She wouldn't have to be borrowing a hair drier from her nice friend, Ethel, in Apartment 11-B, for one thing.

"There's a lot more important things in life than a glass of beer," Heidig said. He sounded righteous, even to himself.

Sheila shrugged. "Yes, dear. You make the speeches while I make the sandwiches." She pushed him gently away from the refrigerator. "What did you and Morris do tonight?"

"We had those same four Hindus from the United Nations. We took them to an art exhibit. Tomorrow it's the ball game at the Polo Grounds. We should get home early tomorrow."

The downstairs buzzer sounded then.

"Who could that be, George?"

"I don't know." The clock in the kitchen said 11:45. It was not an hour for casual calls.

Sheila stepped into the foyer and pressed a button that

(Continued on Page 123)

Illustrated by Robert Moore

"You think I'm exaggerating all this panic, don't you?" she asked Heidig.

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Bedtime is 6 P.M. in this overcrowded dormitory at the Columbus State Hospital. These patients are "custodial" cases. They get little or no psychiatric treatment.

Inside the Asylum Conclusion

# THE STRUGGLE TO HEAL

## Mental disease, authorities say, approaches the state of a national emergency—but many Americans are at last aroused to the danger. Here are some of the hopeful steps being taken.

By John Bartlow Martin

Day after day, within the thick ancient walls of Columbus State Hospital on a hilltop overlooking the city, 2700 sick men and women are resisting the ravages of psychosis. But however great their doctors' skill, however great their own courage and their families' devotion, in the long run they must look downtown for support—to the office of the director of the Department of Mental Hygiene and Correction in a skyscraper beside the Scioto River, to the governor's office and the legislature's chambers in the Statehouse. And, ultimately, they must look beyond, to the people of the state of Ohio.

Since 1953, Ohio's vast state-hospital system has undergone what its director calls "a quiet revolution." Let us see how Columbus State Hospital has fared at the hands of higher authority. And let us inquire how good is the care of the mentally ill in America today, what is needed to better it and what are the prospects for improvement.

Scattered around Ohio are twenty-four state institutions for the care of mental patients. They contain 35,000 patients and 9000 employees. The master of this empire is the director of the Department of Mental Hygiene and Correction.

At the time of our visit to Columbus the director was Dr. John D. Porterfield. He resigned a few weeks ago upon his appointment to the office of assistant Surgeon General of the United States.

Doctor Porterfield looks younger than his forty-four years. He is a doctor, a public-health man, but not a psychiatrist. Educated at Notre Dame, Rush Medical College of the University of Chicago, and Johns Hopkins, he was with the United States Public Health Service from 1939 to 1947.

Until 1953 the Ohio mental hospitals were run by the sprawling Department of Public Welfare. Then, after several years' lobbying by the Ohio Mental Health Association, the mental hospitals, prisons and juvenile institutions were detached from Welfare. Various people urged Gov. Frank Lausche to appoint a psychiatrist to run the new department, but Lausche appointed (Continued on Page 127)

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# TRIAL BY TIGER

**Was he innocent or guilty? This was how the people of the Kou-Ans found out.**

By PHILIP MacDONALD

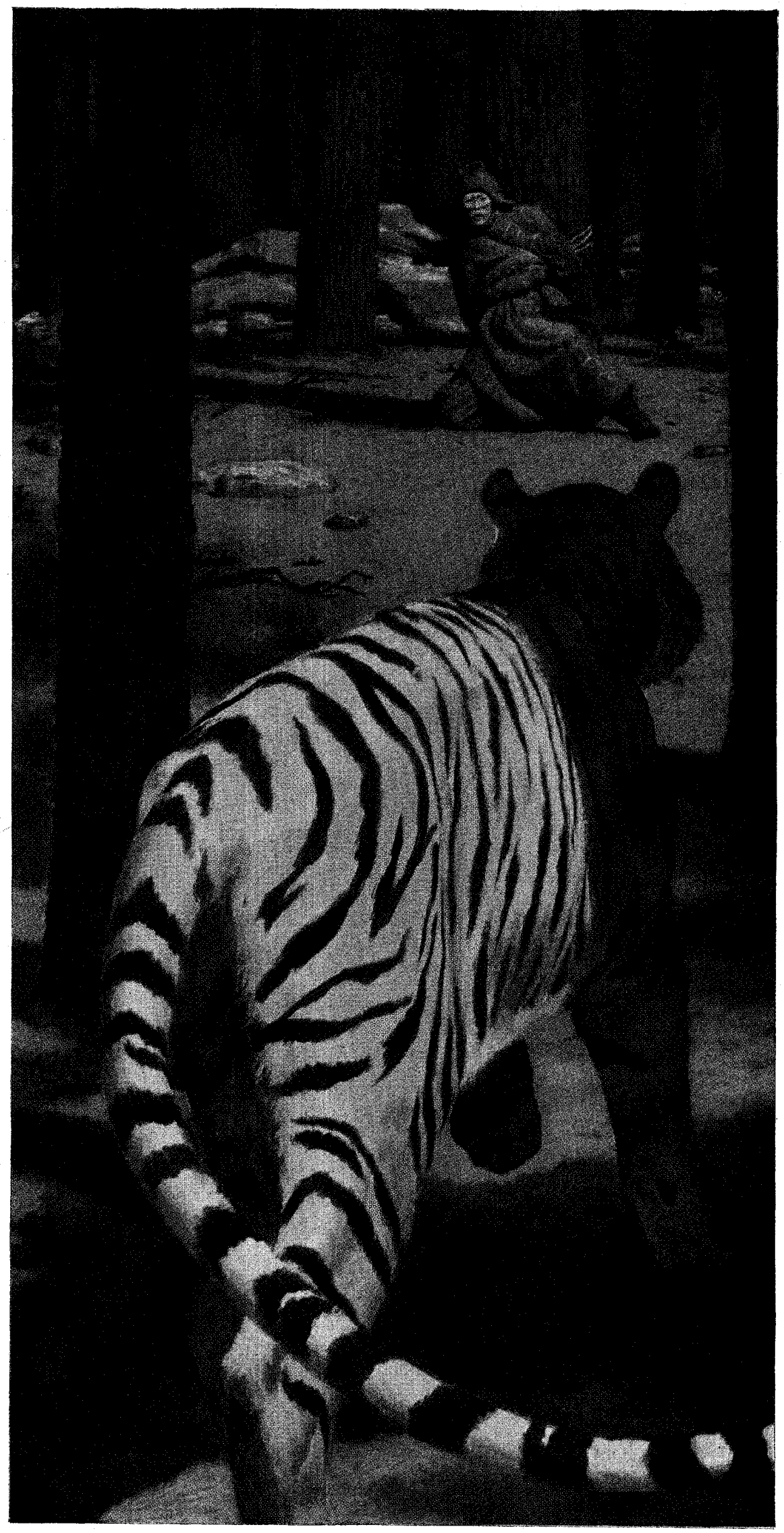
In this shrinking world there are still corners, crannies, where no work of man has altered the landscape and man himself is unchanged.

Witness those mountains, the Kou-Ans, which make a great barrier between the Mongolian desert and Manchuria. And witness the inscription carved deep into the bole of a giant pine which towers over the Manchurian foothills. In the ageless symbolic characters of the Chinese, it is dated less than twenty years ago, and it reads: THE SCENE OF THE JUSTICE OF TA WANG. It commemorates a local miracle.

It was late autumn, and, although the snows had not begun, the leaden sky seemed heavy with them. It pressed close on the white-capped peaks, and the bitter Siberian wind knifed down over the whole timeless vista with its tints of white and black and gray. White for the snowy crests, gray for the rock and sky and earth, black and white for the game-laden forests of pine and birch on the lower flanks of the mountain.

Kai Kon limped slowly down through the last of the forests, his boots of sheepskin dragging in the carpet of pine needles. He was tall and wide shouldered and lean. Too lean now, with the skin drawn overtight across his cheekbones and the dullness of pain and exhaustion in dark eyes which were more used to laughter. Today was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth, but he didn't remember it and wouldn't have cared if he had. He was too tired and too cold, and his injured hip, although it was half healed, was hurting him too much. The tusks of the wild boar make dangerous wounds which take a long time mending.

(Continued on Page 103)



The eyes of the beast, like cold yellow flame, seemed to fix upon Kai Kon. Then he sprang.

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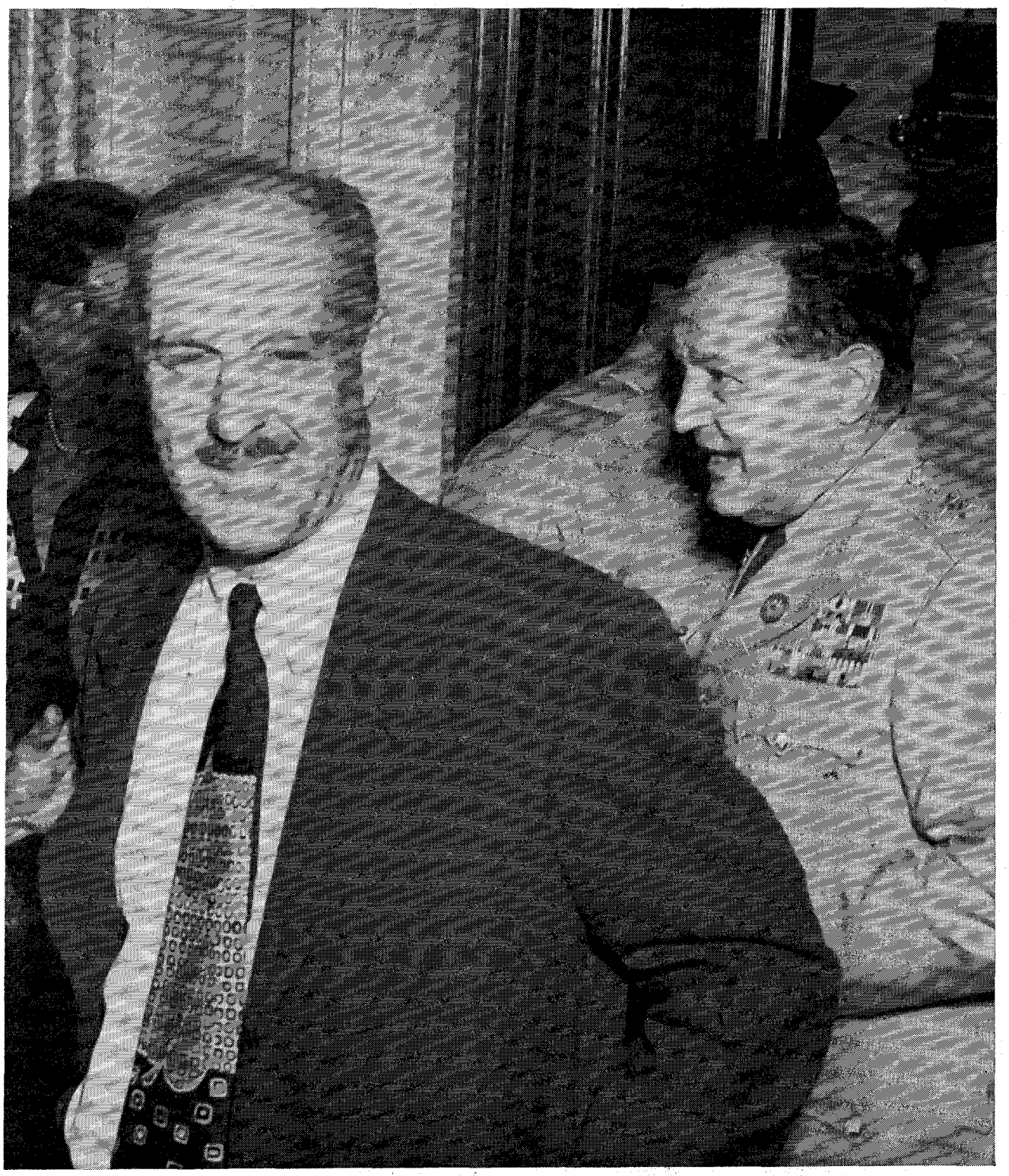

The author and (right) Maj. Gen. Harry Vaughan, President Truman's military aide and a favorite Pearson target.

"The only President I never rowed with was Calvin Coolidge," reports Pearson.

## Confessions of "an S.O.B."

PART II

# My Life in the White House Doghouse

By DREW PEARSON

The inside story of the author's battle with FDR over a load of Danish pastry. And how he learned an important lesson from Harry Truman: Say what you like about a President, but lay off his womenfolk.

My critics claim that I have been called more names by more Presidents of the United States than any other newspaperman in history. My friends claim that I enjoy being called names by Presidents.

Regarding the first, I plead guilty. Regarding the second, I plead not guilty. I do not enjoy being called names by Presidents; I simply pretend that if I am going to be called names, I only want to be called names by important people. I have wisecracked that the only thing I have against Eisenhower is that he hasn't called me names.

I did not mind so much being called an S.O.B. by President Truman because those he has scolded are a large company, ranging from the Washington Post music critic, Paul Hume, to the United States marines. I have become accustomed to feeling I am fair game for Presidents. Even so, I was surprised and deeply hurt when Franklin Roosevelt, whom I revered, called me a chronic liar.

Looking back on my relations with Roosevelt, I should not have been surprised. What the public didn't know was that for years he had been referring to me privately in most unendearing terms. He had once announced to the Cabinet that he had authorized Gen. Douglas MacArthur, then Chief of Staff, to sue me and my partner, Robert S. Allen, for $1,750,000. This was when Allen and I were writing a column together. The President was so irked that he took several minutes to tell the Cabinet that he wanted us put out of business. Two members of the Cabinet, who felt this to be a most unethical way to suppress journalistic enterprise, promptly told me about it. Frankly it gave me a jolt to learn that the President of the United States would encourage a libel suit against two newspapermen who had supported the chief goals of his administration.

General MacArthur did bring the suit. He even used the free legal services of the Judge Advocate General of the Army. He settled it in the end by paying our (Continued on Page 72)

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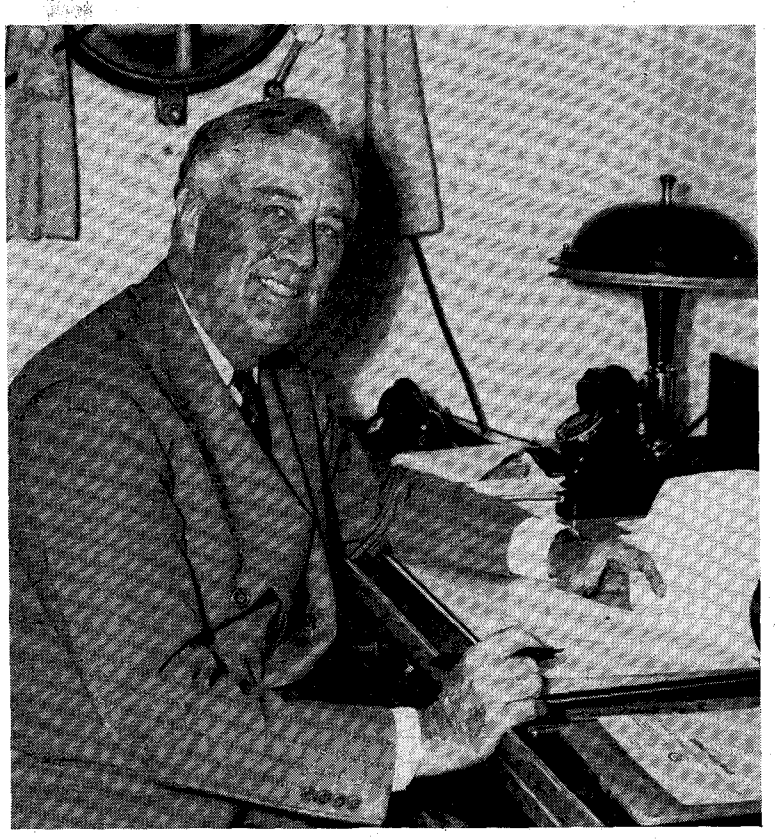
In 1929, the reporter was kicked off the battleship on which Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover were making a tour of Latin America.



"Presidents," Pearson says, "can be upset by the most unexpected trivia." He found Franklin Roosevelt no exception to this rule.

Harry Truman likes to relate that he once warned Pearson: "Drew, the next time you write anything about my wife, I'm going to shoot you."

His troubles with Harry began when he unfavorably compared Bess Truman to Eleanor Roosevelt as a hostess.

iott Roosevelt and his then (1945) wife, Faye Emerson. that year Elliott shipped his dog Blaze to Faye on an Army go plane, and Pearson was asked by the White House to help l Col. Roosevelt out of the resulting unfavorable publicity.

S1/c Leon LeRoy had to hitch-hike home after he was "bumped" off the plane to make room for Elliott's pooch. He is shown with his mother and his own dog, Dinky.

**NEXT WEEK:**

"My Mother-in-Law Troubles"

Pearson reveals why Cissy Patterson—who once admired him—wound up calling him "America's outstanding journalistic heel."

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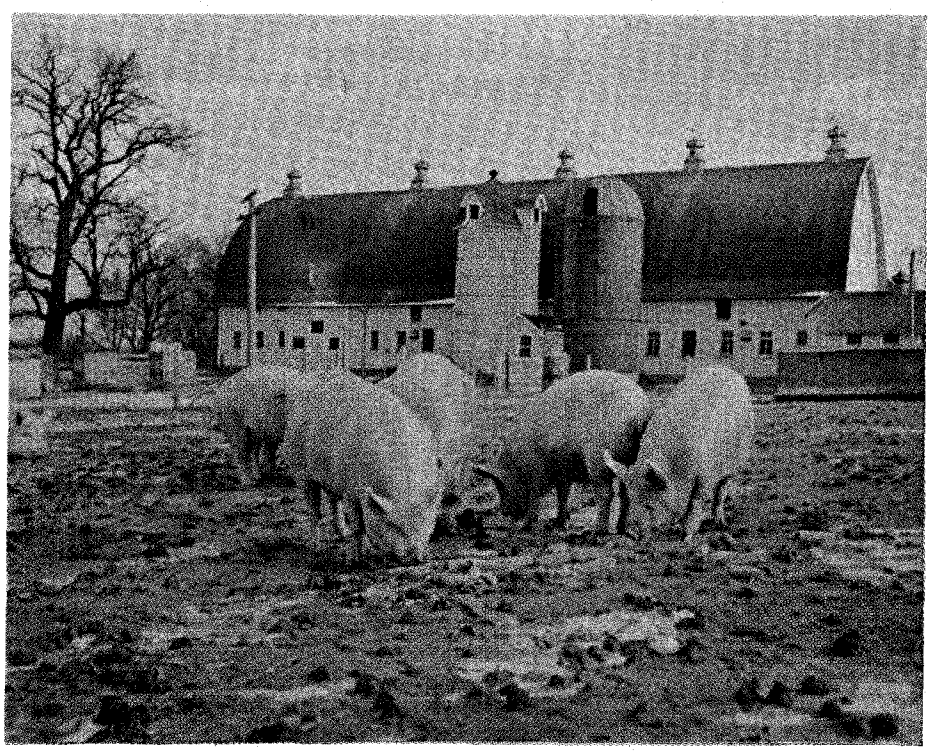
# The Happy Sausage Makers

By Milton MacKaye

The Jones family, sausage makers for 68 years. Business now is better than ever. "It needs to be," says one of the younger generation. "There are so many more Joneses to feed."



Lean, young porkers—sausage on the hoof—lunch at the Jones Dairy Farm.

The choicest and most expensive cuts—shoulders, loins and hams—go into the sausages.

**Last year the Joneses of Wisconsin sold $7,000,000 worth of luxury bacon and sausage, demonstrating how even a small business can get fat on pigs.**

Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

The remarkable Jones family of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, has been famous for food for five generations. It all began when the first Milo Jones and his wife, Sally Crane Jones, went west in the 1830's, carrying with them from their native Vermont various recipes for succulent New England cookery. As a result, their farmstead on the Rock River became an obligatory and highly pleasant stop for travelers weary of the abominable provender of the rude frontier.

And it was one of Sally Jones' recipes—her formula for pork sausage—that later launched the family into a business which has been successful for sixty-eight years. Starting on the Wisconsin home place, Milo C. Jones, son of the original pioneers, built a cottage industry into a nationally famous enterprise. His sons, grandsons and great-grandsons have been making Jones Dairy Farm Sausage ever since.

Just the other day, one of the younger Joneses opened without surprise a communication from St. Johns-in-the-Wilderness,

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Allakaket, Alaska. Said the correspondent: "My wife and I have recently been transferred here where we are cheerfully putting up with most of the rigors of frontier life. However, we must have one touch with civilization and we want it to be Jones sausage. Could you possibly send us four pounds?"

The sausage was quick-frozen—the Jones firm was the first in the food industry to quick-freeze sausage—and flown to Seattle. From there it was flown on to Alaska and dropped off at Allakaket by a bush pilot.

From Ravello, Italy, in mid-October came another appeal. The lady's penmanship was firm and patrician. She said she had seen an advertisement in an American magazine, and she wanted Jones sausage for Thanksgiving. If that was not possible, for Christmas.

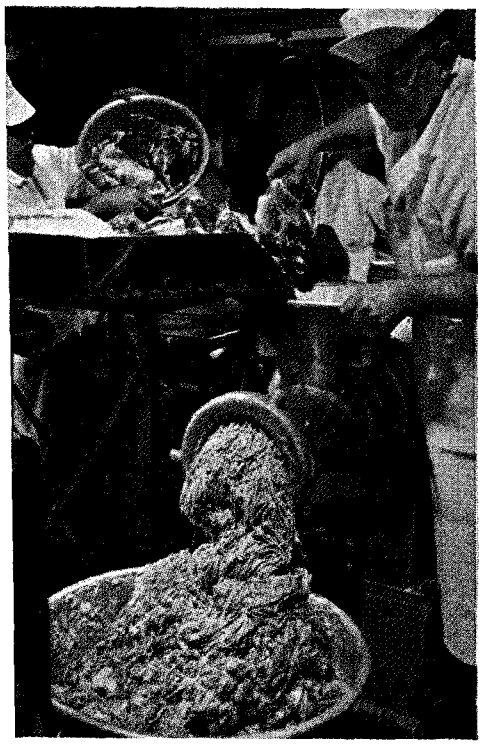
"You may be interested to know," she wrote, "that we always had your famous sausages for breakfast when I lived in America. The last time I ate them was around 1910. I have always thought they were the best I have ever eaten."

Sentiment about sausage always moves the Jones family, but Italy is far away, sausage is perishable, and the lady wanted only one pound. All the same, after consultation, the Joneses worked out the fastest trip and dispatched the frozen sausage to Ravello by air—with their compliments. A long-time friendship means a lot to a family firm.

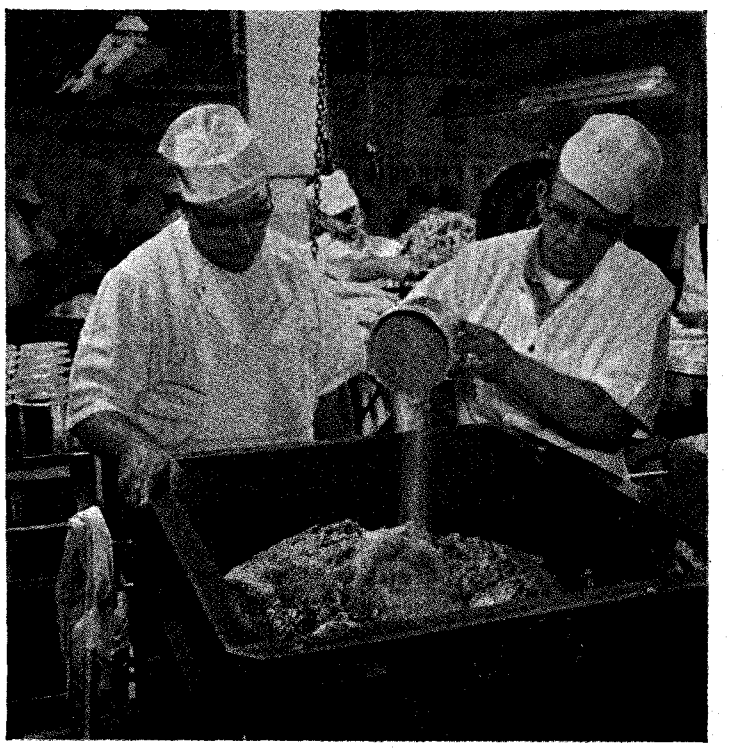
Sentiment and sausage seem to mix very well. At least once a month a letter is received at Fort Atkinson from a mother who wants an order of the delectable Jones mixture sent to her recently married daughter. Often there are nostalgic overtones—as a young bride the mother prepared it for a brand-new husband's breakfast, and they lived happily ever after.

Recently I went through a fat sheaf of letters which gave authentic evidence of the sizzling love affair between the Joneses and their customers. Many of the letters were written on personal stationery. One from Boston's Back Bay began, "Dear Friends"; another from Pasadena, California, "Dear Joneses." There was interior evidence that the Pasadena customer was retired and living on a limited budget. This was the final sentence of the letter:

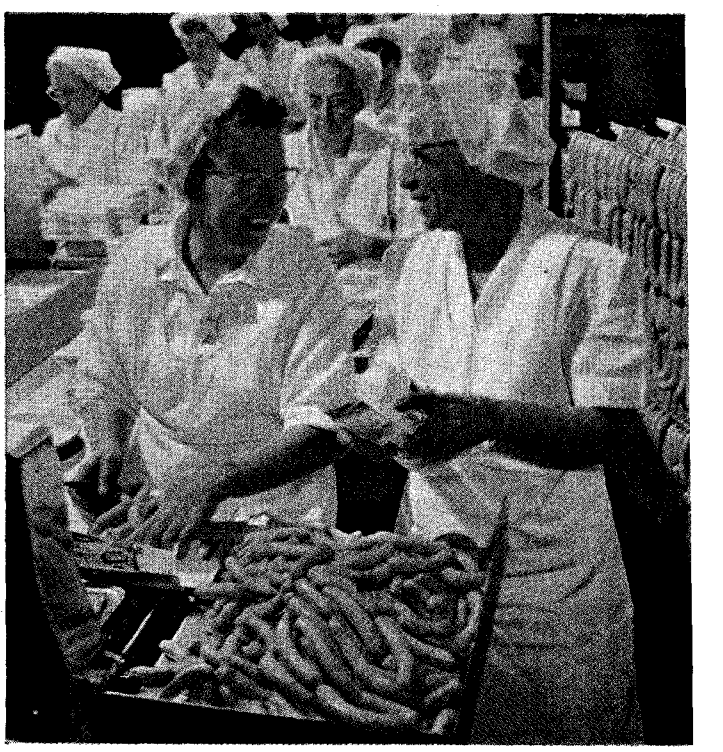
"My Jones bacon (and sausage occasionally) are my only extravagances in the meat line, but I should hate to have to give them up after the forty years I have been your constant customer."



Harry Florin turns out a 100-lb. batch of mix.



Charles Fairchild sprinkles in the proper amount of natural spices.



Minnie Rusch (*right*) supervises the packaging.

Two of the Jones boys, Alan (*second from left*) and Bud (*second from right*), pheasant hunting with friends on their three-hundred-acre farm.

A year and a half ago, just after graduating from Harvard Law School, Milo (Mike) Jones, a great-grandson of the founder of the firm, went on a canoe trip. With a Fort Atkinson friend, Jim Leute, he put his canoe into the Rock River, which flows directly behind the farm, paddled down into the Mississippi and on to New Orleans.

On the way, Mike and Jim made stops in ten river towns to visit Jones dealers of long and faithful standing. None expressed surprise that, like Marquette and Joliet, a representative of the company had arrived by canoe; it seemed to them in character. None had ever seen a Jones or a Jones salesman before—although they had maintained warm relationships with the parent company through the mails for years.

Bill Jones, one of Mike's two brothers, had an equally warming experience in the spring of (Continued on Page 118)

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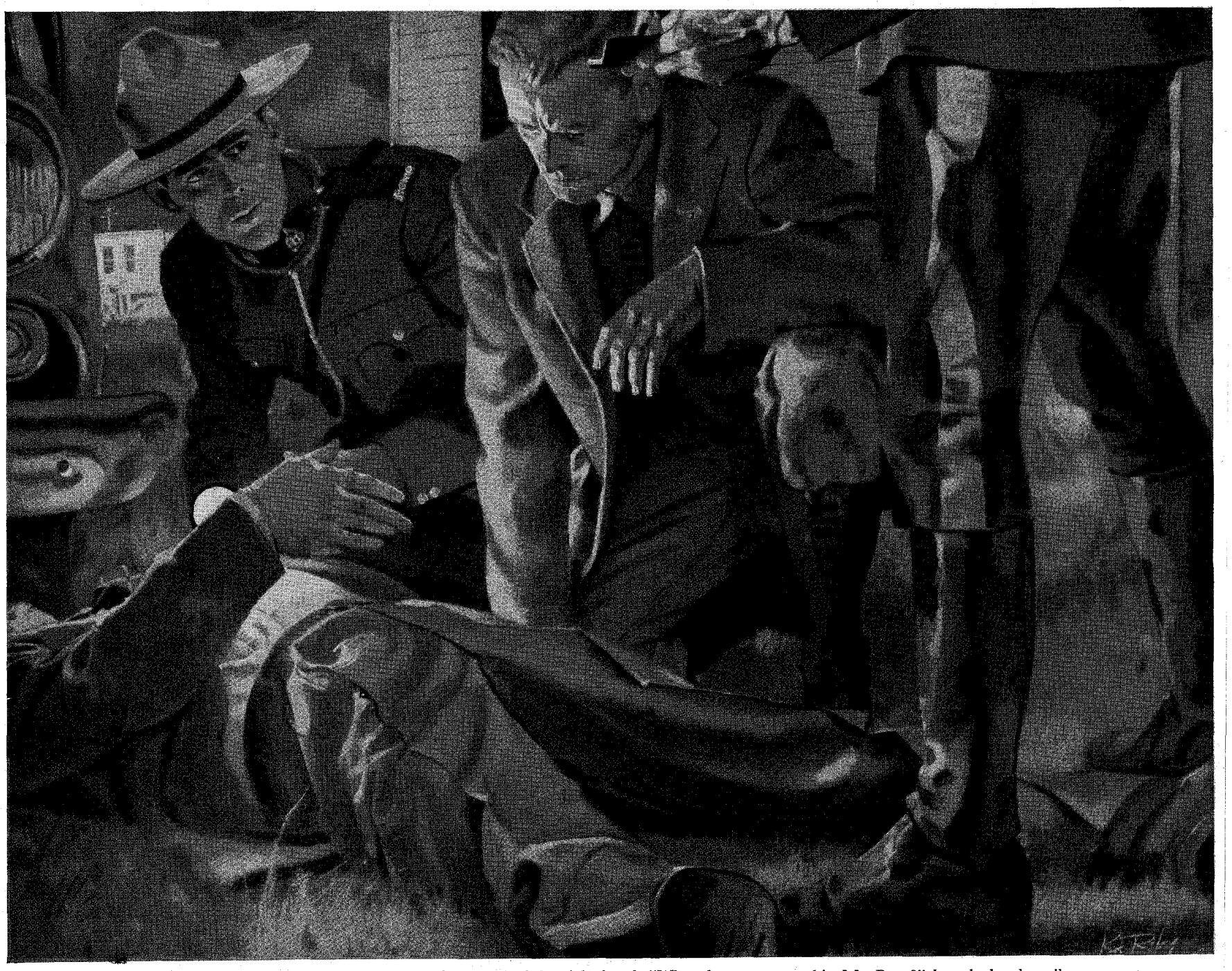

Van Patten held the beam upon the index finger of the right hand. "What do you say to this, Mr. Butts?" he asked unhappily.

# The Secret of Shining Brook

**Was it coincidence that the body had been dumped in Archy's car? Or was this a grim warning of what happened to meddlers at Shining Brook?**

**By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND**

Archimedes Bolivar Butts was in the way—so much so that the furtive Leon Moffitt tried to bribe him with an offer of a lucrative job back in the States. Butts refused, and Moffitt responded, "I hope you'll live to regret it."

Archy had been sent to Canada to investigate a hex at the Shining Brook oil field. His firm, Trans-Oceanic Oil, was a competitor of Gandolin Oil, which Moffitt represented.

Ostensibly, Archy was to be a mud engineer. He shared a trailer with a big puppy-dog type named Lumpy Sawyer, and worked under a field superintendent named Riggs. But his real boss was the cantankerous president of Trans-Oceanic, William Makepeace Hawks.

By calling Hawks' New York office, Archy got some information about the enigmatic Boots Quinto. This young lady had rifled Archy's brief case in New York and now was living with the Magins—Mr. Magin a backwoods storekeeper who was memorizing an encyclopedia. Hawks told Archy that Boots had been the private secretary of J. A. Baldwin, the recently murdered president of Gandolin Oil, and that every policeman in the United States was looking for her.

Archy paid a visit to Boots at the Magins' Pansy Grove store. While there, he encountered Leon Moffitt's bodyguard, a reefer-smoking thug known as Bones Leary. Archy taunted Bones; then demonstrated his skill as a marksman by shooting at tin cans.

"I didn't want you to think I'd be a sitting duck," he said, as the enraged gunman departed.

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III

"I hain't one to skip around in a book," Mr. Magin said firmly. "I start in the beginnin' 'n' plow straight through. So I hain't got to Petroleum yit in the encyclopedia."

Archy Butts leaned back against one of the posts supporting the roof of the stoop and grinned up at the proprietor of the store. "Have patience. You'll get there," he said encouragingly.

"But," said Mr. Magin, "I hain't got no objections to bein' told. Take this here locality. How come there's oil under it? When ye drill a well daown, what do ye hit? Is the' a big underground lake of it daown there, or a flowin' river, or what?"

"It isn't like that. No lakes. No rivers. Millions of years ago there was a salt-water sea here, and almost everywhere. Rivers ran into this sea, carrying mud and sand, which sank to the bottom and formed a soft ooze on the floor of the ocean, and then live things died, like animals and vegetation, and they, too, were washed down and sank into the ooze. More mud formed on top of it, and the organic matter, which is stuff that once was alive, somehow got distilled into tiny particles of oil. Over millions of years, more and more sediment washed in and formed a great weight, and it squeezed out the oil and salt water and made it move along. Not in a solid stream, but in tiny droplets which had to find a place to go. The place they found was mostly into porous rock—this salt water, carrying minute particles of oil, was forced by enormous pressure into the tiny pores in sandstone or limestone or shale. You've used a grindstone, of course?"

"Sure."

"Grindstone looks solid, doesn't it?"

"'Tis solid."

Archy shook his head. "When you sharpened an ax, you poured water on the stone, and the stone soaked it up. So there had to be spaces for the water to go. If you magnified a piece of sandstone many times, it would look like a sponge—full of holes. Maybe there would be as much as twenty per cent pores in a chunk of stone. So the salt water and specks of oil were forced into these pores and pushed along until something stopped them. Something prevented them from migrating further, and where that happens you find an oil field. We call that a trap. And there, oil, being lighter than salt water, climbs to the top. It stays there in the porous rock, baffled—until somebody drills a well and gives it a way to escape. Pressure of water or gas forces the oil into the well and you have a gusher or, at any rate, a flowing well. All clear?"

"So you have a rock full of oil like a sponge full of water."

"Right," Archy assured him.

"I swan to man!" Mr. Magin exclaimed. "It sounds right complicated."

"I've oversimplified it," Archy said, "but that's the general idea."

Mrs. Magin appeared, irate, in the doorway. "Hain't you loafers got nothin' better to do than sit lallygaggin' all day?" she demanded.

"We're havin' a scientific discussion," Mr. Magin defended himself. "We're inquirin' into various wonders of nature."

"You"—she fixed her beady eyes on Archy's face—"would be earnin' your pay better if you was to inquire into the various skulduggeries of men."

"Such, for instance, as?" asked Archy.

"The goin's 'n' comin's," said Mrs. Magin tartly, "of that overgrowed lummox, Lumpy Sawyer."

"What's with Lumpy?" he asked, suddenly alert.

"What I hear," said Mrs. Magin, "'n' I git to hear consid'able, he's breedin' himself a busted head or wuss."

"Tell me more," Archy said.

"If ye want to know more," she snapped, "stir your stumps 'n' find it out."

"I could do with a hint," he told her.

"He's gittin'," she said, "to be a tarnation nuisance."

"To whom?" Archy asked.

"To them," said Mrs. Magin over her shoulder as she disappeared inside the murky store, "that don't like snoopers."

Illustrated by Ken Riley

"Peace be with you all," the stranger said.

A shaggy, jugheaded pony came clumping down the road from the right and stood in the dust in front of the store as Boots Quinto flung herself out of the saddle. The pony stood listlessly twitching off flies.

"Go 'way, uncle," Boots said to Mr. Magin, but with such a smile as robbed her words of any unpleasant peremptoriness. "I want to talk to this man."

Mr. Magin got up, book under his arm, and moved into the store. In the doorway he paused an instant to say, "Least said soonest mended."

"There's so much to be repaired," she said, "that a little more won't matter."

"I'll talk first," Archy said sharply. "Then you can have your say."

"That might be better," she agreed.

"First," he said, "it's mighty reckless for you to go careering around this wild country alone."

"Which," she replied spiritedly, "is none of your business."

"Except," he retorted, "that I've been ordered to keep you intact. I've enough business on hand without being your keeper. Bones Leary complicates things. Has he been set by Leon Moffitt to watch you or has he fallen for your charm?"

"If I can read the signs," she answered pertly, "and I think I can, Mr. Leary comes wooing."

"It would," he said, "be cozier to be wooed by a Gila monster."

"Quite," she said. "He frightens me."

"I'm glad you have that much sense," he said, not pleasantly.

"I'm really quite sensible," she answered. "Let's move on to the next point."

"When President Hawks dragged me half across the world," he said, "he didn't know J. A. Baldwin, president of Gandolin, was going to be murdered the day I arrived."

"But," said Boots, "he knew something was going to happen."

"Only two people knew I was in New York," Archy said: "President Hawks and his confidential secretary."

"Can you be sure of that?" she countered.

"Precautions were taken," Archy answered. "Either there was a slip in the precautions or there was a leak from Hawks' office. And the only possible leak was that dude secretary."

"But," she said, "did any unauthorized person know you were in New York?"

"There must have been one," he said.

"Who?"

"You," he said promptly. "You didn't pick me out by chance to be the fall guy. You knew who I was. So someone must have known and turned you loose on me to do your little caper."

She peered at him intently. "Why is it important for you to know?" she asked.

"So," he answered directly, "I'll have an idea how to deal with you. If you're to be trusted by me. Which side you're on."

"That is important, isn't it?" she asked.

"Important to both of us," he replied.

"Then," she said reluctantly, "I'll tell you how it was. There was a leak. I was sent to you." She paused and smiled. "It wasn't the secretary who leaked, Mr. Butts. It was President Hawks himself. The night after J. A. Baldwin was murdered I was in hiding in Mr. Hawks' home."

"Is this the truth, Miss Quinto?"

"Word of honor," she answered. Then she smiled. "He said you were a shifty young man—that was his word. He said I was a finagling little cupcake. He said that between us we'd manage it, and he didn't want to know anything about the details."

Archy sat very still for moments. "Miss Quinto," he said, "for years I've been in the Near East. I know nothing about company politics or intercompany politics. I don't know what's between Gandolin and Trans-Oceanic. But from any viewpoint of mine, none of this makes sense. The president of Gandolin is murdered; there is a hex on this oil field. Sabotage. There's a connection between a New York killing and the things that have been going on (Continued on Page 78)

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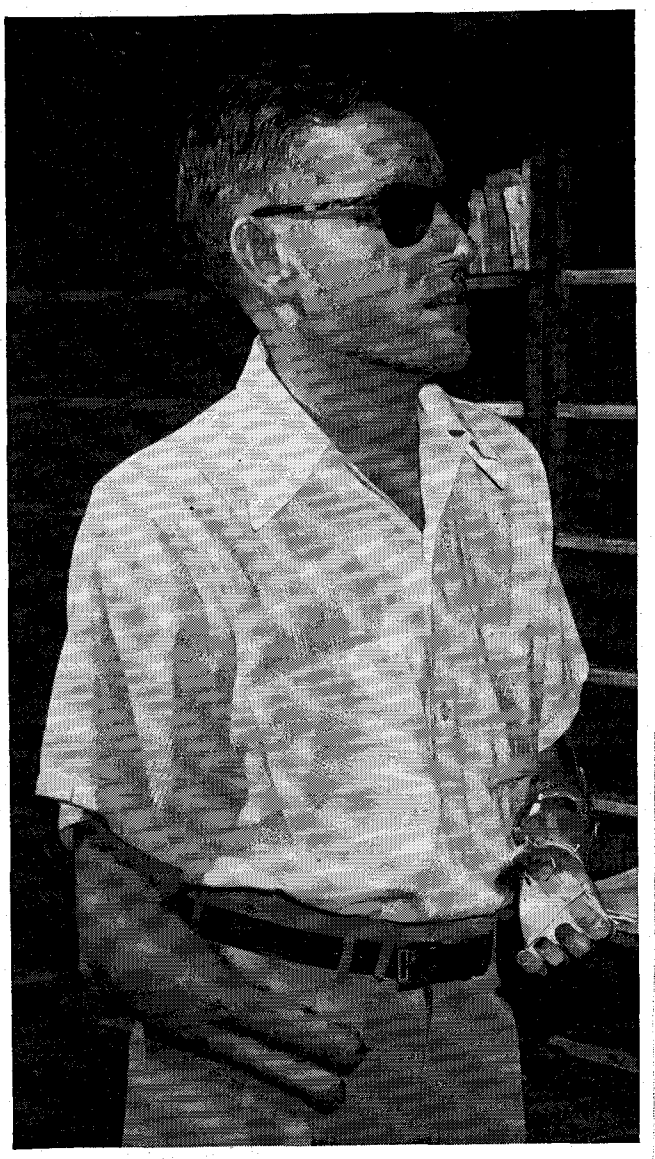
# Perils of the Postmen

By Ben Pearse

One of the most hazardous assignments the Government can give a man is the job of delivering the U.S. mail . . .

Postal clerk William H. Osborne lost his eyesight and both hands when a package exploded in the Bowling Green, Ky., post office.



Mailman's dilemma: a Washington conference of experts was unable to figure out why dogs—which bit 6000 postmen last year—are so hostile to letter carriers.

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The midafternoon lull at the Village Station post office in downtown New York was suddenly interrupted by a man who strode up to an inquiry window and banged violently on the ledge with both fists. "I rented a box a month ago," he shouted, "and haven't got any mail! I want my six dollars back!"

Clerk Benjamin Zelman looked up from his work and started to say something about postal regulations, but the man was in no mood to parley. Screaming, "My money back or I'll let you have it!" he vaulted over a counter and charged toward Zelman, brandishing an ax whipped from beneath his coat. Zelman dodged around tables and sorting racks until two mail carriers seized the infuriated boxholder from behind.

Quiet was restored after police carried off the patron—post-office term for all customers, calm or violent—and took him to Bellevue Hospital for psychiatric observation. Later, the two carriers—John E. Byrnes and James V. Healey—received personal letters of commendation from the postmaster, and cash awards of forty-one dollars each—fifty dollars minus withholding taxes—for their courageous action.

The incident serves to illustrate a little-known fact: that the most hazardous job in the Federal Government, outside the armed forces, is not that of FBI agent, nor operative for the Secret Service nor the Narcotics Bureau. You might never guess it from dramas seen on TV, but the most hazardous Government occupation is delivering the mail.

The Post Office Department, with less than 25 per cent of the Government's employees, has more than 35 per cent of the Government's lost-time injuries—more than any other Federal department. Also, the POD reported more fatal accidents among its men than all the Federal law-enforcement agencies combined.

The villains in this picture are icy sidewalks, collapsing steps, automobiles and sundry objects lurking in dark hallways, such as roller skates, beer bottles and bicycles. Other accidents are caused by lurching trains and dilapidated mailboxes. Finally, there's that universal nuisance, the psychotic dog—no residential route is complete without one.

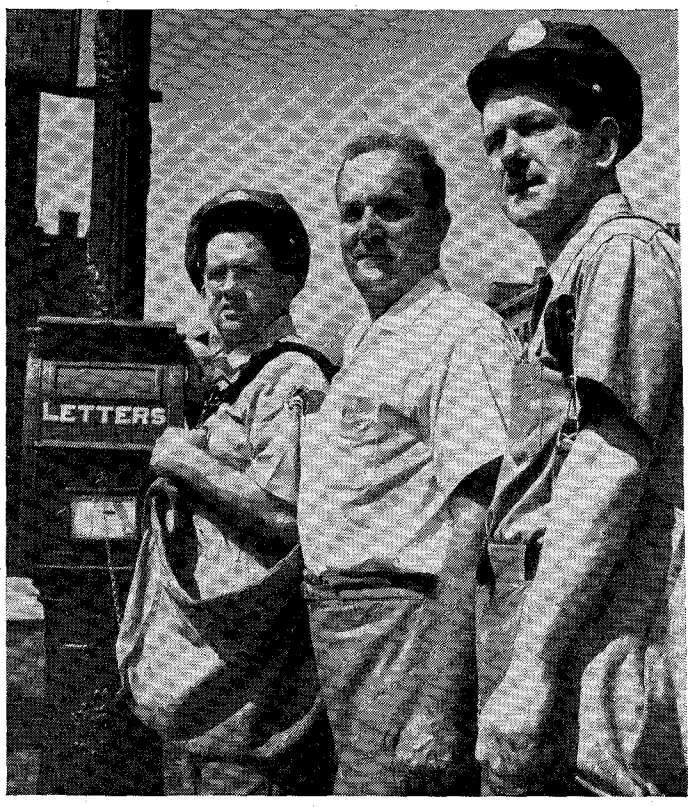
Many of these hazards are attributable to the carelessness or inconsiderateness of the patron whose mail is being delivered. Until recently, the department's safety record had never been considered alarming, in view of the tradition that the mail must go through despite snow, hurricanes and high water. But in 1953, when Arthur E. Summerfield became Postmaster General, he instituted a traffic-safety campaign that reduced the accident rate in metropolitan areas, where most mail trucks operate, from thirteen accidents per 100,000 miles to only four. The effort won the department two meritorious-service awards from the National Safety Council in three years.

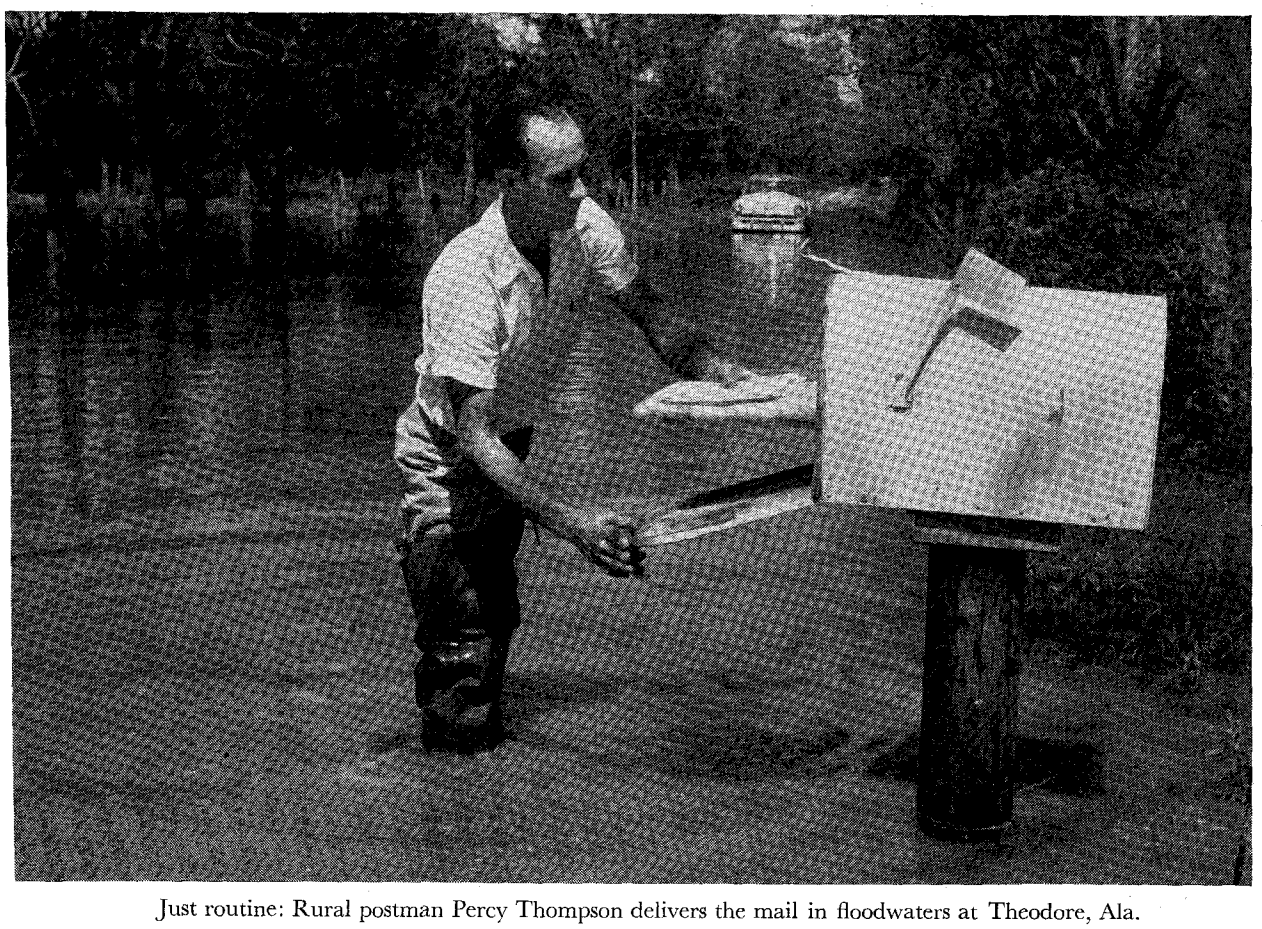
Summerfield recently broadened the safety program to include all department operations. He has expanded his Safety and Health Division from a director, two secretaries and a copying machine to a full staff of experts trained in all phases of industrial-accident prevention, and Safety now has a representative in every large post office in the country.

The multiplicity of hazards that postal employees face in their daily work poses some special problems. How can a postal employee be protected, for example, against bombs? On an average, five bombs a year are sent through the mails, and some of them are bound to explode in transit. Exploding bombs have caused serious injury to postal workers. Still, you can't dunk every package in a tub of water to quench a

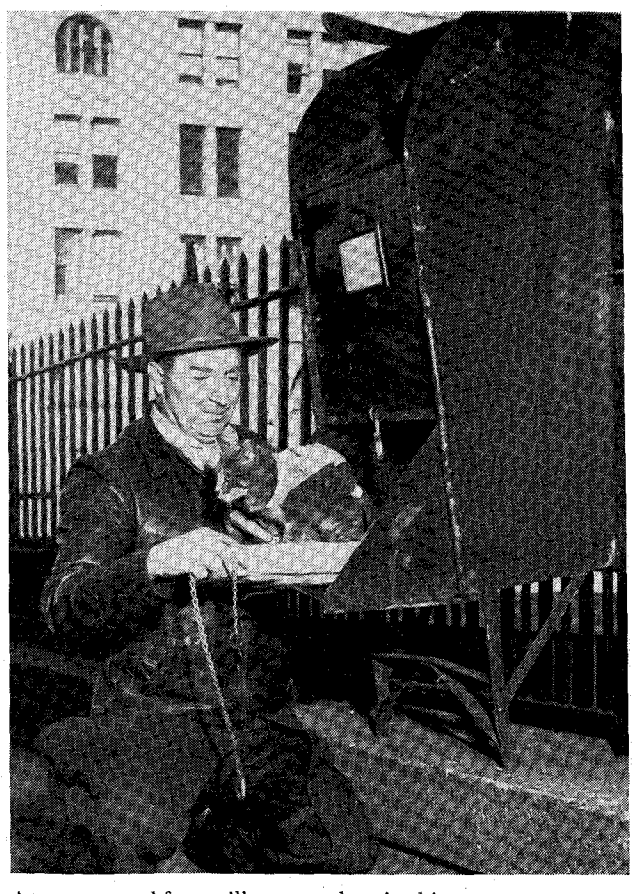
(Continued on Page 94)

Postal clerk Benjamin Zelman (*center*) and the two letter carriers who saved him from the ax-wielding post-office customer in New York: John E. Byrnes (*left*) and James V. Healey (*right*).



Just routine: Rural postman Percy Thompson delivers the mail in floodwaters at Theodore, Ala.



A cat wrapped for mailing turned up in this Colorado Springs, Colo., mailbox. The address on the pet was fictitious, so the post office found it a new home.

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# Post Scripts

## Stop Sign

When driver and pedestrian meet,
How supercilious they are;
One walks as though he owned the street;
One drives as though he owned the car!

MAY RICHSTONE

## Assertions I Wish I Hadn't Asserted

1. Try it if you insist, but I'm telling you flatly the television set is on the fritz.
2. This is positively the last time I am going to tell you kids ——
3. Don't tell me to turn left; I know this part of the country like the back of my hand.
4. There's never any waiting and the food is delicious!
5. I'll just put these fuses up here and then next time I'll know exactly where they are.
6. I've never even gotten so much as an overtime parking ticket.
7. I know a spot where they start biting the minute you throw the line in the water.
8. Just ask daddy if you have to spell a word that's too big for you, sweetheart.
9. I'll match that and raise you a quarter.

DICK EMMONS

"I said, 'Do you call yourself a painter?'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Leftovers

At our house they're no problem:
Midnight snackers gobblem!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

## Oh, What a Shame!

"Here I was going to have creamed turnips for dinner tonight, dear, and they burned."

"I'm afraid that Roland won't be able to show us the motion pictures he took recently down on the Indian Reservation, because something seems to be wrong with the projector and ——"

"Well, for the first time in six years, Ralph and the kids and I won't be dropping in for our visit next summer. Ralph, it seems, has to take some sort of a special engineering course which ——"

"I guess the fact that the wind blew down Station XWXTV's tower means no late movie tonight."

"Well, it looks as though this is one of the evenings when little Judy is going to be stubborn and refuse to recite the poem she wrote at school."

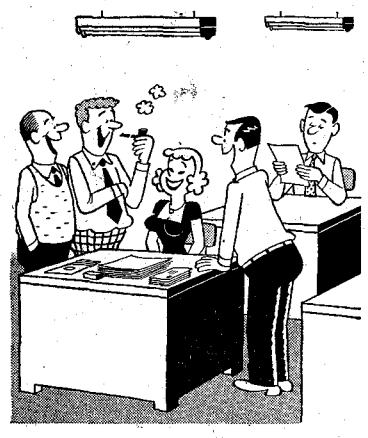
"Mrs. Kelker told me this afternoon that the kid next door to us suddenly decided—bang, just like that—to give up the accordion."

"Know what happened to that guy who lives across the street? Somebody stole his motorcycle."

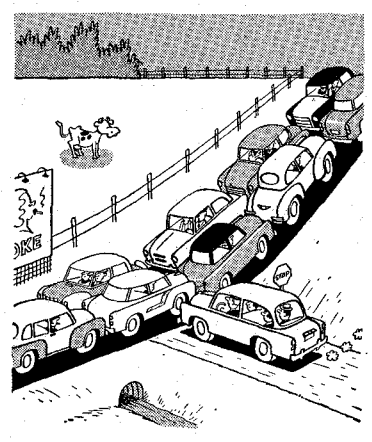
"It's a letter from our little nephew, darling. Remember those plaster-of-Paris book ends he was making for us in school? Well, it seems that as he was packing them he accidentally dropped ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

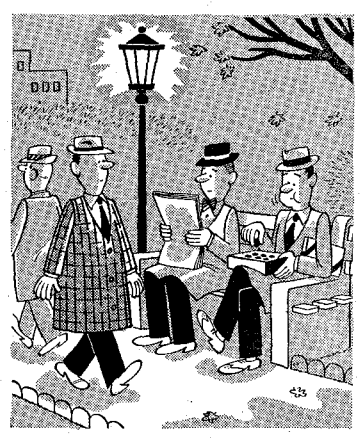
## GUESS WHO By BILL HARRISON



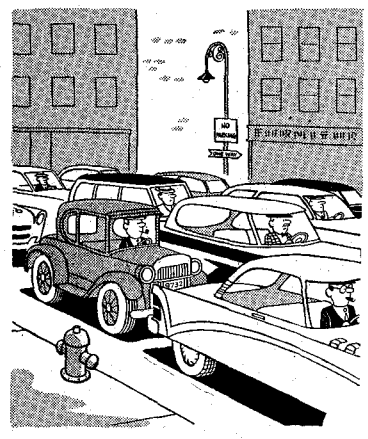
. . . is a bachelor



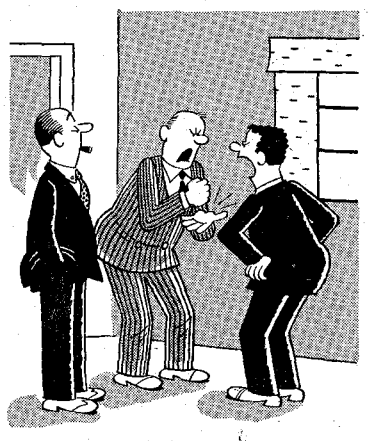
. . . knew a short cut



. . . was stood up



. . . has his car paid for



. . . started the argument

. . . will suggest playing post office

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Dieter's Docket

Plan for Jan:
*Skim milk, bran.*
Feb, March:
*Decrease starch.*
April, May:
*Skip déjeuner.*
June, July:
*Pie, good-by.*
Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov:
*Cut out eating; hock the stove.*
December: *puddings, hard sauce, brandy, Turkey, stuffing, pounds of candy.*
Plan for Jan:
*Skim milk, bran.*

PHILENE HAMMER

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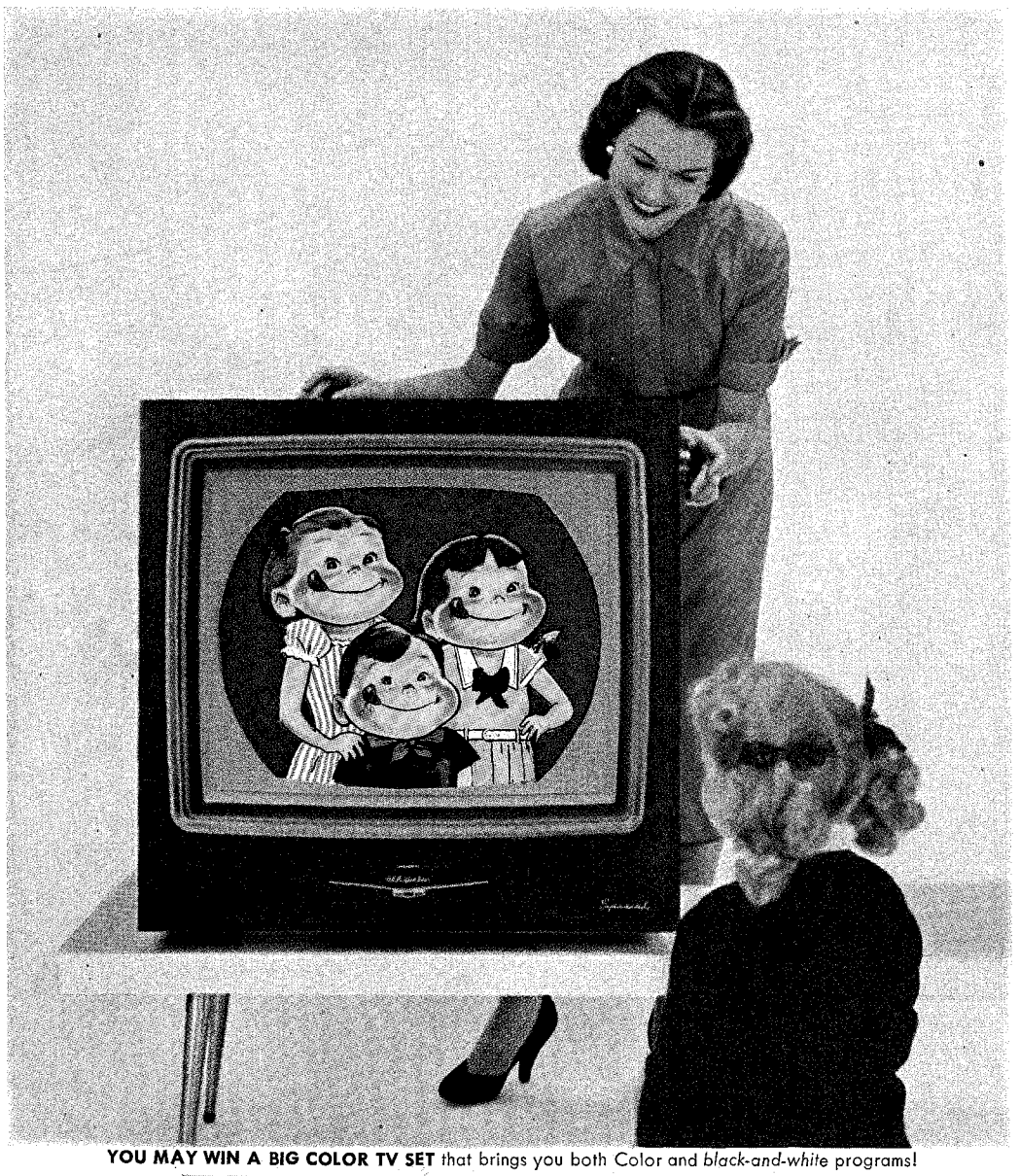
# FREE! 100 RCA VICTOR BIG COLOR TV SETS!

**COLOR THE KIDS,** then write a 25-word statement . . .



**YOU MAY WIN A BIG COLOR TV SET** that brings you both Color and *black-and-white* programs!

## HURRY! HURRY! ENTER THE BIG BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS RCA VICTOR "COLOR THE KIDS" CONTEST

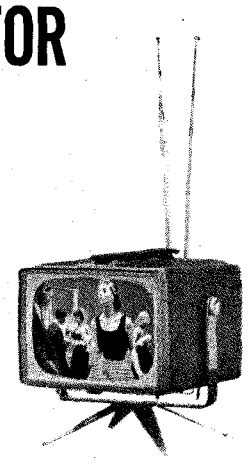
**Now you may see Color Every Night** on RCA Victor Big Color TV—*free!* Enter the Birds Eye-RCA Victor "Color The Kids" Contest. You can win a $495 RCA Victor Color TV set—100 are offered as first prizes! 50 *second* prizes, too: RCA Victor "*Personal*" TV sets. **Here's all you do:** first, get an entry blank at your grocer's or your local RCA Victor dealer's. Color the "Birds Eye Kids" picture on the back. Then, in 25 words or less, complete the sentence, "If I were buying a television set, I would buy RCA Victor Compatible Color TV because. . . ." Mail it with the lid or label of any Birds Eye product—*or* have your blank stamped by any RCA Victor dealer. That's all there is to it!

Just think—you may be the winner of a brand-new Big Color TV. It's practical—easy to tune—*fabulous!* **Starting this Fall** you'll see wonderful TV shows in "Living Color" every night, plus your favorite black-and-white programs . . . both on the same set! It's Compatible . . . like owning two sets in one. Don't wait—enter the Birds Eye-RCA Victor "Color The Kids" Contest today!

**Get entry blank at your grocer's or RCA Victor dealer's now!**

Contest open to residents of Continental USA and Canada as set forth in the rules.

**50 "*Personal*" TV sets given as 2nd prizes!**



Smallest, smartest TV ever—RCA Victor "*Personal*" TV, retailing for $125! Plugs into any AC outlet. A full-fledged black-and-white TV set including transformer, telescoping antenna, removable tilt stand.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. Prices and specifications subject to change. "*Personal*" TV slightly higher far West and South. UHF for Color TV opt., ex. (not available in "*Personal*").

RCA VICTOR Tmks® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION

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*November Is Longines-Wittnauer "90th Anniversary" Month At Your Jeweler*

# *Longines*

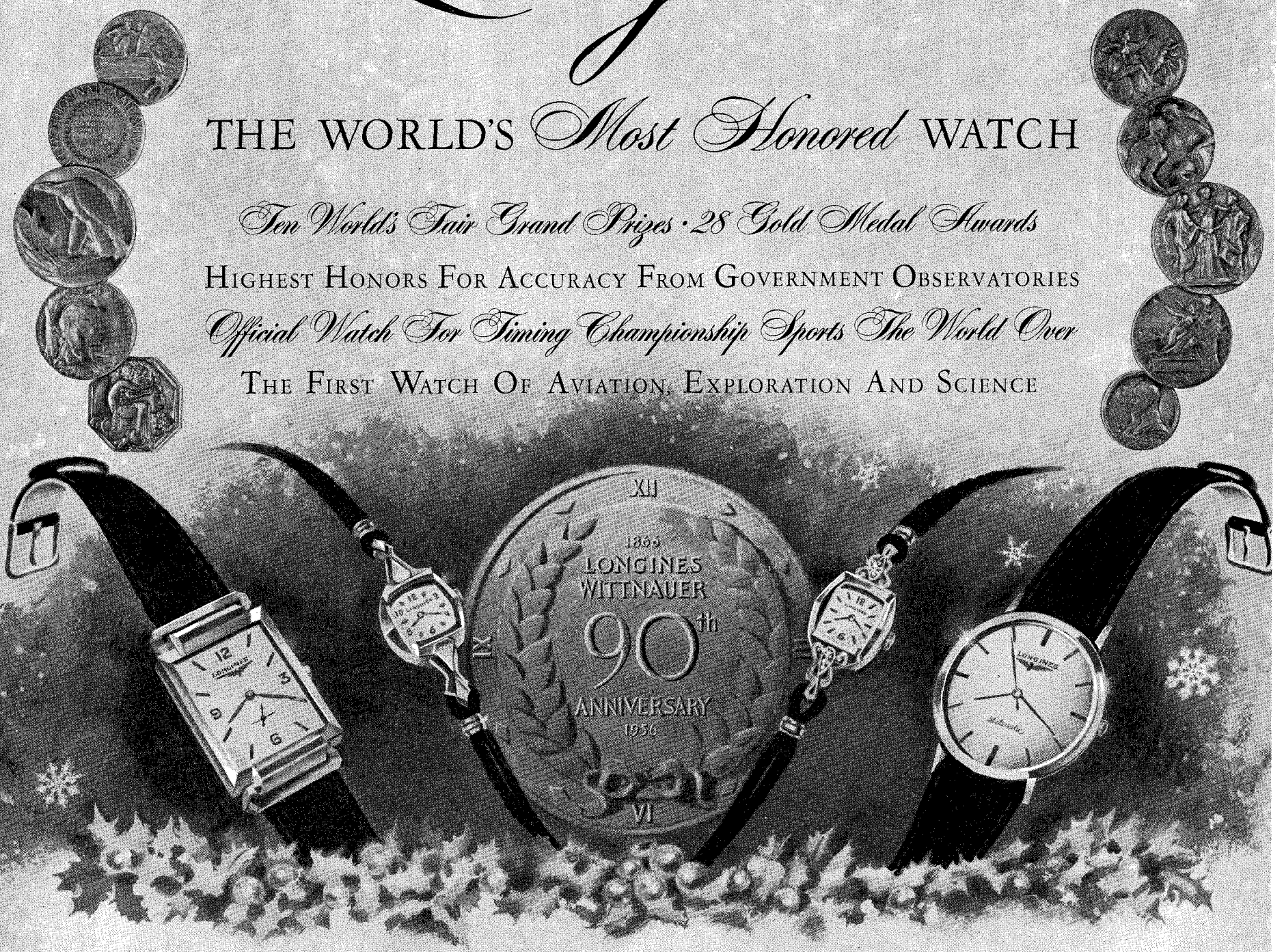
## THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

*Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards*

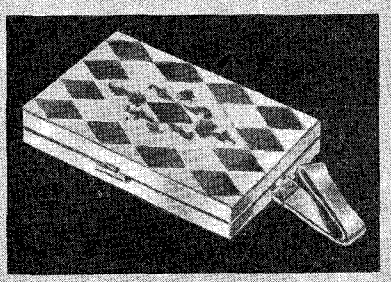
HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

*Official Watch For Timing Championship Sports The World Over*

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION, EXPLORATION AND SCIENCE

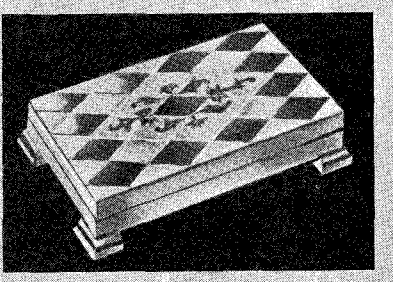



*Longines Watches Mark 90 Years Of Progress*



The Longines Presentation Case *for Her*—Glittering metal case with mesh wrist strap; doubles as a glamorous evening carryall.

For all who receive a Longines Watch, this will be indeed a Christmas of good-fortune. ℂ The Longines watches now at your jeweler were created to mark a milestone of progress. Ninety years of fruitful experience were concentrated in their making. We consider them our finest achievement. ℂ If you are planning the purchase of a watch as a Christmas gift, see these magnificent, new Longines 90th Anniversary watches. In all the things that have made Longines *the world's most honored watch*, these have special distinction.



The Longines Presentation Case *for Him*—Substantial polished metal; so handsome it can be used as a cigarette or a stud box.

*A gift-within-a-gift—Special Longines 90th Anniversary watches boxed in the double-duty Presentation Cases illustrated: (left to right) Byron, $90; Laurel, 14K gold, $90; Arcadia, 10K gold with two diamonds, $95; Bristol Automatic, shock-resistant, sweep second hand, $95. Federal tax included.*

# *Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company*

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

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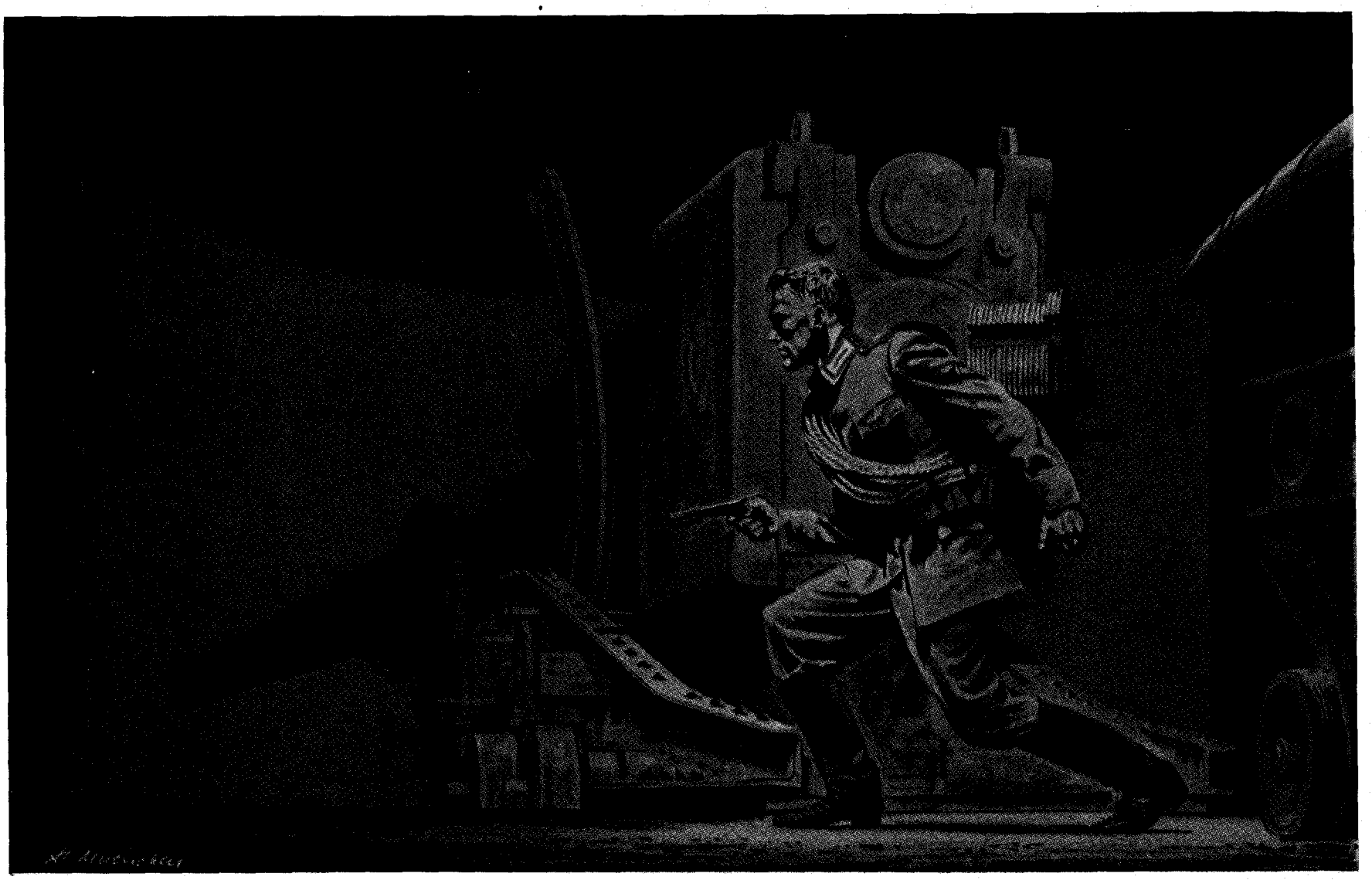

The heavy Colt balanced at his waist, Mallory padded silently past the great guns.

# THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

**A few minutes was all they needed to finish the job. What happened to them after that didn't matter.**

By ALISTAIR MACLEAN

A surge of hopelessness ran through Casey Brown when he told Capt. Keith Mallory of the radio message Captain Jensen had sent from Cairo. Jensen had reported that the Germans would hit the beaches of Kheros sometime before dawn tomorrow.

That gave Mallory just a couple of hours to complete his mission—the destruction of the deadly guns on the island of Navarone. For these guns controlled the Maidos Strait, which the Royal Navy would have to traverse if they were to evacuate the British troops from Kheros Island before the German onslaught.

Two of Mallory's party of saboteurs were dead: Lt. Andy Stevens had given his life in a valiant delaying action, and Panayis, the double-dealing Navaronian, had been shot through the heart by Dusty Miller when his treachery came to light. Now Casey Brown stood guard in a building near the fortress, while Andrea, the huge Greek, and Louki, a Navaronian, prepared to begin a skirmish that would divert the Germans.

Mallory and Dusty Miller, who was the demolitions expert, outfitted themselves in German officers' uniforms. When they heard the crack of Andrea's gunfire, they ran to the gate of the fortress and ordered the guards to hurry to the scene of the fighting.

"The English swine are in the Street of Steps!" Mallory shouted in German. "For heaven's sake, hurry!" Obediently, the two guards ran across the square. Seconds later, Mallory and Miller were deep inside the fortress of Navarone.

CONCLUSION

Wednesday, 9:00 P.M.
to Wednesday Midnight.

Everything there was complete confusion — a bustling, purposeful confusion as one would expect with the seasoned troops of the *Alpenkorps*, but confusion nevertheless, with much shouting of orders, blowing of whistles, starting of truck engines, sergeants running to and fro chivvying their men into marching order or into the waiting transports. Mallory and Miller skirted two blocks on their (Continued on Page 85)

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# Flying Can Be Safer (Continued from Page 23)

seventy-five in number, as tangled in their relationships with one another as a bucket of fishing worms. Whatever mutual agreement has been reached has come as a result of bickering and barter, of concession and compromise. The nation's airways have been managed by a committee system, and such a cumbersome machinery is not effective now, nor can it handle the far more complex problems that the future holds, for there is no one, except the President himself, with the authority to study a thorny question and give a clear-cut answer to it.

Mr. Curtis had already recruited his staff of experts and set about his massive task when the collision of two great air-liners above the Grand Canyon on June thirtieth carried 128 people to their deaths. This crash, the most tragic in aviation history, served to dramatize the urgency and importance of his mission; it also brought into full public view at last a dangerous situation that has developed in recent years along the airways of the nation.

In the aftermath of the tragedy, veteran air-line passengers were amazed to learn that the plane captains and copilots—the calm, cool, highly trained professional airmen who man the big air carriers—had known all along that someday, somewhere, it was bound to happen. Their warnings were on record. In their own safety councils, in testimony before congressional committees and in their professional publications, they had consistently pointed out the growing danger of mid-air collisions.

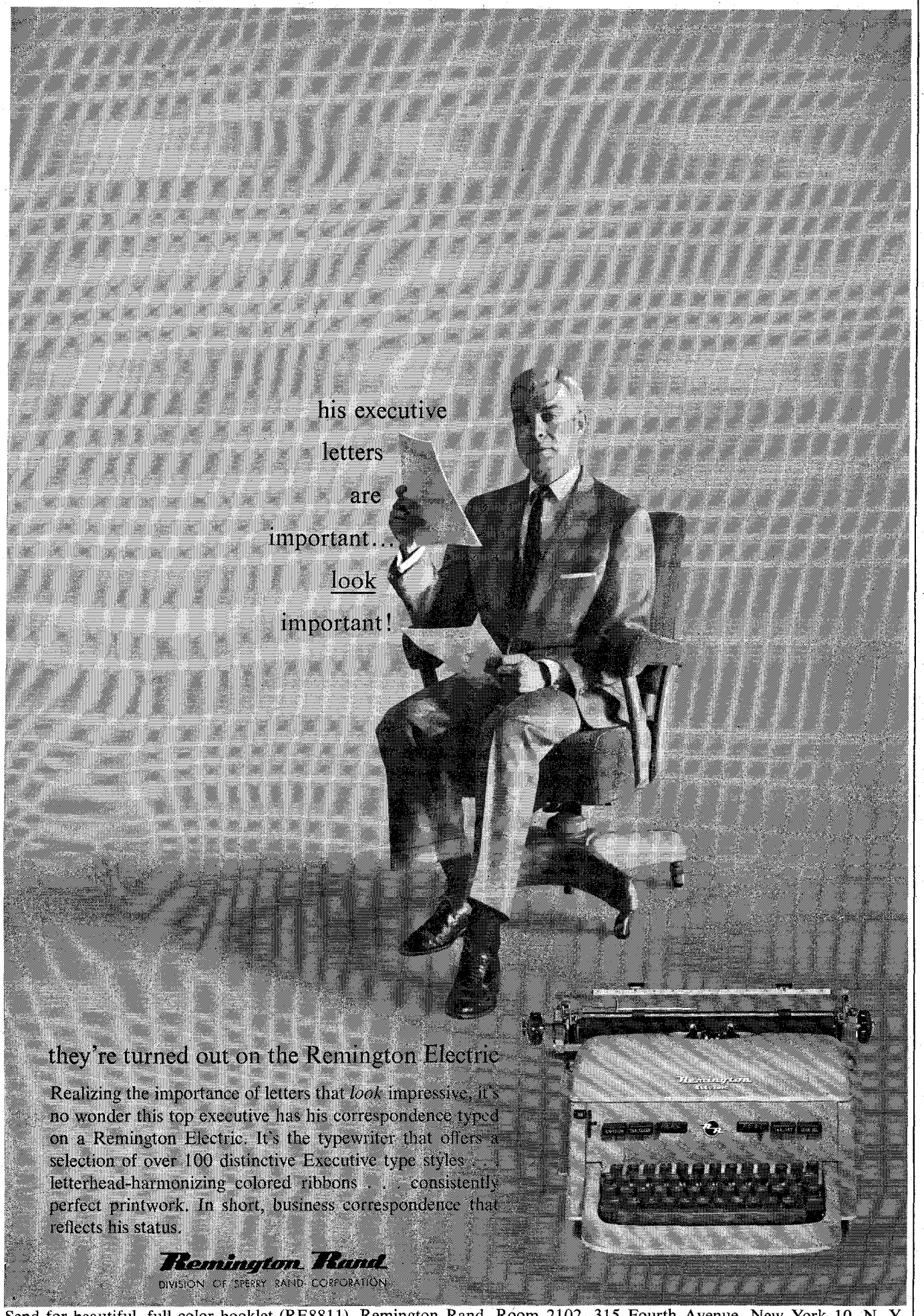
In October of 1955, copilot H. F. Hill, of United Air Lines, wrote in the magazine The Air Line Pilot, official organ of the pilots' union: "We almost tangled air-scoop holes with a DC-7 over New York City the other day. He drove head-on, right at our altitude, 150 feet off our wing tip." Shortly after this incident, a DC-6 captain reported breaking out of an overcast at LaGuardia Field, New York, "just as another four-engine aircraft whizzed by in a head-on pass only fifty feet higher." Immediately afterward he saw a foreign-flag transport banking toward him off his left wing at the same altitude. The pilot, who was sliding down in his final approach, with little chance for evasive action, had had no warning from the ground that there were other aircraft near him. In a survey made by the Air Transport Association, representing all the scheduled air lines, pilots reported an average of four near collisions a day.

"Let us not kid ourselves, gentlemen," wrote Captain Lou Kriloff, of United Air Lines, in The Air Line Pilot. "The dread specter of a mid-air collision over a metropolitan area is not only a possibility—it's an absolute certainty under our present rules. The only question is where and when."

He wrote in April. In June, 21,000 feet over Arizona, a TWA Super-Constellation and a United Air Lines DC-7 collided, fell and burned. The fact that the collision they so long had dreaded at last had occurred came as no surprise to anyone in the aviation industry. That the two planes should have come together where they did was surprising, for the collision took place off the regular airways, in one of the loneliest, emptiest reaches of the American sky. The accident could therefore in no sense be attributed to airway congestion—the swirling aerial traffic which makes flying hazardous around the great metropolitan terminals. It did point up one bitter fact which airmen have known ever since our jet-fighter pilots came back from the Korean War—that one of the basic tenets of safe flying—the "see-and-be-seen" principle—can no longer protect the lives of aircraft passengers. Pilots of planes, moving at 500 miles an hour, cannot depend on quickness of hand and eye to maintain safe separation. In the upper reaches of the air, where there is little depth perception, they cannot see each other in time to avoid collision.

Four days before the Grand Canyon crash, a veteran air-line pilot told a reporter, "The trouble with civil aviation today is simply this: We are operating four-hundred-mile-an-hour aircraft under a control system that was designed to handle the DC-Three, which flew at a hundred and sixty-five. We are using DC-Three communications under a control system that is twenty years old, ten years out of date, and will be absolutely unworkable three years from now, when the six-hundred-mile-an-hour jet transports come into service. Yet, I guess nothing will be done about it, until a couple of planes loaded with congressmen collide over Washington and the wreckage falls on the White House lawn."

Even a cursory examination of the facts behind this statement reveals its basic truth. The control system under which the air lines operate today was set up in 1938. Under that system, aircraft flying from point to point in bad weather are channeled along narrow airways some ten miles wide, where droning radio signals or cockpit instruments keyed to a ground station keep them on course. At intervals along the route the pilots report by radio to installations on the ground, giving their


his executive
letters
are
important...
look
important!
they're turned out on the Remington Electric
Realizing the importance of letters that *look* impressive, it's no wonder this top executive has his correspondence typed on a Remington Electric. It's the typewriter that offers a selection of over 100 distinctive Executive type styles . . . letterhead-harmonizing colored ribbons . . . consistently perfect printwork. In short, business correspondence that reflects his status.
Remington Rand
DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION
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altitude, speed and heading, and the minute after the hour they expect to arrive over their next check point. This information is passed on, by telephone or other communication, to central traffic-control centers. Here controllers record this data manually on strips of paper, and from these strips keep track of each airplane in their area.

With these "position fixes" in hand, the controllers—again by the roundabout method of relaying instructions through the ground station—can order changes in altitude, course or speed to keep each plane wrapped in its own cocoon of empty air. This protective air space is 2000 feet deep and ten miles wide, and its length may vary from 30 to 100 miles—this latter variation a result of the rule which says that two planes flying on the same altitude in the same direction must be kept ten minutes' flying time apart. The longer separation required for safe operation of the faster planes is one of the factors causing the traffic slowdown. With a nose-to-tail separation of fifty miles, a plane with a cubic displacement not much greater than that of a freight car must be surrounded by some 27 trillion cubic feet of empty air. And there is just not that much air space available, in instrument weather, for every plane that wants to fly.

Around the few great terminals where radar eyes can watch the planes, the protective block can be shrunk to three miles by three miles by 1000 feet. But here the hazard increases, due to the greater concentration of planes and the difficulty of precision piloting in the smaller space. Many a plane, circling in its "stack" over Washington, New York or San Francisco, waiting its turn to descend, has felt the buffeting prop wash of another aircraft flying unseen in the darkness nearby.

The archaic system by which pilots and controllers talk to one another is one of the great obstacles to safe and rapid flight. Before a plane can make contact with the controller on the ground, it may be miles away from its original position.

"When you come into the area of one of the big terminals like New York or Washington," a pilot explained, "it's like trying to talk over an old-fashioned party-line telephone, with everybody on the line at once hollering 'Fire.' You are trying to report your position and get your landing clearance, and a half dozen other pilots are trying to do the same thing at the same time. And just to add to the gabble-gabble, the Pittsburgh ground controller may be coming in on the same frequency."

For all its inadequacies, however, the system, up until recently, has been fairly safe. It is five times safer, the statisticians say, to fly than it is to ride the same distance in an automobile. To maintain this safety record, however, it has sometimes been necessary to cut air operations in half. In bad weather, terminals have rationed their take-offs and landings, limiting planes arriving and departing to the number that the controllers can safely handle at one time. This results in long delays, missed schedules, canceled flights and log jams of bitterly grousing customers thronging airport waiting rooms from border to border and coast to coast. A traffic slowdown at any of the great terminals—New York, Washington, Chicago or Los Angeles—affects traffic throughout the country.

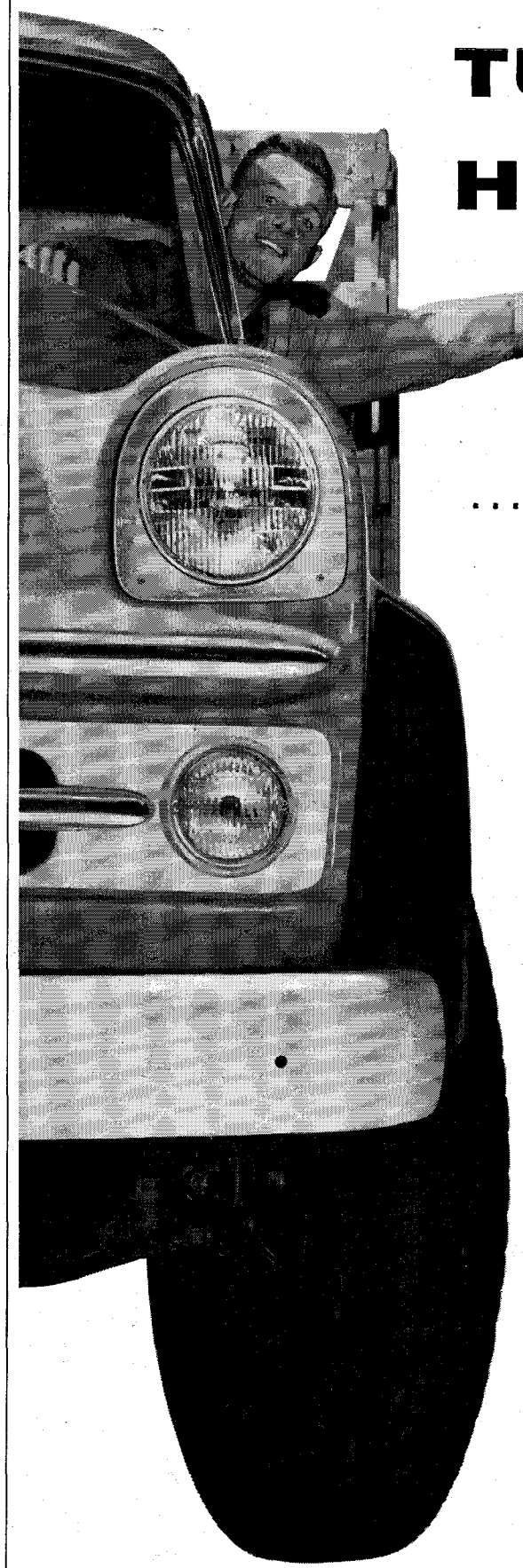
Paradoxically, the fouler the weather, the safer the pilot feels, for under instrument-flight rules, his plane is protected in its air space from all other aircraft that also are operating under instrument-flight regulations. So far, no two airliners have ever collided when both were operating under positive control from the ground.

In clear weather the hazard is greater, for each pilot is on his own, responsible for keeping out of the way of other traffic. The most dangerous days for flying, in fact, are those on which the weather is a mixture of cloud and sunshine, storm and clear air. Under such conditions planes may be operating in the same air under both visual- and instrument-flight rules, and the plane on instruments has no protection from the aircraft flying visually, for ground controllers have no means of knowing that he is there. No protection, that is, except the vigilance of the pilots, and this has been proved to be a flimsy shield. Of the sixty-five mid-air collisions in the past five years, nearly all occurred in clear weather, when the pilots presumably had their heads on a swivel, peering about them warily. The new planes themselves, the pilots say, contribute greatly to the collision hazard, for the configuration of the cockpit is such that vision is extremely limited.

"You can't see back of you or to the side any more (*Continued on Page 54*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Before you start a conversation, may I say
I like your opinions, looks and attitude!"

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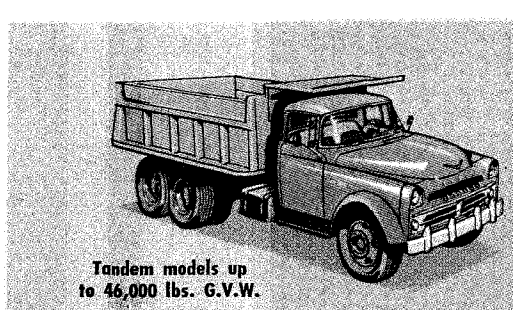
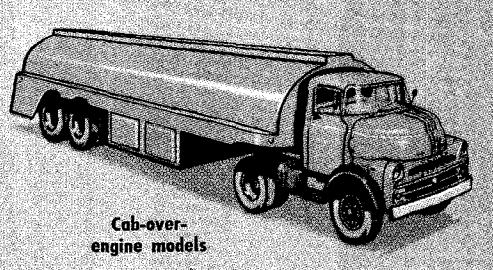
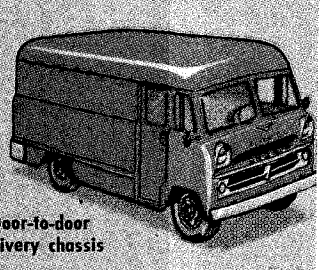


Tandem models up to 46,000 lbs. G.V.W.

4-wheel-drive models, up to 18,000 lbs. G.V.W.



Cab-over-engine models



Door-to-door delivery chassis

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# New push-button driving! • New *Forward* Look styling!

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**ew short-stroke Chrysler-engineered V-8's**—with ex- usive Power-Dome combustion—give you more miles er gallon, full power on *regular* gas.

**cclusive full-opening alligator hood** can be raised 90° for easiest, fastest engine servicing, or opened half-way for routine oil and water checks.

**Push-button automatic transmission** is still another great plus you get only in new Dodge *Power Giants.**

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*Available on low-tonnage and forward-control models.

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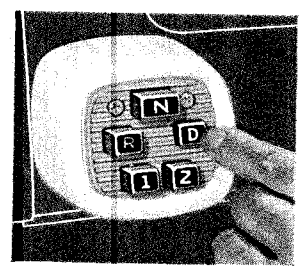
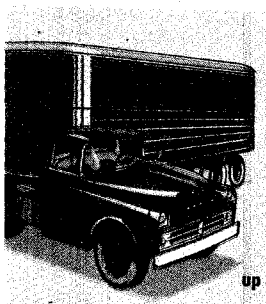
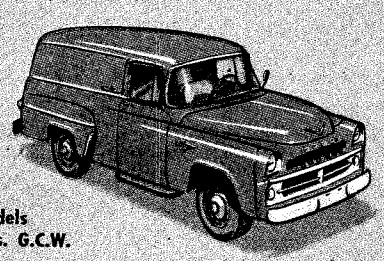


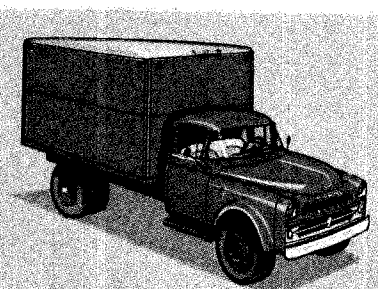

PUSH-BUTTON TRANSMISSION

First in any truck! Simple, sure, trouble-free. Just push a button, shifting is automatic. Saves time, makes driving easier, less tiring.*

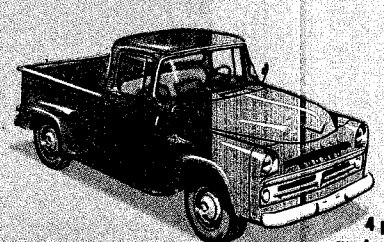




Tractor models up to 65,000 lbs. G.C.W.



Panel models



Cab and chassis models

4 pick-up models, up to 8,800 lbs. G.V.W.

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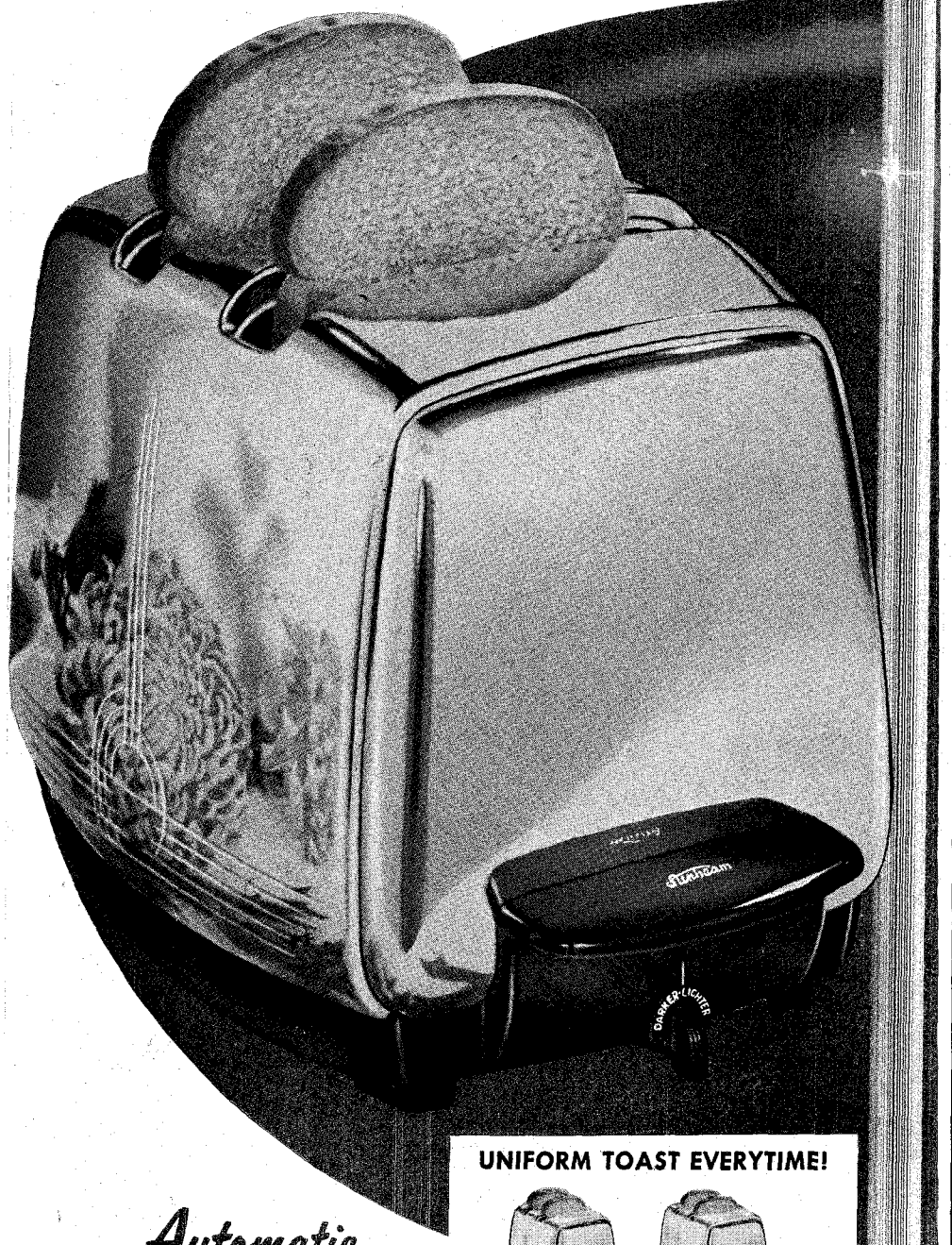
**AUTOMATIC**

# TOASTER

**with RADIANT CONTROL**

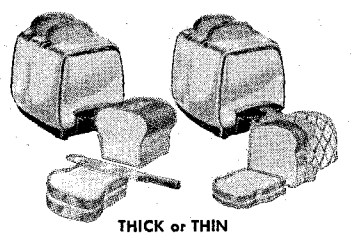
**All you do is drop in the bread—**
***Bread lowers itself automatically,* no levers to push**
***Toast raises itself silently,* without popping or banging**

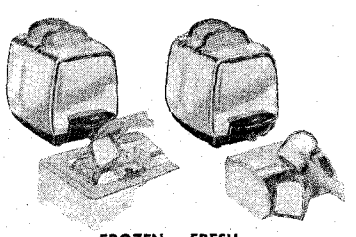


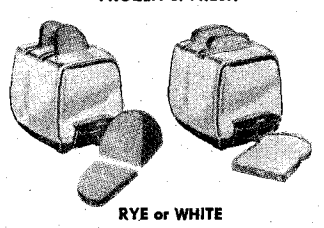

## *Automatic Beyond Belief!*

Only Sunbeam has RADIANT CONTROL that "adjusts itself" *automatically* to every kind of bread—thick or thin, frozen or fresh, rye or white. You can take slices directly from the home-freezer and Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL will toast them a little longer than if they are from the breadbox. You can even reheat a piece of toast without burning. Get the toaster that gives you COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC operation and in addition RADIANT CONTROL that regulates the *toasting automatically.* Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster.

**UNIFORM TOAST EVERYTIME!**


THICK or THIN


FROZEN or FRESH


RYE or WHITE

To provide you with convenient service during the long life of your Sunbeam appliances, Sunbeam Appliance Service Company has established service stations throughout the U.S.

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(*Continued from Page 51*) than a man can see the back of his neck or his own ears," one pilot said.

Realizing that the only safe flying is controlled flying, the military, the air-line operators and the air-line pilots have been pressing for new regulations which would place all aircraft under control in any weather. The private pilots, through their powerful organization, the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, have protested vehemently. Such a ruling, they insist, would drive from the air the eighty-odd thousand private planes now operating in this country. The average private pilot is not trained to fly under instrument rules, they say; his plane may lack the equipment necessary to keep him in constant communication with the ground, and he cannot afford to buy such equipment. The advocates of full control have modified their proposal, to suggest that all planes be under positive control when they fly above 24,000 feet, where high speeds, quick closure times and vision difficulties create the greatest hazards. Eventually, they propose to lower this control ceiling to 15,000 feet. To this proposition, Max Karant, vice-president of the AOPA, also utters an angry protest. Many of the 57,000 private pilots of his organization, he says, will soon be moving into the higher altitudes, in single-engine aircraft.

The question is academic at the moment anyway. If all the planes that fill the air on a clear day had to be taken under positive control from the ground, the patchwork control system, which is working now only because of the sheer genius for improvisation shown by pilots and ground controllers, would collapse completely.

Long before the Grand Canyon crash, efforts were being made to place the blame on whoever was responsible for allowing the control system to fall so far behind the needs of the flying public. The air-line pilots and air-line operators, and some of the aviation editors, put the finger squarely on the Civil Aeronautics Administration—the agency responsible for all aspects of air-traffic control. CAA, according to Gen. Milton Arnold, of the Air Transport Association, has only recently awakened to the fact that radar can be used effectively as a means of supervising an aircraft throughout its flight, and of eliminating the wasteful wide separations necessary under the present manual system of control. Mr. Robert Hotz, editor of Aviation Week, is even more blunt. "In the postwar years," says Mr. Hotz, "the CAA airways operations have drifted in twin currents of technical obsolescence and bureaucratic lethargy."

CAA, in turn, has passed the buck on up the line to Commerce, its parent department; to a penny-pinching Bureau of the Budget, and to Congress, all of which for the past seven years have savagely slashed CAA's appropriations whenever the agency asked for funds to improve its traffic-control operations. The figures bear out this contention. Since 1950, CAA has asked for $341,000,000 for the establishment of new and modern air-navigation facilities. After Commerce, the Budget Bureau and Congress got through wielding the knife, it received $107,400,000—just about enough to maintain the old system as it was. The failure to keep the obsolete air-traffic-control system in step with the needs of the aviation industry was not due to bureaucratic sloth or lack of knowledge of what was needed, CAA claims. It was simply due to lack of money.

Congress has aimed its accusations at a number of targets. Republicans hold to the view that the basic fault lies in the fact that so many warring interests and agencies, each with its own ax to grind, are interested in the aviation picture, with no over-all authority to resolve their differences. Democrats, naturally, take a more partisan view. CAA has been starved, they say, because Mr. Sinclair Weeks, the Secretary of Commerce, looked upon it as a boondoggle and viewed its former administrator, Mr. Frederick B. Lee, with disfavor. Mr. Lee, a stanch Vermont Republican, distinguished naval aviator and authority on air navigation, was brought into CAA by President Truman at the request of Averell Harriman. He was appointed administrator by President Eisenhower, and ousted by Mr. Weeks, on the theory, the Democrats claim, that any holdover from the Truman Government was, by definition, a waster of public funds.

However accurate may be this partisan judgment, it is true that after the departure of Mr. Lee, CAA was treated with more generosity by all who control its purse strings. A five-year plan for modernizing and improving the traffic-control system and eliminating the danger now inherent in it was approved. The system was designed to cost $246,000,000, and Congress had appropriated the first $40,000,000 when the Grand Canyon tragedy occurred. Spurred by that disaster, the President urged that $108,000,000, nearly half the total, be made available at once, so the five-year plan could be telescoped into three years. Congress cut the request to $85,000,000.

More than any other member of his administration, Mr. Eisenhower has all along been aware of the dire situation confronting civil aviation, and has asked expert advice on remedies. Soon after his inauguration he asked the Air Coordinating Committee to prepare a "comprehensive review of our aviation policy." Since the ACC is in a sense merely a debating society, on which all the elements interested in aviation are represented, this report dwelt largely in generalities. A year later, therefore, Mr. Eisenhower was still seeking guidance. The Bureau of the Budget, which hitherto had been most zealous in slashing CAA's fund requests, called upon Mr. William Barclay Harding, New York investment banker, to make a study of the air-communications-and-navigation system. This time the results were more fruitful. The Harding report revealed that there are about 90,000 active military and civil aircraft using the skyways of the United States today. Of these, by far the greatest number are private planes, flying more than two and a half times as many air miles as the airlines fly. Planes, however, are not the only users of the air space. Also competing for great chunks of air are artillery and missile ranges, restricted areas around the great atomic-energy plants, defense warning zones and TV and radio towers.

As a result, the report asserted, "Air space is already overcrowded, and the development of systems for safer traffic controls are lagging far behind both aeronautical development and the needs of a mobile, air-minded population. Risks of mid-air collisions have reached critical proportions, and the collision hazard is becoming greater as the increase in civil and military air traffic outpaces the capabilities of the outmoded traffic controls."

This situation, the report indicated, would grow more grave as air speeds increased—to 600 miles an hour within the next few years, to 1000 miles an hour within twenty years, with planes operating at altitudes up to 40,000 feet.

"We are continuing to fly more aircraft faster, higher and more and more often, with what appears to be a rather casual disregard of the hazards involved. We are flagrantly defying the law of averages," the report said.

The Harding report merely outlined the high lights of the problem. It made no de-

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tailed recommendations, sought no scapegoats. Its conclusions were that a new study should be made "by an individual of national reputation, and on the basis of that study a comprehensive program for aviation-facilities development should be built."

Out of this recommendation came the appointment of Mr. Curtis and the massive study now under way. It should provide a means for settling many of the bitter wrangles that have kept those interested in aviation pulling at cross purposes in the past. A disagreement between CAA and the military over a system of navigation by electronics raged for seven years, for example, before it was finally settled, last fall, with a compromise which pleased neither CAA nor the military, each of whom had spent millions in tax money developing its own system.

It will be more than a year before Mr. Curtis' report will be complete. It will be at least six years before the recommendations he makes can result in swifter, surer, safer air travel, for the installation of new traffic controls takes time.

Meanwhile, the citizen who rides the airlines and would like to know what is being done now to insure his greater safety can only look at the CAA's plan for traffic-control improvements. That plan presupposes that by 1965 some 100,000 civil aircraft of all types will be flying 14,000,000 hours a year, making 22,000,000 landings and take-offs, reporting their positions to CAA control towers 33,000,000 times, and making 1,100,000 instrument approaches. Of the total planes in the air, some 1900 will be airline carriers carrying 70,000,000 passengers, as compared with the nearly 42,000,000 who flew in 1955.

To handle this great volume of traffic safely, the plan contemplates the installation of forty-four new airport surveillance radars—the short-range radar which keeps an electronic eye on aircraft both approaching and departing from the terminals. It will make use of many of the long-distance radars with which the Air Force scans the higher skies for enemy planes, and where these military installations will not serve, CAA will erect its own.

To back up its long- and short-range radars it will use radar "beacons," a device which can "see" a plane through storms and heavy rains, when the primary radars are blind. It will improve its instrument-landing equipment so that a plane may come more safely down to earth in bad weather. It will install a system of communications at its air-traffic-control centers which will enable pilot and controller to speak directly to each other without going through an intermediate station. It will standardize and greatly improve the approach lights which guide a pilot safely down that last delicate distance to the touchdown. And on the ground it will install surface radars at certain congested airports to prevent collisions on the ramps or taxiways.

The plan is admittedly a stopgap, the best that can be done with the equipment that will be available in the next few years. To get a glimpse of the more remote future, it is necessary to take a look at some projects under joint development by the Air Force and CAA. At the Air Force's Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio, at CAA's research labs at Indianapolis and at various other laboratories about the country, electronics experts are working on devices which, someday, will make it possible to exercise instantaneous automatic control over an airplane from the moment it closes its doors at the loading ramp till it opens them at its destination.

Some of the delicate and complicated equipment which will make up this ramp-to-ramp system of control is ready for installation now. Much of it, though, will not be ready for several years.

The system which will come out of this joint effort will take this basic form: An extremely short-range radar that gives a picture as sharp and clear cut as an old-fashioned tintype will be used to monitor aircraft in all their movements on the ground, from the loading apron along the taxiways to the head of the runway. The pilot himself will handle the take-off, for no electronic device, it is felt, will ever replace the steady hand of the airman in that crucial run.

Once airborne, medium-range radars with a radius of 40 to 120 miles will monitor the pilot to his altitude, where the ground controller will give him his heading and send him on his way.

At cruising altitude, the pilot will fly his plane just as he does now—with one exception. Instead of following a dog-leg course from check point to check point along a narrow airway, he would be kept on course by an electronic computer which would automatically keep him on his proper heading.

During flight, the plane will be tracked by long-range radars whose 250-mile radii will overlap, so that controllers can pinpoint the location of the plane every mile along the course. If long-range radar now under development had been in operation last June, the two planes would probably never have crashed in Arizona. Controllers watching the radarscopes would have seen that they were on a collision course and vectored them away from each other. The long-range-radar operator would not continuously issue control instructions. He would, however, correct deviations in course and speed, and warn of possible collision courses with other aircraft.

Forty or fifty miles from its destination, the plane would be taken over by the terminal-area-control radar, which would automatically schedule it for landing at a certain minute, feed it the proper headings to fly and pass it through an electronic gate, watching its movements throughout the maneuver. Once through the gate, the plane would come under control of the precision-approach radar, which would bring it in for the last few miles, down the glide path to the final flare-out a few feet above the ground. Then the taxi radar would again take over.

Enough of this electronic gear is on hand to permit exhaustive testing. Last September, tests of the different pieces of equipment and of the system as a whole were begun by CAA at its facilities at Columbus, Wilmington, Cincinnati, Dayton and Springfield, Ohio, and at Indianapolis and Rockville, Indiana. Microwave links carry radar information from these sites to Indianapolis, where all en-route traffic is controlled, but each terminal

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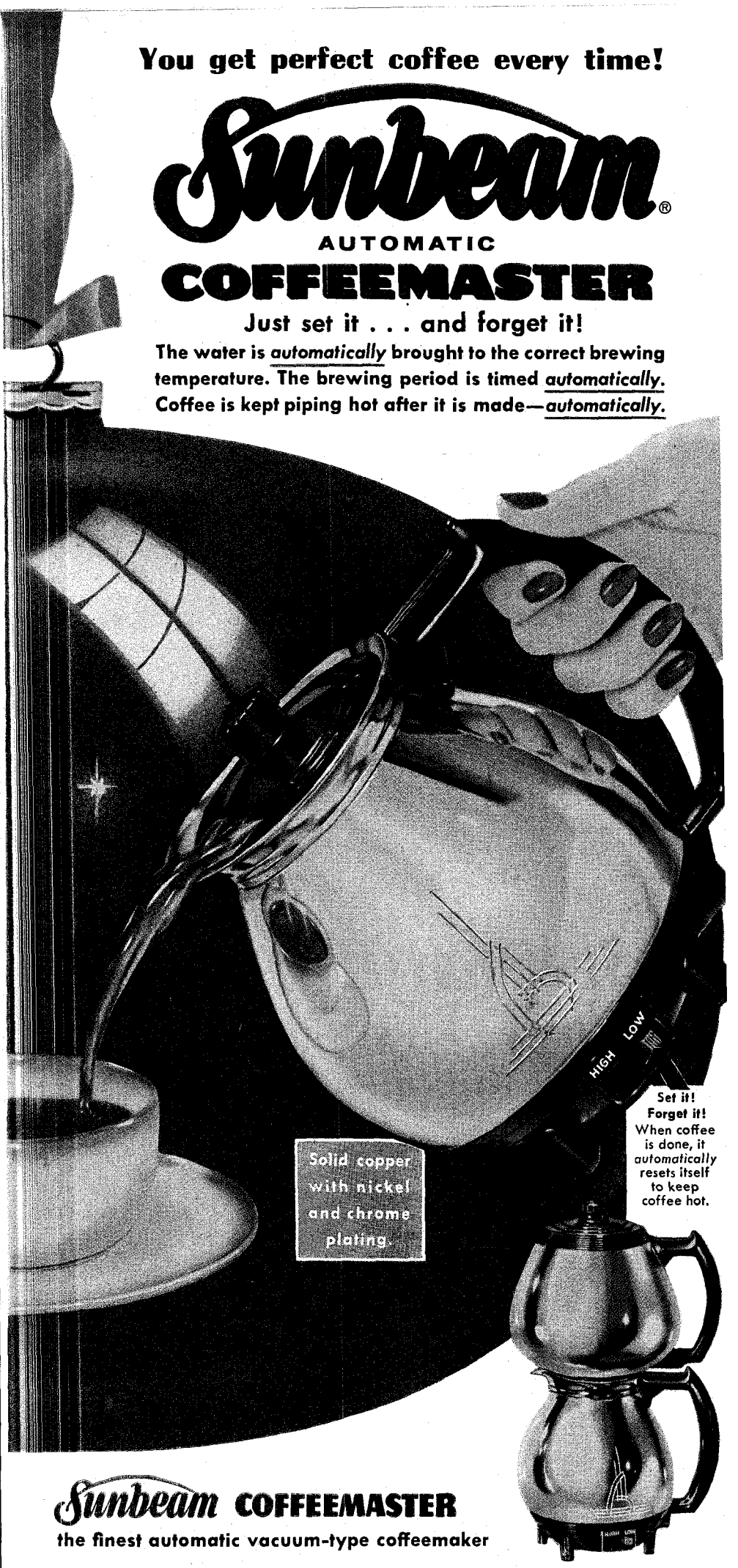
### Boor, But Honest

By Marion Stewart

The chap who keeps putting
his foot in his mouth
Is apt to be loud and
determined to speak;
But crude or absurd,
By me he's preferred
To the soft-spoken gent with
his tongue in his cheek.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •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Just set it . . . and forget it!
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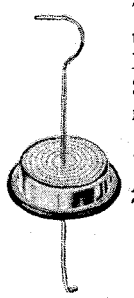
HIGH LOW
Set it! Forget it! When coffee is done, it automatically resets itself to keep coffee hot.
Solid copper with nickel and chrome plating.
Sunbeam COFFEEMASTER
the finest automatic vacuum-type coffeemaker

The enthusiasm of millions of women who own Sunbeam Coffeemasters are its best advertisements. You can make one to ten cups of delicious coffee, automatically in the Coffeemaster. The coffee brews for the correct period of time, at the correct temperature—all automatically. No guess work—you can't miss. Remove the Brew Top and you have the loveliest of servers. Solid copper with nickel and chrome plating to prevent staining and corrosion. See your Sunbeam dealer.



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handles its own landings and take-offs. Later, as the complex approach-control equipment comes into production, tests will begin which will last through 1959.

The devices which will bring the plane precisely through its approach gate and carry it from there on to a safe landing are naturally the most complex. One device, called Volscan, not yet in mass production, has already demonstrated that it could sort out a skyful of planes flying at different speeds and altitudes and bring them safely through the approach gate at the rate of 120 an hour—more than twice as many planes as the fastest human controller can handle. The PAR, or Precision Approach Radar, which would then take over, is a refinement of the old GCA—Ground Control Approach—system favored by the Air Force, whereby a radar controller on the ground gives instructions to the pilot by voice. It would serve as a backstop to the Instrument Landing System, favored by CAA and the air pilots. Under ILS the pilot brings his plane to land by watching cockpit instruments which tell him whether he is high or low, or to right or left of the glide path.

Up to now, PAR can bring a pilot down to within 225 feet of the runway. After that the pilot takes over. Under development, however, is a sensitive "flare-out altimeter" which will make it possible for a plane to be brought within a foot or two of the runway.

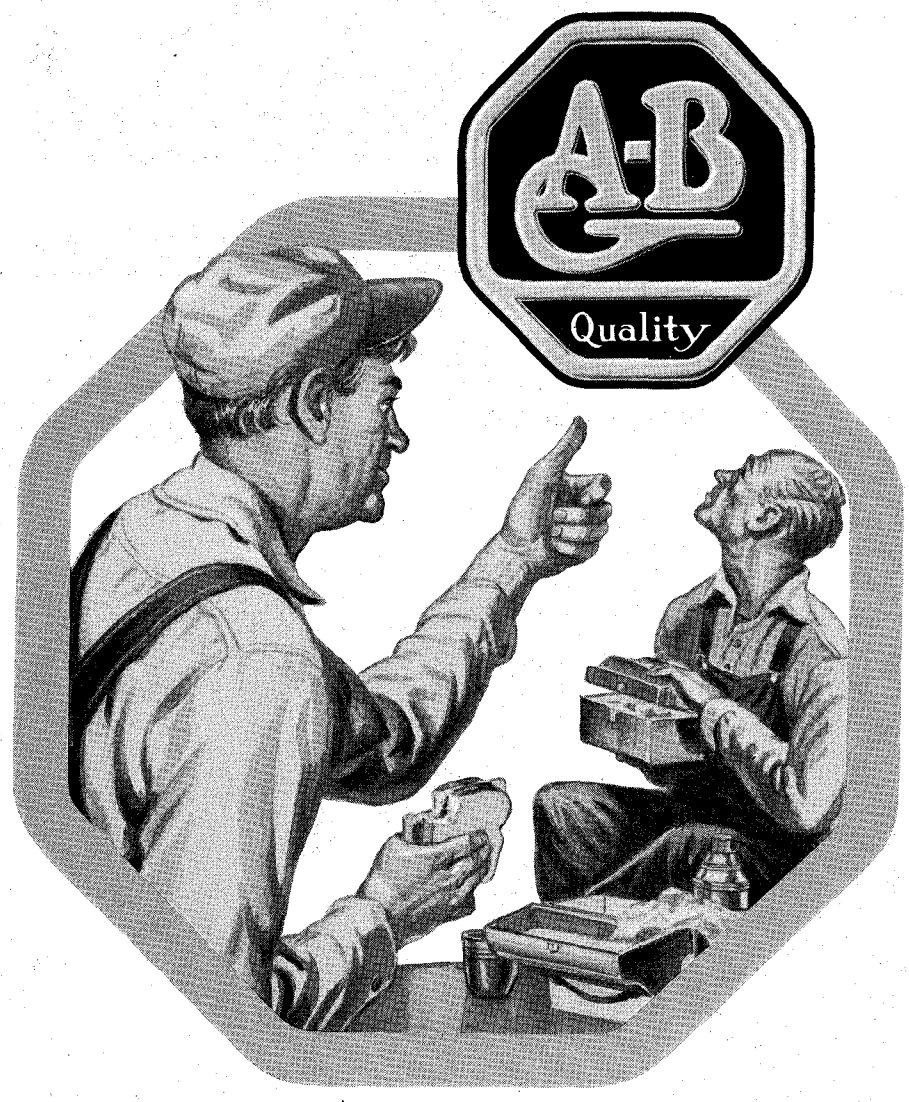
The system contemplated under the five-year plan will still depend to a great degree on voice communication between pilot and controller, and this process will be too slow for the safe handling of the high-speed aircraft of the future. The next step, therefore, is automation—the development of devices by which the aircraft automatically and continuously sends to the control centers routine information as to its altitude, speed and heading. Electronic calculators on the ground will automatically digest this information, relate it to data coming in from other planes in the area and feed back instructions to the plane's autopilot through a "data-link" connection. Already, by the use of such devices, the Air Force has taxied, taken off, flown and landed aircraft with no human hand touching the controls.

Much work is also going forward on airborne collision-warning devices, which will flash a light or ring a bell to warn a pilot that another plane is flying dangerously near. Such instruments are under development now, and several airlines have placed orders for them. Much work remains to be done, however, before a device is perfected which will not only tell the pilot of the proximity of another plane but will indicate what action should be taken to avoid collision.

Eventually, of course, the bugs that infest the newer and more complicated control devices will be worked out. There is not much point, however, in perfecting a control system by which great sky trains of aircraft can be flown safely, nose to tail, in any weather, and brought in to land at the rate of 120 an hour, if the airports can handle only half that number. Even the antiquated system in use today can pour more planes into the airports than the terminals can handle.

Along with the development of a sure, safe system of air-traffic control, therefore, must go a mammoth program of airport development. Both airways and airports must move into the jet age together. As one airline operator summed up: "The planes are ahead of traffic control, and traffic control is ahead of the airports, and the American people are ahead of them all. The people want to fly. They want to fly faster and faster, higher and higher, farther and farther. Which is why, I guess, that we are spending millions we don't have, to buy airplanes that haven't been fully designed yet, which we will operate off airports that are too small, in a traffic-control system that is too slow."

How to gear planes and airways and airports together in one great transportation system that keeps its schedules in all weather and is as safe and sure as it is fast and luxurious is the question facing Mr. Curtis. And all the millions who want to fly fast and far—and safely—are waiting for the answer. THE END


See that Trademark!

. . . it stands for quality in motor control


Oiltight Push Button Station


Oiltight Limit Switch


Pneumatic Timing Relay

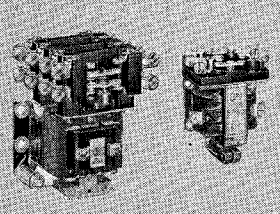

Cam Operated Drum Switch

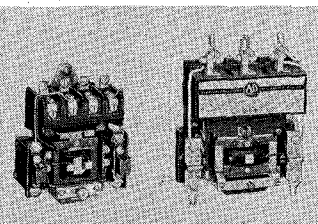
When you insist on Allen-Bradley motor controls, you assure your service engineer a "vacation"—so far as "trouble shooting" is concerned. Every unit in the Allen-Bradley line is built for simplicity—the fewer moving parts, the more certain becomes trouble free operation. Except for mechanically interlocked apparatus, such as reversing switches, all Allen-Bradley relays, contactors, and starters have only *one* moving part—the solenoid plunger. Also, all units have silver alloy contacts that never need service attention. That's why they are good for *millions* of trouble free operations.

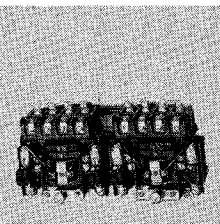
For motor control you can install and forget, insist upon Allen-Bradley—the preferred line.

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada—Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL


Solenoid Relays


Across-the-Line Solenoid Starters


Multispeed Solenoid Starter

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . and now she's working on a sweater."

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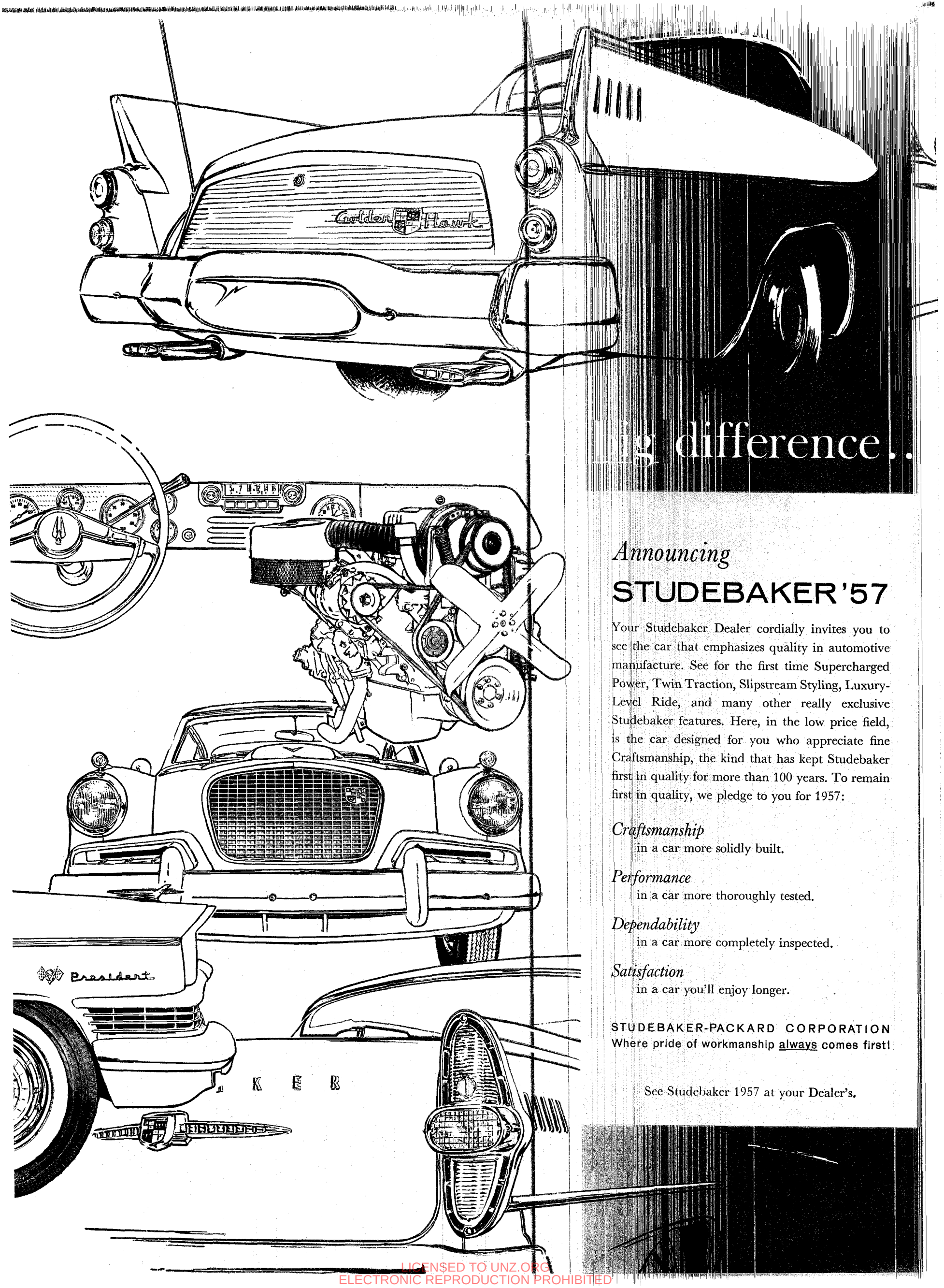


# ...a difference...

*Announcing*

## STUDEBAKER '57

Your Studebaker Dealer cordially invites you to see the car that emphasizes quality in automotive manufacture. See for the first time Supercharged Power, Twin Traction, Slipstream Styling, Luxury-Level Ride, and many other really exclusive Studebaker features. Here, in the low price field, is the car designed for you who appreciate fine Craftsmanship, the kind that has kept Studebaker first in quality for more than 100 years. To remain first in quality, we pledge to you for 1957:

*Craftsmanship*
in a car more solidly built.

*Performance*
in a car more thoroughly tested.

*Dependability*
in a car more completely inspected.

*Satisfaction*
in a car you'll enjoy longer.

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION
Where pride of workmanship always comes first!

See Studebaker 1957 at your Dealer's.

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# Nightmare in the Afternoon

(Continued from Page 26)

by, taking the time with them, pouring away the time. Maybe.

The bus stopped on the corner of Broad and Regents Boulevard, and there was a group of perhaps fifty young children waiting on the corner for the right bus to take them home from school.

A milling group of about twenty of the children waiting at the curb climbed on the bus, and immediately there was tumult and clangor, as if a plague of strident insects had come on the bus. They filled up all the remaining seats and some stood in the aisle, chattering incessantly, wriggling their bodies, never still, shrieking nothing, a total of nothing, at one another at the top of their lungs. The fat man next to him growled deep in his throat and hunched himself deeper in his seat, glowering at the children.

Two of them, boys about twelve, shared a seat across the aisle from him, and they began a maniacal game. First one would punch the other's shoulder with his fist, as hard as he could, and then it would be the other's turn, both with eyes wildly intense, making no sound at all, just methodically punching each other. He wanted, immediately, to rush across the aisle and bash their heads together, but, instead, tried to ignore the children and the noise.

He stared purposefully out his window, determined not to let the young maniacs get under his skin; but he could not escape the din, and it grated in his ears, irritating his nerves, raking down his neck and back. He remembered a time when he used his hairbrush on his son—long, long ago—and the thought of it was so delicious for an instant that he almost shivered with the delight of it, feeling the hairbrush in his hand; saw himself using it against the boys across the aisle, still punching each other without sound, taking silent, intense turns at the punching.

He made a vow to himself that never again as long as he lived would he take the bus home, especially the three-o'clock bus; not even if he had to have two cars, so that when one was laid up, the other would take him downtown and bring him back again.

He knew he would give Martha a piece of his mind when he saw her. "Not so bad," she had said about buses. Not so bad! If she wanted the piano today, why did she not stay home and see it delivered properly herself? She'd have to give up that job!

Now the bus stopped at Broad and Chester, in front of the new Northrup High School with its acres of glass and its modern, flat brick. He always looked with pride at this school when he passed it each day in the car. He had headed a committee appointed by the city manager for a bond drive to build the school, and it had been done, one of the finest in the state, a showplace.

The broad walks in front of the school were jammed with students—young girls, some almost women; young men, some almost men, standing with that grace such youngsters have, standing effortlessly with the weight on one foot, no effort to the standing; talking easily together, laughing, expressing themselves completely in their words, in their faces, the rolling of their eyes, health and strength in them all. He liked the look of them, and felt a little envy for the boys standing on the walk with them, and when he knew that what he felt was envy, he turned his head quickly from the window and stared instead at the children making the incredible noise in the bus, feeling his anger at the children rise in him again, forgetting the envy.

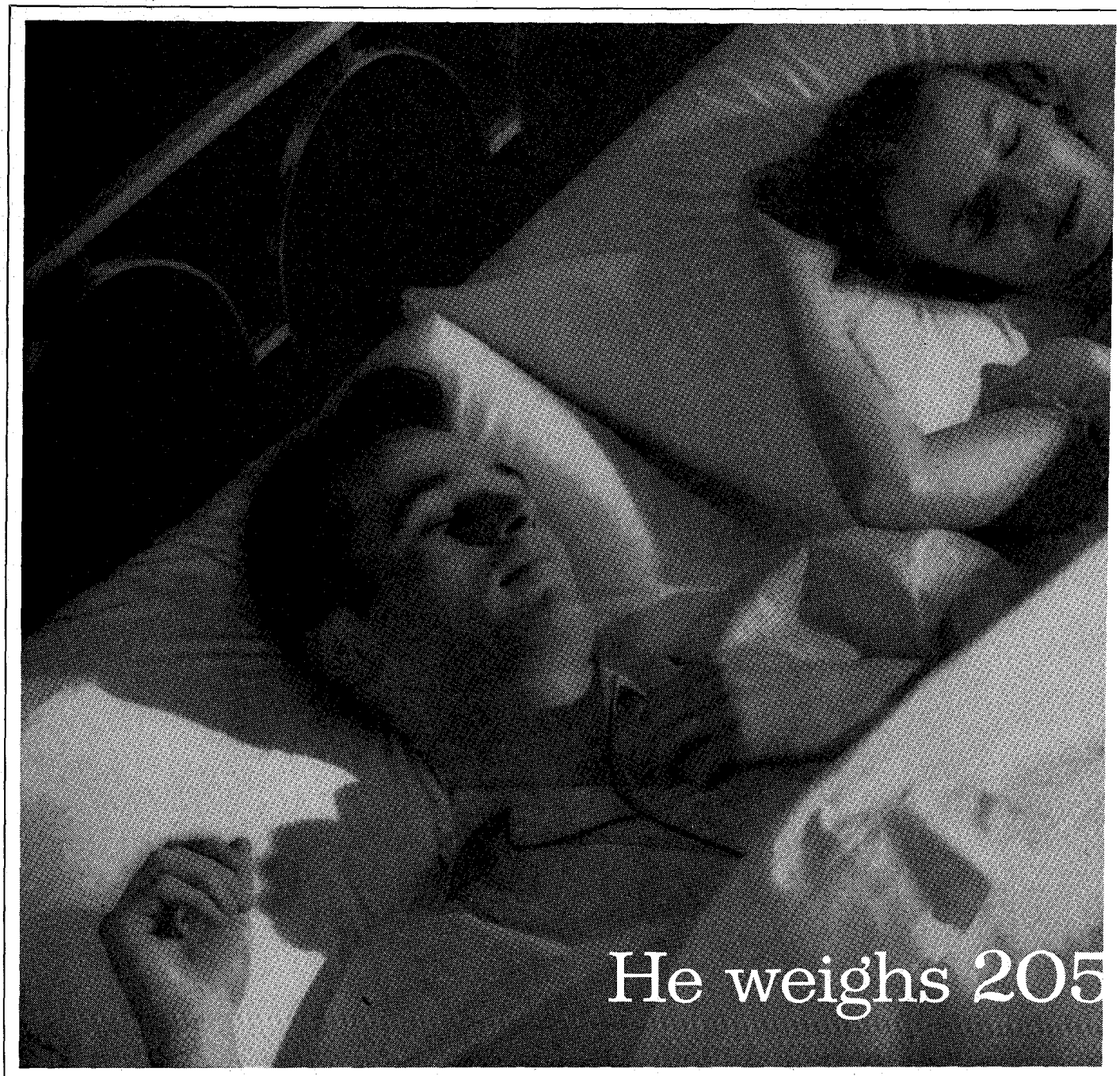
But in a moment he looked out the window again and this time he noticed that several of the boys were smoking, taking deep, experienced gulps of the smoke into their lungs, not at all abashed at smoking in front of the school, the new, beautiful school. He was immediately shocked. He remembered that at this age he would not have dared to smoke in front of his school, and had, in fact, promised his father he would not smoke until he was twenty-one, a promise he had kept.

The boys, he saw, for the most part were dressed as if they belonged to the same club, or like an army; tight jeans, taut against their loins and hips. They seemed tall to him, very tall, with wide, straight shoulders. They were graceful, thick-haired, powerful, and they stood on the walk as if they owned the walk, the street, the world itself.

Once he saw a particularly tall boy with long, blond hair hold out his cigarette to a tall, lovely girl, and the girl quickly took a deep puff of the cigarette, exhaling ecstatically, smiling at the boy, and his eyes widened at this.

A group of them were crowding into the bus, shoving one another, laughing, coming like a wave down the aisle, back toward him.

In a moment the bus was packed with them, and the driver was demanding they stand behind the white line, so he could see to drive the bus.

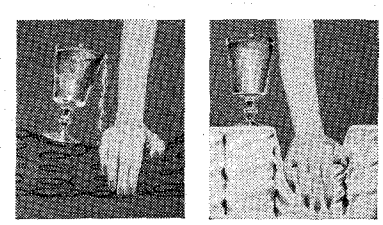

# Each gets separate comfort...

**Only Beautyrest lets two sleep together in perfect comfort. Only Beautyrest has separate, independent springs.**

**Last night** his every turn jarred her awake. *Tonight* her rest is completely undisturbed. Reason? *Today* they bought a new Beautyrest mattress with matching box spring.

You see, Beautyrest is made differently from all other mattresses. Instead of springs being tied together, Beautyrest springs are separate and independent. *His* and *hers*.

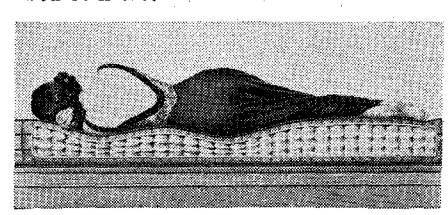
Separate springs mean separate comfort—*without any rolling together.*



"ORDINARY" (wire-tied springs) BEAUTYREST (independent springs)

See how glass topples over when you press down on nearby spring in "ordinary" mattress. Springs that are wired together sag together.

See how glass remains upright on Beautyrest. Each spring is independent, strictly on its own. Each coil reacts only to the weight above it. So vital to double-bed comfort!



**Greater single-bed comfort, too**

If Beautyrest is so right for two, think how perfect it must be for *single* sleepers. Independent springs give gently under,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They were crowded in the aisle, and they leaned over the fat man next to him, jabbing at the fat man with their hard elbows as they milled about, seeking more space for themselves. One of them pulled a little boy from the grade school out of his seat and began to scuffle with some of the other older boys in a battle for the seat, while the little boy, indignant, kept up a continual nasal jabber of anger at being pulled out of his seat, his books spilled on the floor, being trampled under the feet of those in the aisle. Finally one of the older boys made a diving leap between two others and slammed himself heavily into the seat.

A woman sat next to the window on the seat and was pushed violently against the side of the bus when the boy hit the seat. It was right across the aisle from him. He could see the woman's face redden with anger.

The boy straightened up in the seat, breathless, and looked attentively at the woman. "Sorry I was so rude, lady," he said loudly, his voice dripping with politeness. "I hope I didn't hurt you. These kids, so rowdy ——"

The students in the aisle began to look at one another and grin, nudging one another with their elbows, waiting for more.

"I think the kids nowadays are awful, honest. Are you sure you're all right, lady? I hope I didn't hurt you." The boy, aware of his audience, went on with the play, peering, now, closely at the woman's face, his eyes bulging with politeness.

The woman bit her lip and finally looked at him. "You—you darn snip!" she said tensely. "You—I'm all right! Leave me alone!"

He felt the skin on his neck crawl with anger, and he thought for an instant he would go across the aisle and slap the boy's face, hard—hard—but one of the boys in the aisle next to the fat man looked straight at him, grinning, looking directly into his eyes, and both their eyes widened as they looked at each other. The boy's eyes hardened as he recognized the feeling inside him, and his grin spread on his face, questioning him now with his eyes, moving his shoulders, licking his lips, waiting for him to make the move.

The boy was tall, perhaps six feet or more, wide in the shoulders, with a very strong neck and a crewcut so short his hair stood straight up. At the front of his head, the boy had brushed his short hair forward, so that it bristled out in front of his forehead, giving his heavy jaw an outthrust look. His face was smooth; he had hardly begun to shave.

They looked at each other a long time, and he noticed the boy had intensely blue eyes, with large black pupils, and he understood suddenly, with a sickening lurch in his stomach, that this boy was waiting eagerly for him to make his move, and in that instant the anger left him completely, so quickly he found himself grinning back at the boy, just a slight grin, but it was enough, and he turned his head swiftly to look out the window.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

### Singin' the Blues

While some to the purple
are born and bred,
Most of us spend our lives
in the red.

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

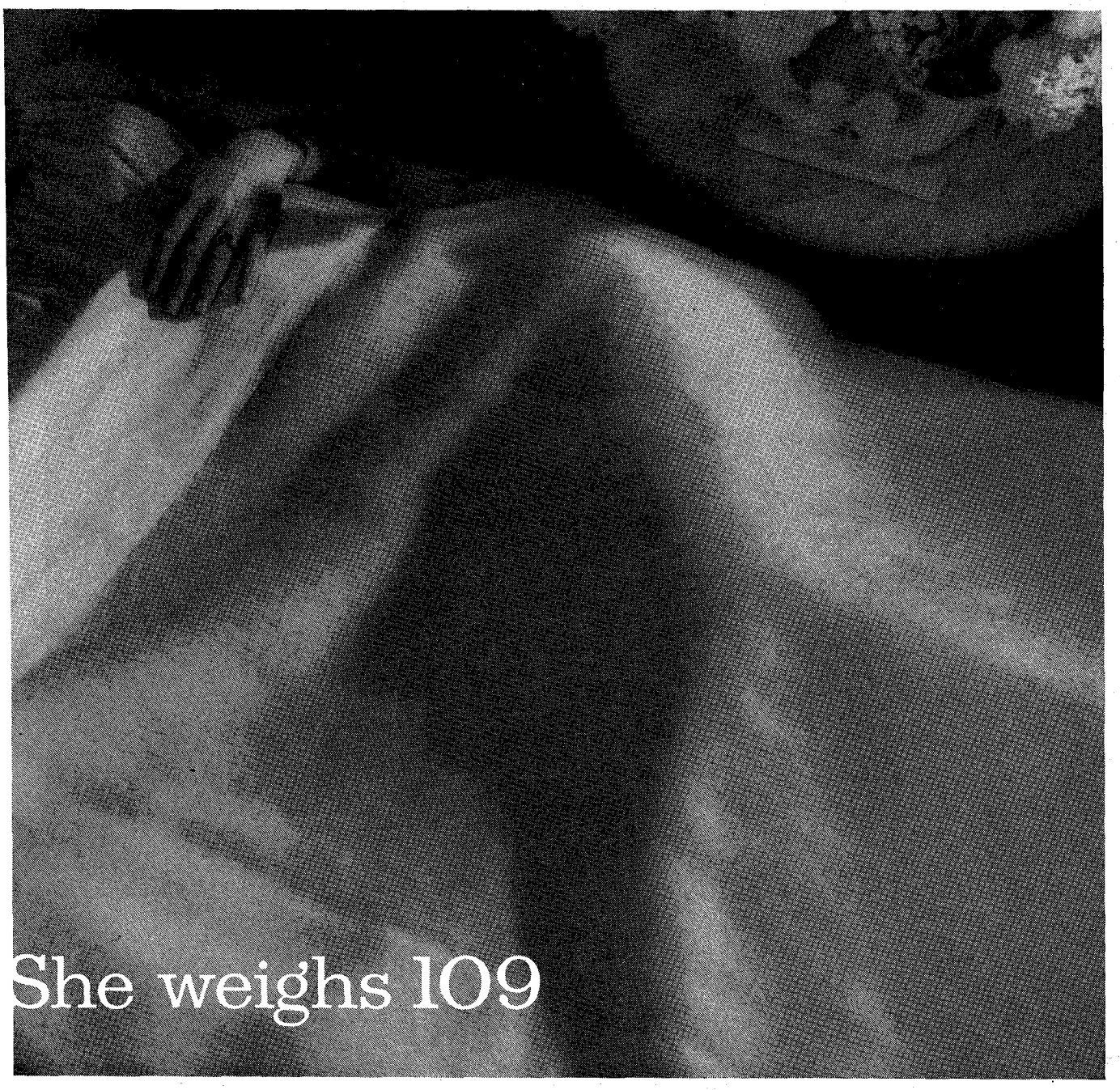
With the bus so crowded, they were not stopping at the corners for more passengers now, but were out in the center of Broad, going express.

He sat tensely against the side of the bus, his eyes glued to the window, engrossed in staring out, and seeing nothing, a blur going by him. Instead, he felt the noise from the bus in his ears, and with his whole body felt the press of them in the aisle, hanging over him, all around him like a wall of young bodies crowding him, violating him, shredding his privacy. The noise was intense, the voices strident, raucous. Shrill, almost hysterical, especially the laughing of the girls, an unending hammer of noise around him. *I grinned at him*, he thought, shame crawling in him.

Then there was a sudden, hideous, louder shrill of voices, complaining, yells of laughter, and a commotion along the aisle. He looked away from the window, startled. The boys in the front of the bus were grabbing books away from the girls and passing them, like footballs, back along the aisle, back to the rear of the bus, where the boys near him were dumping the books on the floor, a pile of books growing there.

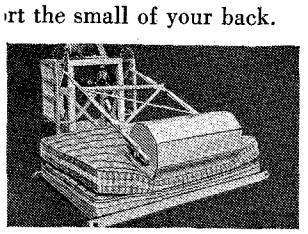
One of the girls in the front began to cry, and the others were trying not to cry, and it seemed strange to him that he had thought of them as women, almost. They were children, these girls, crying over the books, and he began to hate the boys dreadfully.

Why didn't the bus driver do something? he thought wildly. Why didn't he stop the bus and throw these idiots off? But in a moment the book game ended. The boys were tired of the game with the books, and the girls began picking up the books and (*Continued on Page 61*)




eparate rest on BEAUTYREST

eight of your hips, yet firm up to rt the small of your back.



**The least expensive mattress you can own**

s why the best costs the least. At d States Testing Co., a 270-pound went over all leading-make mat-s. Beautyrest stood up 3 times than the next best mattress.

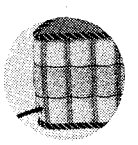
And the Beautyrest 10-year guarantee brings its cost down to about 2¢ a night. Another reason why more people sleep on Beautyrest than on any other mattress.

**Your choice of firmness**

Choose the Beautyrest that suits you best. There's Beautyrest Standard model (for most firmness requirements) and Beautyrest Extra-Firm model (for those who need or prefer it). Extra-length and extra-width Beautyrest also available.

Be sure to get the MATCHING BEAUTYREST BACKSAVER BOX SPRING with exclusive platform top, which is scientifically engineered to give maximum comfort and even greater Beautyrest durability.

**P.S.** Look for the border with the vertical double stitch lines... it identifies the Beautyrest mattress.



Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office, Copr. 1956 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

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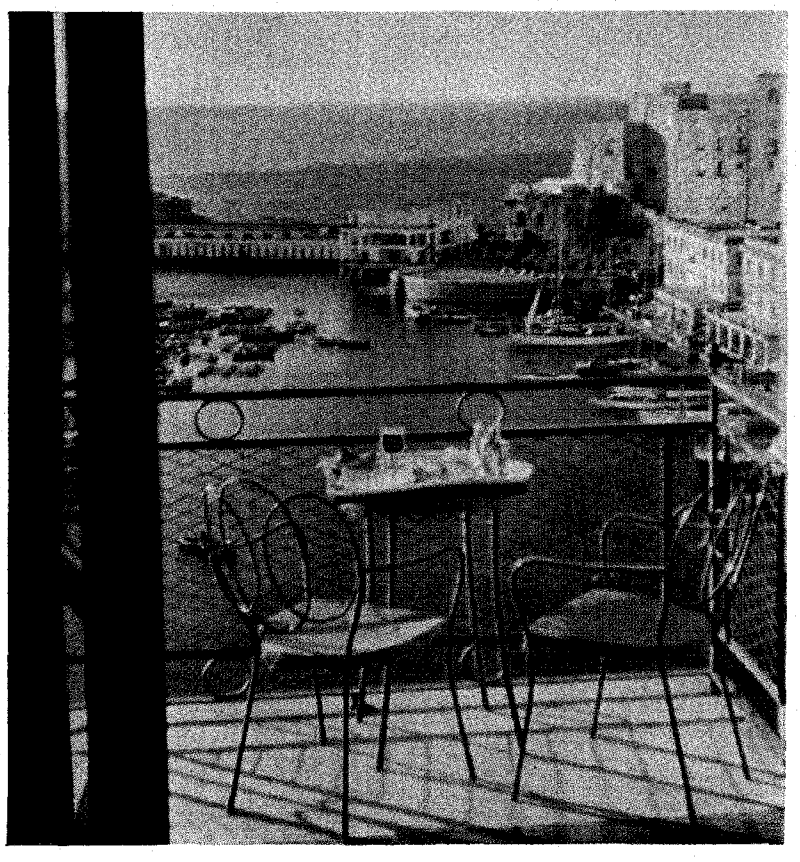
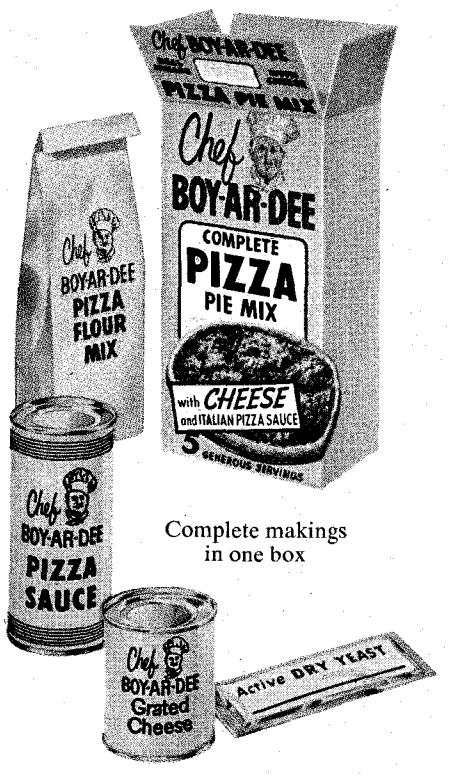
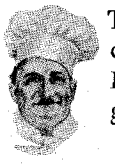
# "Enjoy the tangiest pizza this side of Naples – in minutes!"






Complete makings in one box



**Think of it.** In just a few minutes you can treat the folks at your house to real Italian pizza – with all the warm spicy goodness of the original Neapolitan dish!

It's so easy – and fun, too – with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix.

Chef brings you all the ingredients for a crisp, golden-brown crust . . . plus a can of rich red tomato filling seasoned to Italian perfection . . . plus a can of tempting grated Italian-style cheese.

Bake about 15 minutes. Then the *real* fun!

Delight your guests, for instance, with Chef Pizza cut nibbling size for appetizers . . . in generous squares for snacks. You might even top it with bits of crispy bacon or tender little sausages!

More fun: let the kids and their friends fix their own party meal. Makes a hearty Italian-style family dinner, too! One package makes 5 big servings.

For pizza that has *everything* get the mix that gives you everything – including cheese!

## CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Pizza Pie Mix

**complete with cheese**

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(*Continued from Page 59*) passing them from one to another up the aisle, and it was quiet for a little while.

He began to stare out the window again, thinking of the boy with the crew haircut and realizing that he was afraid of the boy. He felt a little sick when he faced the truth of being afraid of this boy, and had to turn his head and look at him. He had to do that. The boy was standing indolently, swaying gracefully with the movement of the bus, one leather-covered arm upraised, his strong, square hand grasping the leather strap, looking down at him, the pupils large and dark in his blue eyes.

He grinned again, feeling the grin crease his face as if drawn across it with a knife, and he nodded at the boy, just a short, little nod. Then he jerked his head around and swept his eyes back to the window, his heart thumping heavily. *What am I afraid of?* he thought. *Afraid of this stupid boy, because he has muscles, because he is stronger than I, and faster than I, and wants to try me?*

He thought of pulling the cord to stop the bus and getting off at the next stop, wanting badly to do this, but thinking at the same time that in order to do it he would have to push past the boy, force a way for himself through them to the door, and decided to stay where he was and wait for them to leave first—let them leave first.

"Watch it, you young punk!" The fat man was looking up at the boy in the aisle, rubbing the top of his head, his face mottled a deeper red with anger. The boy's elbow had hit him.

George gaped at the fat man. Where did he get the courage to get angry with a boy like that?

"Keep your pants on, dad," the boy said to the fat man. His voice was not deep; had recently changed from adolescence; but it was a voice that suited his powerful neck, and it was calm, the words coming slowly and a little too heavily. He leaned down over the fat man, smiling into his face. "I beg your humble pardon, dad. Did I accidentally strike you with my elbow?" His smile deepened.

"No accident, punk!" The smile was infuriating the fat man, made his eyes strain out of their sockets glaring up at the boy, his voice thick and guttural with rage.

*Please, please, stop it, you fool. That's what he wants.* George wanted to grab the fat man by the arms, make him quiet, make him stop playing the boy's game, but he did nothing, watching in horror as the fat man began pushing himself up out of his seat, wanting to stand up.

The boy waited until he was almost up, and then shifted his weight to lean down on him, and the fat man floundered back into his seat, breathing heavily, the veins in his face violent.

The boy smiled down at him. "Did you want to get up, dad?" he asked.

"I'll get up—I'll get up and knock your teeth down your throat, you punk kid!" The fat man was grunting like an animal, and started to raise himself again, and again the boy merely shifted his weight when he was almost up, and the fat man went down, gasping.

A new game. The others were watching the game now, grinning, nudging one another, even the girls.

The fat man raised his elbow and tried to jab it into the boy's stomach, but the boy moved just a little, just enough, and the man almost fell out of his seat into the aisle. The boy grabbed him under the shoulder and heaved him back into the seat. Several of the boys came up closer to the seat and stood there, grinning down at the fat man, their bodies close, standing there calmly.

The fat man looked at George, his eyes wild, and George looked away, out the window, straining himself against the side of the bus, hunching himself away from the fat man. Suddenly the man lunged across him and pulled the cord over his head. (*Continued on Page 64*)

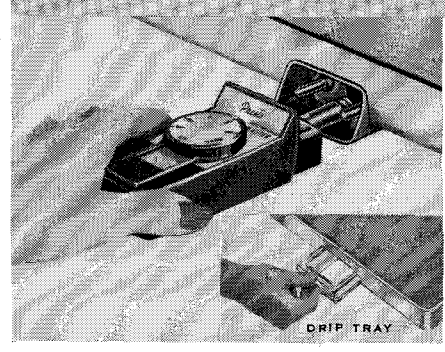
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I like it."

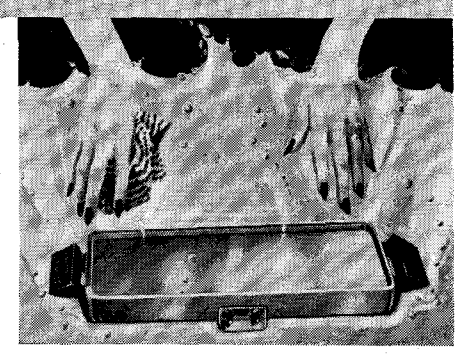
RIGHT AT THE TABLE . . .

Sit and Fix Pancakes that Never Go Wrong

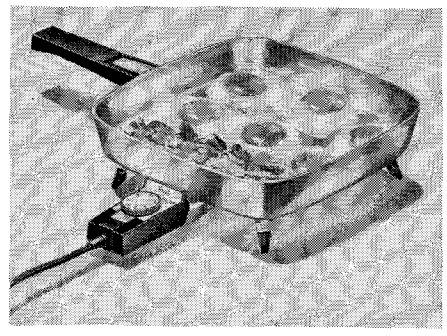
New submersible automatic Griddle with detachable Control-Master that runs a family of Presto Appliances!



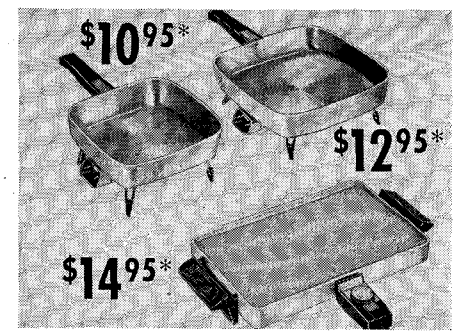

**PLUG IN $6.95** Control-Master to make the Presto Electric Griddle automatic. Hamburgers, sausages, grilled foods are greaseless because drip tray catches fat.



**DETACH CONTROL-MASTER** and wash big 9 x 15" griddle entirely under water. Thermostat and pilot light are in Control-Master which also runs other appliances.



**THE SAME CONTROL-MASTER** fits Presto 9" and 11" Fry Pans. Perfect eggs and bacon. Food stays warm without overcooking. Pans wash entirely under water.




**YOU SAVE $6.95** on each appliance you add because a single Control-Master is all you need for all three. Get acquainted with this new family of appliances now!

**Presto Control-Master® Appliances**

**National Presto Industries, Inc., Eau Claire, Wisconsin**

Presto makes: Electric Pressure Cookers, Deep Fry Cookers, Steam Irons, Coffee Makers, Control-Master Appliances, Presto Cookers and Canners

*MANUFACTURER'S RECOMMENDED RETAIL OR FAIR TRADE PRICE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# First of GMC's Blue Chip Money-Makers

# the most powe

## New light-duty models pack 206 h.p.! America's best-looking trucks feature new styling advances—and bow to no passenger car on any point of roadability

HERE, headlining GMC's new 1957 Blue Chip models, our most popular-sized, widely used type of truck becomes a truly phenomenal vehicle.

*It has one horsepower for every 15½ pounds of its weight* —to make hash of all accepted light-duty standards.

You'll be bossing around engine power usually found only in trucks rated at *more than four times* this truck's capacity.

You'll be getting flashing response to pedal demand—the high-mileage efficiency of an easygoing, unstraining engine —a capacity for work that won't drop off sharply after the first few months. This beauty retains its eager freshness for years.

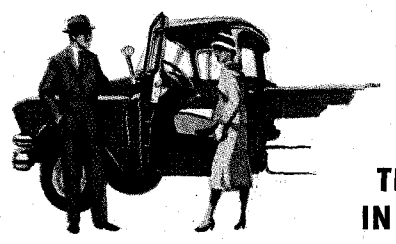
And you'll be very definitely in pocket, too. For with its tremendous reserves, *this* engine cannot be overtaxed in normal use—has far fewer repair needs. And teamed with GMC's famed fast-ratio cruising axle, it shrinks fuel bills to an amazing new low.

So if money-making power is what you want, this is *it*. This is for *you*. See your GMC dealer!

GMC TRUCK & COACH—*A General Motors Division*

**BLINDFOLDED,**

you couldn't tell the ride, the comfort and the thrilling zip from that of many cars! GMC's exclusive RSD Suspension* absorbs even tiny shocks—literally *floats* you along. Performance in traffic and on highways to make you proud!



**TRAVEL IN STYLE!**

With its boulevard-smart lines, handsome colors and luxurious cab, this GMC is a natural for family use and social needs, too. It's closest to the station wagon in looks and utility—and its double-duty ability is money in the bank!

**DREAM-CAR HANDLING!**

Call this a truck? Not when you take this deep-cup safety wheel, and see how recirculating ball-bearing steering gives you a sports-car feel on turns. Hydra-Matic Drive* does your shifting—and cuts your costs, besides! **Optional at moderate extra cost.*

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## or '57! Pound for pound, it's...

# ul truck ever built!

# GMC TRUCKS for '57

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Band them with
"SCOTCH" Brand
...they'll stay
banded!
Smart retailers know the fast, easy way to band combination deals and premium offers—with "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape! It's the tighter-sticking tape you can always depend on.
New price reductions on commercial-size rolls make "SCOTCH" Brand your big economy buy. Call your tape supplier now for these bargain-priced rolls—and convenient new tape-saving dispensers!
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3M COMPANY

(*Continued from Page 61*) In a moment the bus stopped and the fat man heaved himself out of his seat, and this time the boys helped him. They got behind him and shoved him with their bodies, never touching him with their hands—that seemed to be important—shoved him with their bodies up the aisle, crowding him through the jammed space to the side door, and the boys near the door shoved him with their bodies, too, so that he went floundering down the steps to the walk, almost falling.

He stood on the walk, his clothes disheveled, his lank hair down his face, helpless, and when the bus started to move, he began to shout violent obscenities at the bus, waving his fist at it. When he was framed for a second in George's window, George could see a little spittle coming out of the man's mouth.

The boys were laughing loudly, nodding at one another. There was a jar on his seat, and a hard shoulder stabbed his own for an instant and then drew back. He could feel the hard body, and he knew it was the boy with the crew haircut sitting with him now, and he knew the boy was looking at him, so he kept staring out the window. But he felt the coldness spread in his stomach and drops of perspiration formed under his arms, running coldly down his sides under the neat gray suit.

In a little while he felt a cramp start in his neck, so he turned his head stiffly and stared straight ahead of him. Things were quieter now. The shrieking was gone, they were not milling around very much now, and they were talking together instead of yelling. He saw a boy about halfway up the aisle, his dark hair very long over his ears, swept back sleekly, brilliant with pomade, bending down over a girl in a white boy's shirt, a lovely thing, blond, her hair pulled back into a huge, soft swirl at the back of her head. His arm was around the girl, leaning on her, and they were gazing at each other, smiling. The boy was thin-faced, vividly handsome, as many of them are for a few years, until their faces and their bodies thicken, and his other arm was around her shoulder, actually leaning on her. Suddenly the boy bent down a little more and nuzzled his nose into the side of her throat, under her ear. George could see her face go soft, and she moved her throat gently, moved it against his nose.

"Sickening, ain't it?" The boy on the seat with him was talking to him, watching him with his strange eyes, and then he nodded with his jutting chin toward the boy and girl in the aisle. "These kids, you got to watch 'em every second, dad. Just look at those two—wowiee-ee!"

For an instant George thought it was all right, the boy was seriously concerned about the dreadful exhibition by those two in the aisle, but when he looked more closely at the boy's face and saw the grin come again, the eyes hardening, the challenge—the challenge coming again ——

"Well, I was young myself once," he said, much too heartily, inwardly gasping when he heard the words come out of his mouth.

The boy pursed his lips and slowly looked him over, appraisingly. "Oh, I don't know," he said slowly. "You look to be in pretty good shape yet. Bet you can handle yourself O.K., eh? Take me, now; I'm getting soft, you know." He raised a hand and clenched his fist, holding it up like a hammer, forcing George to look at it. The fingers were curled tight. They were broad and heavy, the back of the hand glinting with short, stiff blond hairs.

He smiled at the boy, nodded briskly and fled once again to the window, sitting rigidly against the side of the bus, wanting no more words with the boy, wanting nothing from the boy but to avoid the challenge, the insensible encroachment of his privacy; to escape his fear of the boy, the hideous, shriveling fact of his fear. His age—forty-two—something to strike dread in a man, he thought, falteringly; something to worry about, when you consider the muscles of this boy, and his stomach did not seem to him to be so flat—and he wanted this ride to end like nothing he could remember ever wanting before.

Were they all like this, then? All of them? Of course not. How many of them? Their homes—what kind of homes? Parents—what sort of insane parents? How did it happen? When?

His head whirled. The challenge in that boy, and the others, their smiles—good-natured boisterousness? Exhilaration of youth, of strong, supple bodies, of easily moved muscles. No, not that. This was revolt!

Against whom, this revolt, and why? He licked his lips, his mind grasping with the idea—revolt. Against the fat man, against him, against the bus driver, the bus itself, the school, the adult world—yes, against the adult world. Why? Why? He drew a deep breath, not daring to flick his eyes away from the refuge of the window, feeling agonizingly the hard body of the boy with him on the seat, and feeling more alien now, more alone on this bus than if he had suddenly been flown to the moon.

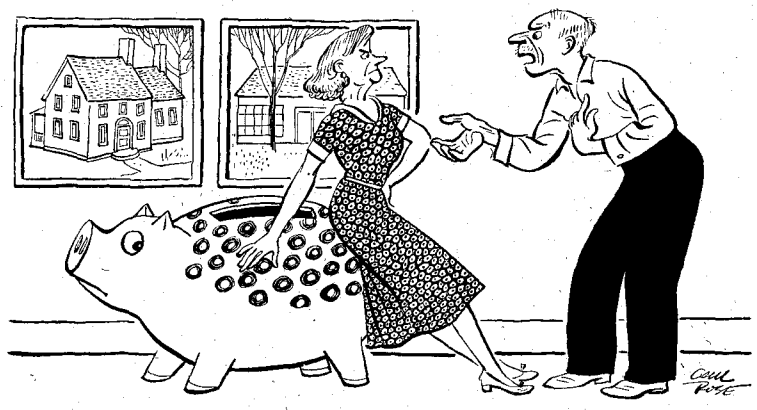
Revolt. That's what it was. The leather jackets, the insane hair styles, the too-tight pants—even a conformity in revolt—and what of their parents, their homes? He tightened his lips. The homes? Where was the discipline, the order, as in his own home? Was his home, then, a haven of order, a last stronghold of order against this insurrection?

"Rock!" A raucous voice up near the front of the bus had yelled, and repeated louder, "Rock!" He could not understand what it meant, and heard other young voices in the bus begin to take up the word, making a chant of it: "Rock! Rock, man! Hey, Rock!"

And soon it was a chorus of shouting, "Rock!" He saw the bus driver turn his head to look back into the bus and yell something, obviously disturbed by the shouting. They were near the Weston Road intersection. After this, would start the suburbs, and most of them would be getting off the bus at this intersection—very few of them living in the suburbs. He couldn't wait for the bus to get to Weston Road, so most of them would get off. The thought of them getting off his bus was like a weight lifting off him.

"Man, rock it!" A strange sort of shuffling began in the crowded aisle. They lined up in the aisle, just the boys now; the girls stood huddled together, looking a little apprehensive, he saw, watching the boys nervously. The boys lined up in two rows, facing the row of windows on either side of the bus, and then they leaned over the seats to place their hands on the rails running the length of the bus on which the leather straps were suspended, and they stood there like that an instant, making two rows of bows with their bodies.

"Rock!" They shouted in unison now, and the row of young bodies on his side of the aisle shoved themselves against the



## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

For forty years, Mr. Dollarwise doted on his wife for making ends meet on a slim budget. Then he learned she had even saved enough to buy two houses in her own name. Reasoning that the money really was his, he sued for possession of the houses.

"If her allowance had not been enough, I would have had to give her more," he said. "As it was too much, she should have repaid me. Instead, she bought houses with what was really my money."

"He gave me the money to run the house as I saw fit," his wife retorted. "What I saved by my economy was my own personal profit."

If you were the judge, would you make the wife give the houses to her husband?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The husband got the houses. The judge, admitting he would not dare to enforce such a decision against his own wife, nevertheless ruled: "The household allowance legally belongs to the husband and what the wife saves out of it is neither compensation nor a gift to her."

*Based upon a 1955 New York decision.*

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rail overhead, pushing with their stiff arms at the rail in their hands, straining at the rail all together. The bus pitched a little over to his side.

"Rock!" The other row of boys strained against the other rail, while the first row eased up. The bus took a deep, heavy sway to the left, away from him.

"Rock!" Now, again, the bus took a lurch, a deeper lurch on his side, and he felt the bus lose speed, come to a stop in the center of Broad a half block from the Weston Road intersection. The driver had jumped out of his seat and was grappling with two of the boys and not getting anywhere.

"Rock!" This time the bus lurched sickeningly, and when it settled back again, he heard the springs underneath grind and quiver, a frozen terror clutching at him.

"Rock!" The bus swayed hideously away from him, lifting his seat high. The boy in the seat with him was laughing, laughing hard, excited, looking at him.

"Wowiee-ee!" the boy yelled.

He found himself yelling at the top of his lungs. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

"Rock!" The bus careened far down on his side, and he saw the street reaching up for his window. The heavy vehicle seemed to dance a little on its two right wheels, and then settle back on all four, with a jarring thump, vibrating and jiggling on its springs.

Some women on the bus were screaming, several hysterically, and he could see one of them trying to squirm through the wall of bodies hemming her into her seat, trying to get out into the aisle, but she could not, they would not let her.

"Rock!" Another sickening lurch, and suddenly there was a policeman running toward the bus, and several cars had stopped on the street to watch the bus. The driver was yelling at the policeman from a window in his compartment, and when the policeman came close, the game stopped. The boys, including the one on his seat, began crowding toward the front door. The driver was trying to keep them in the bus, but one of them wrenched his hand away from the door controls and the doors opened. The boys rushed out the doors, all of them, and ran across the street behind the bus before the policeman could get his hands on any one of them. "Rock!" They were still yelling it when they disappeared around the intersection.

There were only a dozen people left on the bus, besides himself, including some children. The children were still yowling with terror, their cheeks wet with tears, and he sat in his seat, limp and shaken, listening to the hammering of his heart.

Soon they were in Winston Heights. He saw the good lawns, the taller trees, the weight of the houses here in Winston Heights, and felt they were not so safe as they believed they were, the people in these good houses. Danger faced them, a revolt of children. Not their own children, but many children.

But then, as the lawns deepened even more and the houses grew still larger, more brick and stone in them, and the streets of his suburb widened, and it was quiet here, all in order, the dread began to leave him.

When he got off the bus at his stop, there was no dread any more; just a growing anger for the parents and for the homes of these children he had left behind in the city, and when he found that his knees were still a little slack and nervous when he started to walk away from the bus, he grew angry with himself, too, and stiffened his knees.

Crossing Grosvenor Road, he could begin to make out his own house through the little park that led to his street. He saw the stone and brick of his own house, the steel-trimmed casement windows—like a fort, really, he thought. His own fort against revolt, against anything that threatened.

He noticed they had put up the little voting shack in the park—election time already, he thought with amazement. Time . . . time. . . .

He took the path that led behind the little voting shack, and thought of what he would say to Martha later. She'd have to give up that job and take care of things like piano movers coming in the middle of the afternoon, by herself. There was no need for her to work, except boredom.

He was in back of the booth now, and his heart shook and his knees jellied again. Two boys were leaning against the booth, indolently, lazily; strong, like the boys on the bus. They wore leather jackets and tight pants, and one of them had a crew haircut. They were smoking cigarettes.

His mouth went dry and his eyes blurred, suddenly feeling again the way he had felt on the bus, and the little, hopeless grin came to his face as he began to get close to the boys, using the ground in front of him as he had used the window on the bus, looking straight down as he started to pass them.

The one without the crew haircut saw him, and when he saw him his face blanched. He threw down his cigarette with a quick motion and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand nervously.

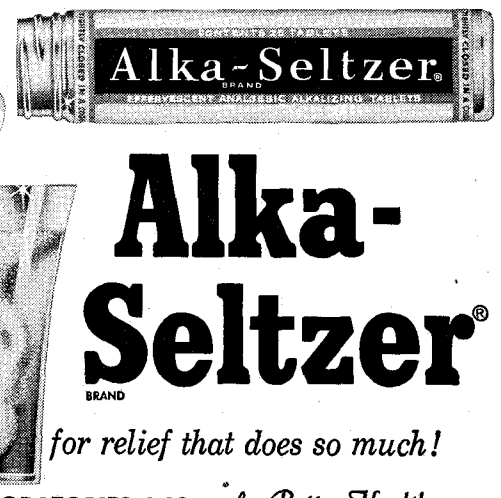
"Hi, dad," his son said, grinning at him uncertainly. "Gee, you're home early!"

THE END

When a headache, upset stomach or tired-achy feeling keeps you from having fun . . .

take the medicine that's so refreshing

Even a simple pleasure like feeding a squirrel in the park can be fun. But how about those times when you have that tired-achy feeling—with maybe a headache or upset stomach coming on? That's when you're so wise to call on ALKA-SELTZER for relief. ALKA-SELTZER is *fast-acting!* It becomes a completely dissolved, buffered solution—this is the form your system uses most easily and naturally for relief. ALKA-SELTZER is *effective!* It soothes and neutralizes an acid upset stomach and then goes on into your system to work for relief of that headache and tired-achy feeling. ALKA-SELTZER can have you feeling so much better, so quickly, you'll go right ahead and have that fun. ALKA-SELTZER—for refreshing relief!

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MILES LABORATORIES, INC.... *for Better Health*
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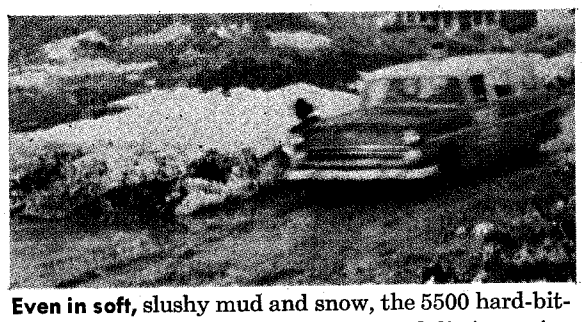
# NEW 3-T CUSTOM SUBURBANITE SNOW-CLOGGED ROADS TO R

**When the big blizzard** stormed into New York last March 18, roads filled with deep, heavy snow. Traffic snarled, then stopped—thousands of motorists were stranded in a sea of snow.

Almost simultaneously, we rushed Goodyear's new 3-T Custom Suburbanites out to New Rochelle, N. Y. We mounted them on the rear wheels of a police emergency car and put them

to the test. New Custom Suburbanites plowing through . . . over snow-clogged cou roads to rescue stranded motorists . . . up s snow-slicked hills to unsnarl jammed-up tr

**No shovels or cinders needed!** This police car has what it takes to pull up a snow-filled driveway—Goodyear's *tractionized* 3-T Custom Suburbanites.



**Even in soft,** slushy mud and snow, the 5500 hard-biting edges of the new Suburbanite tread dig in to give you strong, straight-ahead pulling power.

**Hi-fidelity tests** proved new Custom Suburbanite much quieter than old-style winter tires. On dry you roll along with a quiet, restful smoothness.

**Watch "The Goodyear Playhouse" on TV Sunday—9 to 10 p.m., EST**

## NEW 3-T CUSTOM SUBURBANITE

**Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms**

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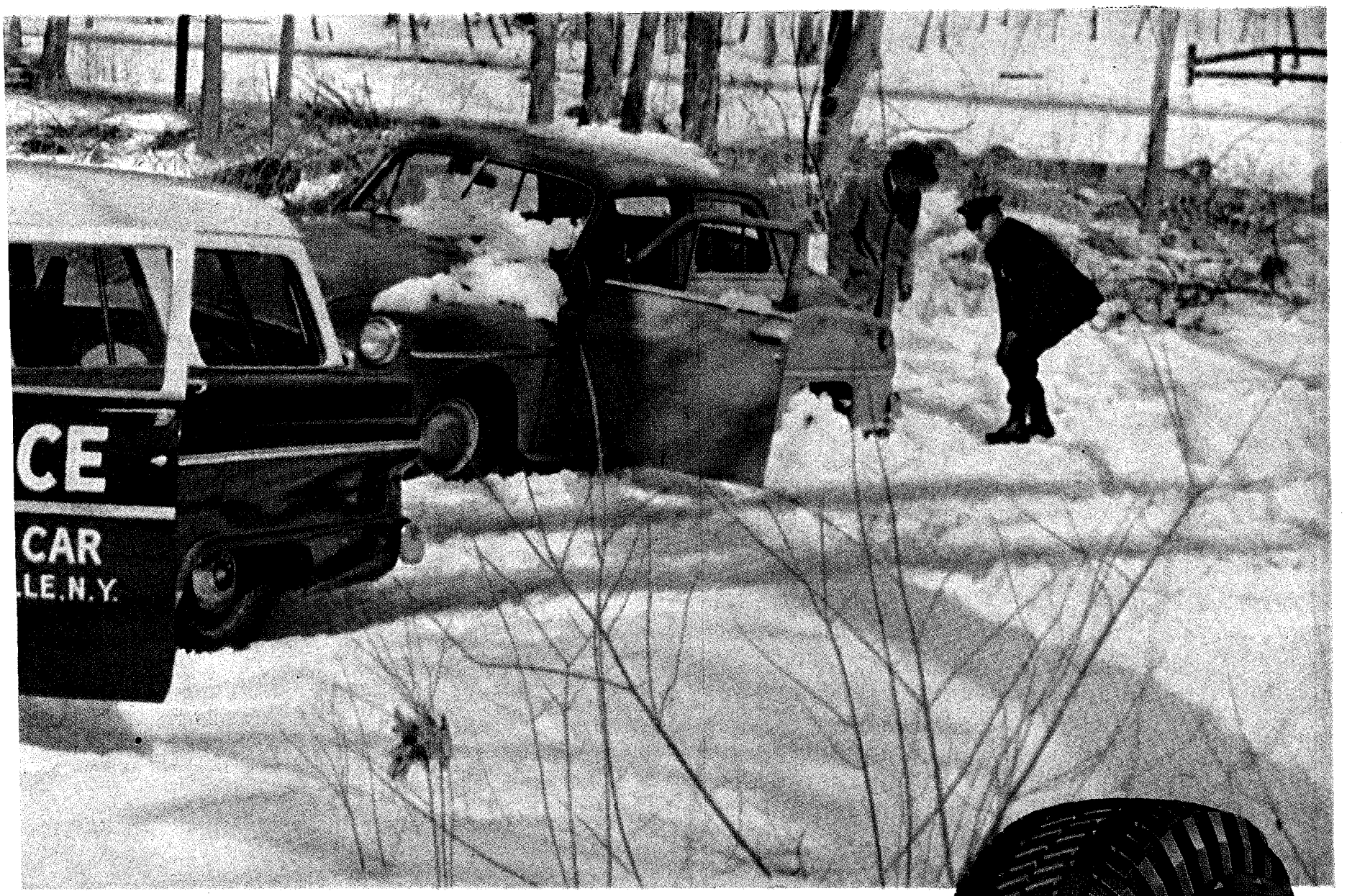
# TAKE THIS POLICE CAR THROUGH SCUE STRANDED MOTORISTS!




How did these winter tires do it? The pictures on this page show you how this new tire's revolutionary new tread—with wide, deep-digging "V-GRIP" notches . . . and thousands of tiny traction teeth—give Goodyear's new Custom Suburbanite exceptional grip. You get the kind of traction you need to pull through winter safely and surely, without troublesome delays.

**More mileage than ever before!** This great new Goodyear winter tire with its tough new tread, and its Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord body, has more miles of long wear built in—for many motorists this means an additional season of service.

So don't let snow, mud, or ice stop you this winter. Equip your car now with a pair of great new Custom Suburbanites by Goodyear. Black or white sidewall, tubeless or tube-type, they're available at your Goodyear dealer's. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!**

GOODYEAR

Suburbanite, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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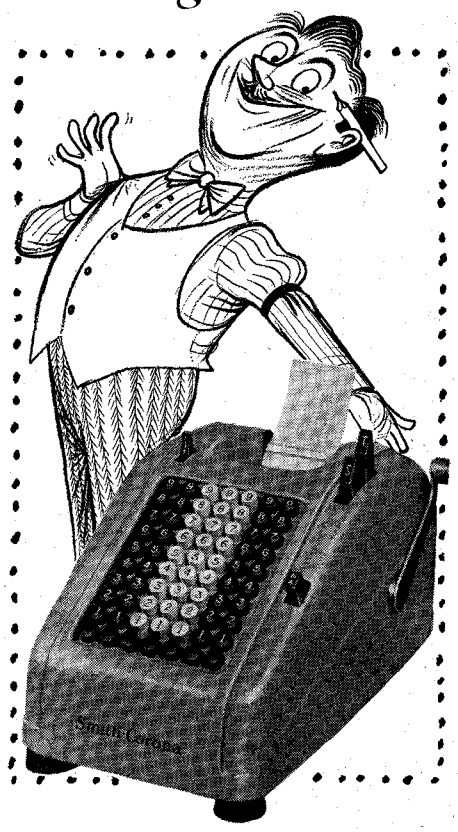
# Look What's Been Added to Our Adding Machine!




12 new features—still only $94.50*—the lowest priced, full-featured adding machine in America.

**New features include:**

★ ***Automatic Space-Up:*** List your figures and take your total. Paper automatically shifts into a tear-off position.

★ ***Transparent Plastic Tearing Knife:*** It cuts neatly and cleanly, yet affords complete and immediate visibility of all the figures.

★ ***Paper Control Knob:*** It enables you to move the paper backward as well as forward.

★ ***All Steel Case***...gives strength and durability.

★ All for as little as $94.50* It's the lowest priced, full-featured adding machine in America.

*Price for all states permitting fair trade laws. Subject to change. Model shown, $112.50

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Please rush me full details and tell me where I can see and try the new Smith-Corona Adding Machine.

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Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____


# The Lady is Not Defenseless

(Continued from Page 24)

arrived. Another gal, named Pat Poupore, might well have accomplished that very feat.

Pat, who is Bill Underwood's prize young-lady graduate, weighs only ninety-eight pounds. A pretty graduate nurse who works in a Toronto hospital, Pat occasionally gives her old teacher an assist by appearing in exhibitions during which she ties 200-pound bruisers into knots and then tosses them around like so many bags of beans. This, of course, is impressive—but there can always be the suggestion of collusion in such public demonstrations. So take the occasion, several years ago, when Pat started work in a new ward in the hospital.

It seems that there is a custom in that particular institution for the interns to introduce a new nurse to her ward duties by marching her—in full uniform, we presume—into the shower. When two innocent interns approached little Pat with this in mind, she seemed to be properly submissive until the instant when an odd thing happened and the interns found themselves being marched helplessly down the hall. Pat put them both in the shower and held them there at arm's length till they'd had a good soaking. That was the end of the initiation.

This sudden reversal in the fortunes of hand-to-hand combat is characteristic of Bill Underwood's Defendo system of self-defense. Pat had submitted meekly for the few seconds it took her to find the grip she wanted on the two hands which were guiding her down the hall toward the shower. Then, with a sudden pressure and its immediately painful consequences, she instantly became the master of the situation. If either of the interns had resisted or if either had tried to use his free hand, he would have found himself forced to the floor and, as the Defendo phrase goes, in considerable pain and immobilized. Both chose humiliation as the better part of agony.

As the cases of the Misses Wienstien and Poupore suggest, a pleasant and rewarding part of Underwood's work is teaching the ladies how to make tortured monkeys of aggressive males. A more serious side of Mr. Underwood's dedication to the gentle art of giving until the other fellow hurts involves his work with civil and military police organizations, bank guards, the armed forces and ordinary peace-loving males who want to be able to protect themselves from non-peace-loving males. To date, Underwood has received no male students concerned with defending themselves from the more determined ladies—though there was one case which came comically close to such a situation.

Daddy, who lives in the country not far from Underwood's home base at Toronto, had sent his two daughters, aged nine and eleven, to a child's-group course in Defendo. The two girls became quite proficient in the art and passed many happy hours at home tossing each other around like rag dolls. One evening they invited daddy to join their childish play. Daddy found himself doing a cartwheel and came up with a dislocated shoulder that kept his arm in a sling for several weeks. As soon as he had recovered, daddy enrolled in a Defendo course so that he could protect himself from his little darlings. Daddy is now one of Underwood's most skilled volunteer instructors.

Because the Defendo techniques are next to useless as a method of attack, Underwood has no compunctions about teaching his agonizing art to all comers. Most of the nonprofessional Underwood students look upon the course of instruction as the great equalizer; now that the custom of carrying sidearms is frowned upon by the law, a few Defendo tricks firmly applied can make a determined little man at least the temporary master of any big man. That dream of every Walter Mitty—the rude push, the bully's threat, the brief scuffle, the crunch of bones as the attacker goes sprawling, the moment of triumph while you adjust your pocket handkerchief and smile indulgently at the awed onlookers—all this can be yours, claims Underwood, if you will devote twenty-four hours of your life to learning Defendo. The line starts halfway down the next block.

There have also been occasions when Defendo has come to the aid of a big man beleaguered by smaller men. Virgil is an easygoing 200-pounder who works as a bookkeeper in a meat-packing plant. Whenever Virgil had to visit the cutting floor, the butchers—a fun-loving group of boys filled with bargain-priced proteins—gave Virgil a hard time. It was all in sport, mind you, but Virgil often departed with the print of a flank steak in the small of his back.

In desperation, Virgil took a course in Defendo. One day shortly after his graduation, Virgil spat on his hands and strolled into the cutting room. What followed must have been interesting—an hour later, while Virgil was quietly adding up his accounts receivable, half the cutting-room staff was receiving medical aid for sprains and contusions. Virgil could now walk through the whole plant, blindfolded, without once being jostled.

Readers with feelings of persecution, inferiority complexes, large and fractious neighbors or simply enough idle time to have reached this point will undoubtedly already have identified Defendo with that old Japanese pastime known as jujitsu or its modern variation, judo. There is some basis for such an assumption, but not much. Defendo, as developed by Underwood over a fifteen-year period, is about one quarter judo and three quarters Underwood. Judo is a contest testing the participants' skill and agility; Defendo is a program for avoiding any contest by being mean in a knowledgeable way. A short introduction to Bill Underwood and his vigorous way of life will help to clarify this distinction.

At sixty-one, William John Underwood is almost a caricature of The Little Man—the peaceable, gentle citizen who is usually the one to be pushed around by the bully-boys of the human race. The father of three attractive, grown daughters and a grandfather to boot, Underwood is five-feet-three and carries an undue share of his 175 pounds ahead of him in a well-bred, streamlined paunch. Bill has a nimbus of gray hair around his shining pate, and his blue eyes are benevolent behind his rimless glasses. A small scarf of jowls adds a suggestion of physical softness to Grandfather Underwood's appearance. Even the Underwood motto carries out this complaisant theme. Bill's professional creed, believe it or not, is: "Let no man doubt my goodwill or respect for law and order, lest he also mistake my ability to defend myself in unprovoked encounter!"

Bill Underwood's folks were Liverpool Irish, a migrant group generally acknowledged as the scrappiest offshoot of a scrappy race. Young Bill, a flyweight in those days, inadvertently laid the cornerstone of his subsequent career when he found work, at the age of thirteen, as a call boy in a Liverpool music hall. A part of Bill's duties was to cue the visiting vaudeville teams for their stage entrances. Japanese jujitsu teams were populuar entertainment fare at that period, and their exhibitions, in which the judo tricks were used to offset size and strength, naturally intrigued the undersized youngster. Bill wangled a good deal of back-stage instruction from these visiting teams and occasionally appeared on stage to help out in their acts.

"I became quite proficient, after a couple of years of this free instruction," reports Bill, who still gives his polysyllables a Lancashire twist, "and earned a fearsome reputation among the kids in my neighborhood. Then, in 1910, I migrated to (*Continued on Page 70*)

"Come now, Miss Cole—just because I ask you to work a little late once in a while."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Protection...
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An ever-ready blunderbuss and a strong cabin door were the only protection our forefathers could provide for their homes and loved ones.

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More and more ads appearing in magazines in the months to come will carry the **Yellow Pages** emblem like the one shown here.

It will remind you that dealers for the products advertised will be found in the **Yellow Pages** of telephone directories.

Save shopping time. Check the **Yellow Pages.** It's a helpful habit that leads to happy buying!



(*Continued from Page 68*) Canada and settled in Montreal with some relatives and forgot all about jujitsu."

Young Bill went overseas with the Royal Montreal Regiment in 1914, was a front-row witness of the first German gas attack (being in a reserve battalion a mile behind the lines, he escaped injury) and was later captured when the Germans nipped off the point of the Ypres salient. Put to work helping the wounded by the Huns, Bill escaped and rejoined the remnants of his battalion the day after he was captured. In 1916, an appendectomy hospitalized Underwood and he was sent back to Canada, where he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and finished out the war as an instructor-pilot.

"After the war I went into the advertising business and married and started raising a family. When the Second World War came along, the armed forces didn't want any part of me—I was too old and too fat. So I joined up as a corporal in the Queen's Own Rifles reserve company. That was something like your national guard—I was still a civilian. This was about the time that the first commando raids were in the news, and I began to wonder if I couldn't do something in the hand-to-hand combat-training line, using my old judo tricks."

Underwood's chance to brush off his old skills came sooner than he expected; Bill's commanding officer, hearing of his subordinate's interest in hand-to-hand combat, scheduled an exhibition at a nearby reserve training camp.

"We were having lunch out at the camp that weekend," relates Bill, "when the major came up and told me they were all set. 'Set for what?' I asked. It seemed he'd found some mats and had half a dozen young bruisers waiting for me. I was to give the camp a jujitsu demonstration. At that time I weighed two hundred pounds and was in no sort of condition. But I said why not, and went out and bounced the muscle men around. I had to work quickly, because my wind was bad. Too quickly, I guess, because three of the boys had to go to the hospital for repairs—one had a broken arm, another a dislocated shoulder, and the third some sort of a sprain. I realized then that I had something that was pretty potent."

Though this spectacular demonstration brought Bill invitations to give exhibitions and training courses at other Canadian training camps, Underwood was never able to get official recognition for his work. When his patience with his own government ran out, late in 1941, Bill migrated to New York to see if he could find a place in the American war effort.

"Realizing that the American boys would be coming into contact with judo-trained Japs, I devised a counter to judo and called it Combato. It was a tough and aggressive form of the present Defendo. I toured training camps and bases, giving demonstrations and sometimes staying on to give instruction. Later I concocted a milder exhibition and took it around to camps and hospitals with a U.S.O. troupe—a bunch of pretty girls who threw some oversized volunteers around. The GI's loved it. All my work was voluntary—for most of the war period I was financed by a few public-spirited cotton brokers in New York. They kept me and the family going."

Underwood was preparing to return to civilian business after the war when a New York University professor who had seen Bill in action prevailed upon him to give Defendo training to the police force of Butler, New Jersey.

"I took the aggressiveness and dirty tactics out of Combato and prepared a course of training for police which turned out to be very successful. When folks in Toronto heard that I was working with American cops, they suggested I come back and instruct Canadian police. So I've been doing that and giving classes and courses to groups and individuals ever since. The Defendo courses I give police are, naturally, more comprehensive and more violent than those I give to nonprofessional students."

Underwood, who now operates a conditioning center for Toronto businessmen as an adjunct to his Defendo courses, hopes to establish a small chain of Defendo training schools on this side of the border. Defendo's creator maintains that his system is a form of insurance: "You may never need it, but it's nice to know that you have it if the occasion does arise."

The defense system which Bill Underwood has evolved and named Defendo is actually an intellectual exercise in which the person attacked employs know-how to neutralize the superior forces of the attacker. These superior forces may be any combination of size, strength, the element of surprise, dirty tactics or a weapon—though, if a weapon is involved, the defender had better be sure of himself before he goes into action. To give Underwood's answer to an inevitable question: If both parties to an encounter are versed in Defendo, neither will attack the other; they'll just stand and glare at each other. As this odd situation suggests, there has to be an attack before the Defendo operation can be set in motion.

The basic theory of Defendo is that the mind follows pain. As the first step in inflicting this pain, the person attacked yields to the initial impetus of the assault. During the few seconds that he gives with the attack, the defender finds the grip he wants—usually on the attacker's hand, wrist or forearm—applies pressure and immobilizes the attacker with the pain inflicted. Once the attack is stopped, the defender can force or throw the attacker to the ground and hold him there till help arrives or march him off to the nearest police station. If all this happens where there is no help available, the defender can "finish off" the now-helpless attacker in a variety of interesting ways.

As this brief and generalized description indicates, the Defendo user must outthink his attacker; if the potential victim panics and forgets what to do, he's going to get a licking. If the person attacked is well versed in Defendo maneuvers, this business of outgeneraling the attacker is not so difficult as it might seem, for the first phase of the action—giving with the assault—usually takes the attacker by surprise and throws him off balance, both psychologically and physically.

Generally speaking, Defendo is a skill which demands demonstration. There are a few basic maneuvers, however, which can be described and practiced without an instructor. Experimenting with one of the six basic grips will illustrate the principles involved. To do this, get a partner who will act as the aggressor—preferably someone larger and stronger than you are. A wife can use her husband, but the man who uses his wife as a fall guy runs the risk of doing the dishes himself for a couple of weeks. Follow the instructions slowly and co-operate with each other until the grip is mastered. Do not use force in applying the grips, if you want to use your partner again. The Saturday Evening Post and this writer—who has squirmed under Underwood's tender demonstrations—can assume no responsibility for sprains or contusions, broken friendships or ruptured marriages.

Most of the public humiliations we peace-loving folk undergo start with the

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aggressor grabbing us by the shoulder or the clothing or the throat, preparatory to a good shaking or a solid blow. In this simplified version of such an attack and the answering defense, have the aggressor, facing you, put out his right hand as if he were going to grasp your shirt front. Using your arm-in-line—that is, your left arm—place your left thumb just below the aggressor's second knuckle as you move in half a step. Your fingers will now be stretched across the aggressor's face-down palm. Exert pressure with your thumb and turn the aggressor's hand so that the palm faces up. Place your right hand on the aggressor's hand so that your right thumb is just below his third knuckle—and beside your left thumb—and your fingers wrapped across his palm. Pull the aggressor's hand down and in close to your solar plexus. Now exert pressure with your thumbs and bend your body from the waist as you roll the aggressor's wrist to your left.

That's it—you have him. If the aggressor tries to use his left arm, simply increase the pressure on his right wrist. If you want to add an unfriendly touch to this operation, thrust your right knee into the aggressor's chin as he goes to his knees.

That's Basic Grip No. 2. Again, if the aggressor should attempt to push you in the face, take a step back, bring up both your hands and grab the fingers of the attacking hand, with your thumbs on the inside. Ride his push up to the full length of your arms. Come down fast, keeping his hand close to your body and, bending his hand back with your thumbs, apply the same wrist roll you used with Grip No. 2. Here again, you can apply your knee to the aggressor's chin.

Basic grip No. 6, or The Finger Separation, is a jolly gambit if the aggressor comes up beside you and suggests he is going to take over. Pick up the aggressor's two end fingers in the palm of your near hand. Keeping your elbow high, move it over and across his forearm until there is no space between your wrists. As the aggressor tries to get away, turn your wrist in toward your body, stretching the tendons on the two fingers you are holding. The police use this one to guide vagrants in the right direction.

If an aggressor should grab you by the throat, grab that wrist with your hand-in-line. Press against the fingers on your throat, exposing the thumb of the aggressor's hand. Pick up the exposed thumb in the palm of your opposite hand and apply pressure against that thumb by lowering your right elbow. Drop the aggressor to the ground by bringing your right hand down the front of your body, keeping the pressure applied to the thumb. Retaining the thumb pressure, turn the aggressor so that he is face-down, and then press on the nerves in the back of his neck with your foot. Light up a Murad with your free hand. This is the Thumb Pickup, or Basic Grip No. 1.

If a young lady is grabbed from the rear, with her arms pinioned, she can confuse her attacker by relaxing and slumping toward him. As this puts him off balance, take a wide step to the side with your right foot. Weight that foot, as you do in skiing, and slide your left foot through the opening thus formed between you and the attacker, and position your left foot behind him. Then raise your left arm and swing it back, hard. This should send the attacker back on his noggin while you sprint for safety.

Underwood divides his Defendo technique into three basic operations. The Grips stop the action and immobilize the attacker. The Throws bounce the attacker to the ground—and if he bounces too hard, he may stay there indefinitely. The Finishes are unpleasant tricks—such as kneeling on the biceps—for discouraging further action, once the attacker is prostrate. A more esoteric phase of Defendo deals with a dozen or so pressure points on the body—spots where pressure on the nerve endings will put an attacker out of action for varying lengths of time. Throws, Finishes and use of the pressure points are not recommended for home practice without some preparatory instruction.

Underwood, who spends his spare hours dreaming up hypothetical assaults and working out appropriate counteractions for them, claims he can master any attacker who comes close enough for hand-to-hand combat. As these attacks include assaults with fists, knives, loaded guns and what-not, there is obviously little room for any margin of error. In working out his counter to the gun-in-the-ribs attack, Bill at first wore a padded vest, so that the wad from the blank cartridge wouldn't injure him. In practice, the shot has always been so late and so wide that he has now discarded the vest when he demonstrates this particular action. The counter to the swinging punch or the lunge with a knife, by the way, is a sharp chop, with the heel of your hand, on the inside of the attacking forearm.

Like any other skill, the Defendo techniques must be mastered and practiced until their application is automatic. Youngsters, who bend without breaking and who like to practice on each other, make ideal Defendo students. One of Bill's most successful group projects was a class of New York school kids who were being preyed upon by a gang of juvenile delinquents in a nearby park. The day after Underwood's pupils finished their course they cleaned out the park and it has been a safe playground ever since.

No one who has ever pretended to approach Bill Underwood with evil intent will question the fact that Defendo is an ingenious system for inflicting effortless torture on an attacker. There is always that fateful question, however, as to who is going to panic when the chips are down. We can see the one-paragraph story now: "Richard Thruelsen, Defendo-trained Saturday Evening Post editor, was attacked by a young thug on Picayune Street last night. Thruelsen used the wrong hand to apply Basic Grip No. 3. Calling hours at the Medical Center are between 1 and 4 P.M."

THE END

## Twilight

By Hannah Kahn

The sky line is hazed with
blue,
Smoke blurs the outlined
spire
That merges with the clouds
For the appointed hour.

Here is no clear, defined,
Delineated line;
The vague stroke of soft mist
Intones the soft design.

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Absorbs the latent tone
Of twilight, city-limned,
Filigreed in stone.


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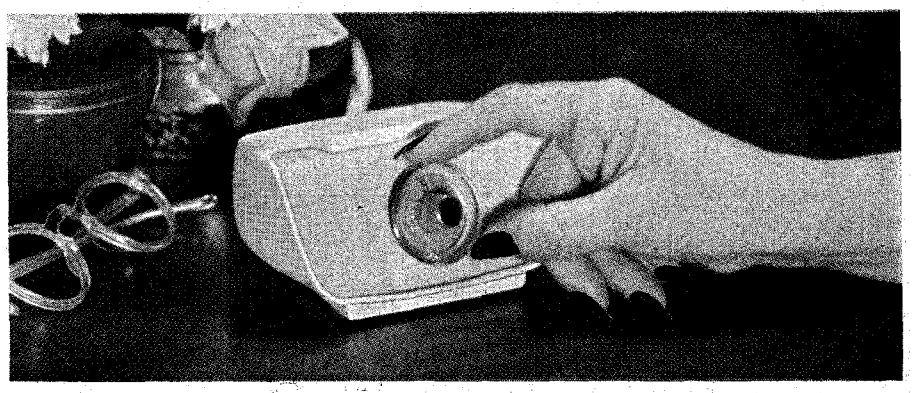

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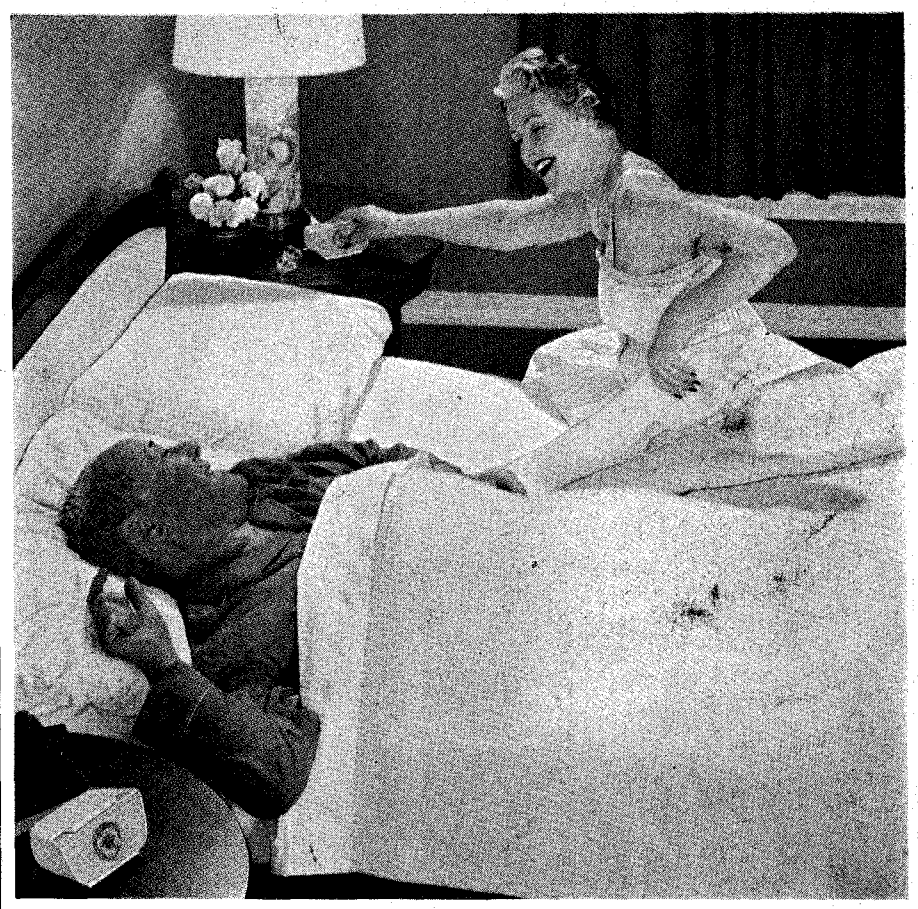

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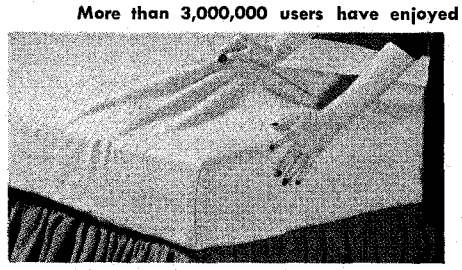

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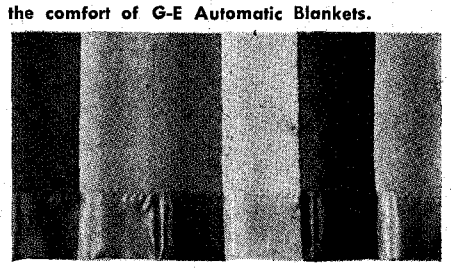

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# Confessions of "an S.O.B."

(Continued from Page 38)

expenses. There was no apology, no retraction by us.

This was in 1934, nine years before F.D.R. publicly called me a liar. During those years I had been rather close to his family, to his top advisers and at times to the President himself. I had even helped manage part of his Maryland campaign against Sen. Millard Tydings, consulted with F.D.R. in his bedroom study, and had written part of one of his most important speeches.

During that period, however, there had been intimations that Mr. Roosevelt could be extremely irked at a column which frequently praised his policies, yet sometimes needled the personalities he appointed to carry out those policies.

Presidents, I have found, can be upset by the most unexpected trivia. This was true of Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman. It is also true of Eisenhower. And when you realize the burden that weighs down upon the President of the United States, you can understand it.

One day while F.D.R. was on a Southern fishing trip, I wrote a two-paragraph item reporting that as a result of his vacation the White House had become overstocked on Danish pastry. The President, I reported, enjoyed Danish pastry. But when he went South, the White House housekeeper had forgotten to countermand a standing order for pastry from a Washington baker, with the result that an oversupply had accumulated.

This short item, not exactly of earth-shaking importance, was held up by other news, and didn't appear in print until the day Roosevelt got back from his fishing trip. On that day it happened that Cissy Patterson, my ex-mother-in-law and late publisher of the Washington Times-Herald, called on the President. She reported to me afterward that he spent ten or fifteen minutes lecturing her on the irresponsibility of the press as illustrated by my item about his Danish pastry.

"I simply do not like Danish pastry," he insisted.

A day later Jim Farley bumped into Bob Allen. "The President is certainly sore at you," he said. "You said he likes Danish pastry, and he doesn't at all."

Simultaneously, Harry Hopkins mildly reproached me. "You've got the President all wrong," he said. "He doesn't like Danish pastry."

Toward the end of the week Mrs. Roosevelt participated in a radio program with Bob Allen and me. In her usual sweet and diplomatic way, she said, "I know that you boys didn't mean to make a mistake, but my husband just doesn't like Danish pastry."

The item came from the Taylor Bakerette shop on Wisconsin Avenue, which had suggested to my sister-in-law that she buy some Danish pastry because the White House had forgotten to countermand its order with the departure of the President.

It may be that F.D.R. called it "breakfast rolls" and Mr. Taylor called it pastry. Anyway, I saw the Taylor delivery truck on various occasions afterward backed up at the White House kitchen door unloading something—for the sake of accuracy we will call it a baked product of wheat flour with sugar on the top.

It so happens that I have been called more names by Democratic Presidents than by Republican. I suppose there are two reasons for this. First, Democrats have been in office longer during my years in Washington; second, Democrats are usually more volatile than Republicans. Democratic Presidents can be vitriolic one day and arm-around-the-shoulder the next. I have had Steve Early, press secretary to Roosevelt and Truman, call me a liar one week and phone me the next week for help in bailing out Elliott Roosevelt and the mastiff he carried in the Air Corps plane.

The only President I never rowed with was Calvin Coolidge, and I suppose that was because I was too young and inexperienced to get on his nerves. The one event which might have incurred his wrath—had he known about it—was when my wife stole a pair of his socks. Cal was taking over my mother-in-law's home at 15 Dupont Circle while the White House was being repaired, and my wife, paying a visit to her mother on the day Coolidge's effects were being moved in, discovered thirty pairs of shoes, several pairs of boots and a stack of flannel nightgowns spread out in the room she and I once occupied.

Impressed with the wardrobe of a man whose watchword was economy, she lifted one pair of socks as a souvenir for me. They were too small, attracted the moths, and eventually I threw them away.

In those days I was scratching out a meager living working part time for La Nación, of Buenos Aires, and El Mundo, of Havana. Together they paid me thirty-five dollars a week, in addition to which I covered the State Department for David Lawrence's United States Daily, later the United States News.

When Herbert Hoover was elected President in 1928, and decided to take a


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goodwill trip to South America before his inauguration, I thought that as the representative of one of Argentina's leading papers I should go with him.

My decision was purely unilateral. Hoover did not concur. A battery of newsmen who regularly covered the White House were scheduled to go with him on the battleship Maryland, and though I invested my savings in a railroad ticket to Los Angeles, whence the Maryland was to sail, Hoover's press secretary, George Akerson, had other ideas. The ship was crowded, Akerson said, and I was not to be included.

I hired a launch in one last desperate effort to sneak aboard the battleship. My father had always taught me never to quit until the very last shot was fired. Besides, I was not unmindful of the fact that having the correspondent of one of the leading newspapers of Argentina kicked off Hoover's goodwill ship would make headlines in Buenos Aires.

I tried to climb up the ship's ladder and was pushed back into the launch. From the launch I watched the ship set sail for South America. Then I went back to the Western Union office and filed a story. I have often told myself that revenge is neither Christian nor profitable. But there have been moments, especially in my youth, when I spurned my own advice most ignobly. This was such a moment. The thousand words I cabled to Buenos Aires about La Nación's correspondent being denied passage on Hoover's goodwill voyage to Latin America aroused such reaction that Hoover cabled La Nación to send a correspondent to meet him in Chile, to accompany him on the remainder of the trip.

I took the long train trip back across the continent, nursing my depleted funds and also nursing a conviction that Herbert Hoover as President of the United States was doomed to failure. Three years later I was to help write a book, Washington Merry-Go-Round, recounting some of those failures.

The truth is that Harry Truman probably had some justification for calling me an SOB—though not at first. He and I started off by being pretty good friends.

Shortly after he was nominated for the vice-presidency, he came up to me at a cocktail party, slapped me on the back and, in a show of mock irritation, said, "Drew, you're responsible for all this. You've got me into a lot of trouble."

I didn't understand, at first, what he was talking about.

"Yes," he continued, "you're the one who first suggested that I be Vice-President."

I had forgotten that, some months before, I had paid tribute to his work as chairman of the Truman investigating committee, and said that he might make good vice-presidential timber.

Only a few days after he was sworn in as Vice-President, however, I incurred his wrath. On Inauguration Day, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Truman had stood in line receiving guests at the White House. Describing that reception, I wrote:

"Mrs. Truman has a lot to learn about official receptions. The new Vice-President's wife looked like she was going to pass out after shaking only 1000 hands in the early part of the day. She received the 3000 guests with Mrs. Roosevelt at the front entrance to the White House, but couldn't keep the long line moving, complained that her right hand hurt. The First Lady handled the whole affair smoothly, seemed none the worse for wear."

That was the beginning of my troubles with Harry S. Truman. Long years of writing about the great and near-great in Washington have taught me that you can say almost anything you want about a President's policies, but if you write about his womenfolk or the details of his private life, you are in for trouble.

Soon after my paragraph about Mrs. Truman appeared in print, the Vice-President was attending a private meeting of senators' administrative assistants. Someone asked him about Mrs. Truman's expertness as a hostess, and he proceeded to call me —— Well, I wasn't present, so I can't testify to the exact language. But as published in my ex-mother-in-law's paper next day, this is what he said:

"There is one columnist in Washington who wouldn't have room on his breast if he got a ribbon for every time he's been called a liar. . . . In Missouri we have a four-letter word for those who knowingly make false statements."

When you read that the Vice-President of the United States feels this way about you only a few weeks after he has given you credit for helping make him Vice-President, it makes you wince. It also

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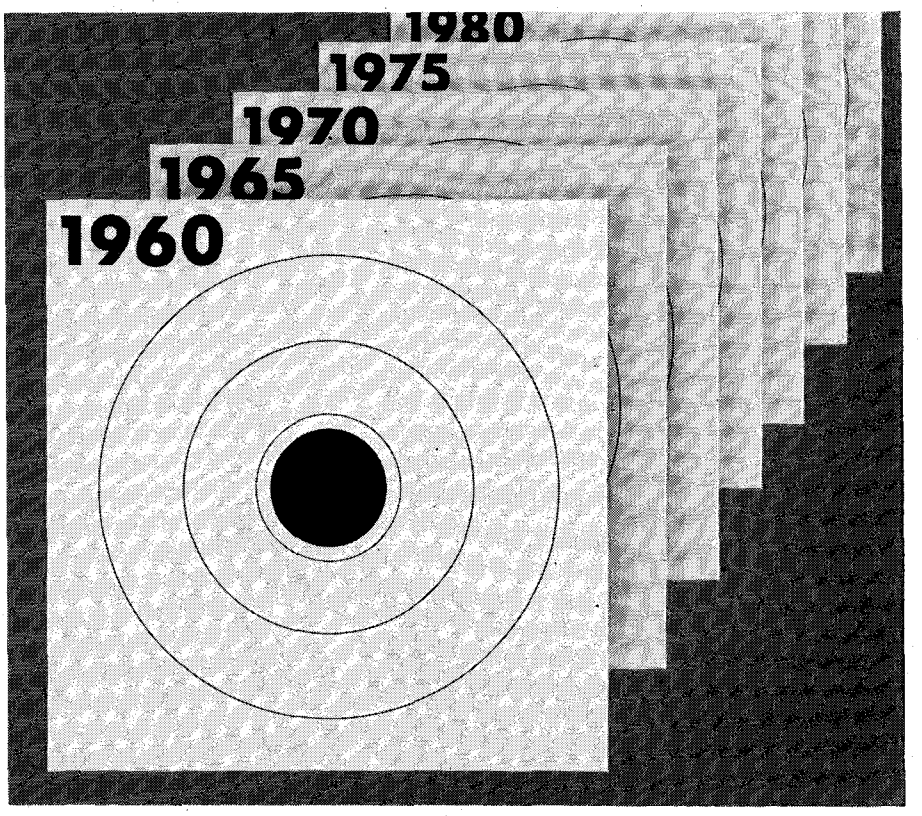


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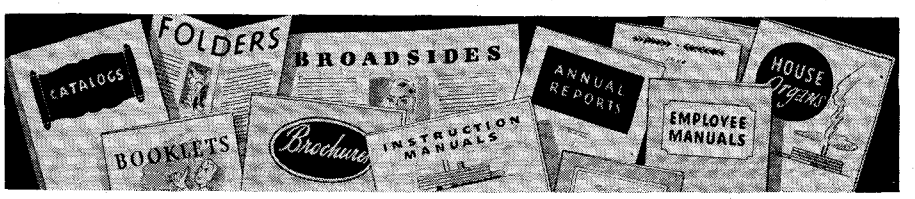


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makes you think twice about his temper and objectivity, and if you're not careful, it can influence your own objectivity.

However, careful scrutiny of the columns I wrote during that period shows that I never joined the journalistic wolf pack which beset Harry S. Truman. But I did ride herd on some of his cronies, from George Allen, the White House jester, to John Maragon, the ex-Kansas City bootblack who had a special White House pass and a special parking slot at the White House. And I paid tribute from time to time to the swaggering, wire-pulling operations of Gen. Harry Vaughan. On the other hand. I supported Truman's major policies.

About four months after the end of the war I accidentally stepped on one of Mr. Truman's corns by my support for the return of American troops from overseas. I got sympathetically embroiled in the controversy started when millions of wives and mothers demanded that their husbands and sons be sent home.

Thousands of letters poured into my office. Hundreds of long-distance phone calls came from all over the country. The war was over, and men with wives and families could see no reason why they should not come home. No explanation was given them regarding our continuing obligations overseas. The GI's saw their superior officers go home while they stayed, and they wrote me about it.

So I took up the cudgels for them publicly. The mail became a deluge. One day brought in a petition with 30,000 signatures from GI's in a single theater, in the Philippines, and my staff urged me to take the signatures to the White House. Somewhat against my better judgment, I did so. I told Press Secretary Charley Ross that I wanted to present the petitions to the President. When I was allowed to see Mr. Truman, I got the bawling-out of my life. I stood in front of his desk like a schoolboy, the bundle of 30,000 signatures under my arm, while he proceeded to tell me what he thought of me.

Shortly before coming in to see the President I had reported that Mrs. Truman had traveled in a special car from St. Louis to Washington. This was a mistake. I had corrected the error and apologized, but I never should have bearded the lion in his White House den while this blunder was fresh in his mind.

Harry Truman's womenfolk are sacred to him, and he bore down heavily on this point. Then he went on to another complaint.

"You're undermining my foreign policy," he stormed. "I have to keep those troops abroad. We can't tell what's going to happen. Russia is not demobilizing, and we can't demobilize either."

Feebly, I murmured something about at least letting the boys overseas know what the score was. But you can't argue with the President of the United States. I stood, listened, finally managed to deposit the 30,000 signatures on his desk, and almost ran for the door.

It was an incident which I take no pleasure in remembering. For Mr. Truman was right. Not only had I been in error about Mrs. Truman but he was right about too speedy demobilization of American troops.

It is true that the Army and Navy had bungled the demobilization program miserably. They had let officers with pull go home, while men and officers with no pull stayed overseas. They had failed to explain the reasons for keeping a reasonably large force overseas.

Still, Mr. Truman was right in saying that he needed United States troops abroad to strengthen his bargaining position with the Kremlin.

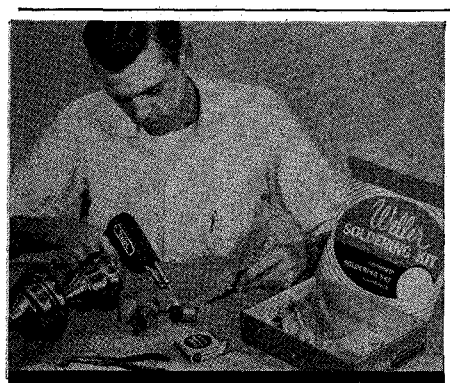
That was how I got bawled out by the President of the United States. The story of that bawling-out was promptly embellished, chiefly by Mr. Truman himself. By the time he got through telling his version to my colleagues of the press, it had no resemblance to the facts. According to his version, he pulled open a drawer of his desk, pointed to a silver-handled revolver, and said, "Drew, the next time you write anything about my wife I'm going to shoot you."

It's a much better story that way, but it did not happen. There was no revolver, and Mr. Truman made no threats. Mr. Truman has told the story so many times I'm sure he's firmly convinced it happened that way, but it didn't.

All this occurred in the fall of 1945, and it was not until four years later, February 22, 1949, that Mr. Truman referred to me publicly in language that I am sure he had used on many occasions privately.

In the interim I had supported most of his major policies—the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine for Turkey and Greece, his courageous stand on the railroad strike and on John L. Lewis's coal strike, and his tough battle for inflation control and price supports. But I had also continued to expose some of the cronies around him, and some of the income-tax evasion and influence peddling which marred the major achievements of his administration.

During that four-year period, readers of my column did not know that I was deep in the White House doghouse. And I saw no reason for advertising the fact. At the same time, I was extremely close to most of Mr. Truman's Cabinet members, although I was anathema to his little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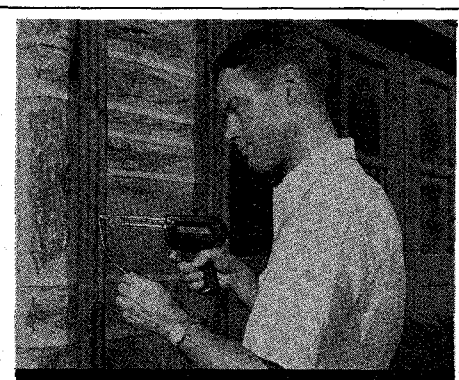
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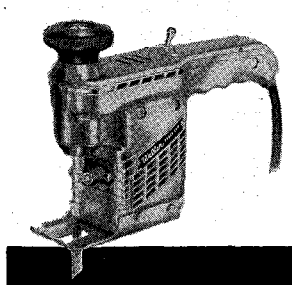

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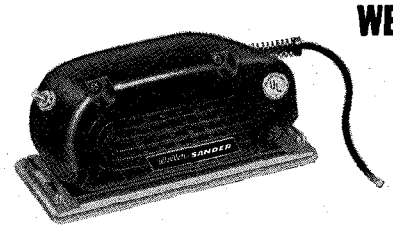

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group of White House aides—the palace guard. They viewed me with unconcealed hatred, and made sure the President shared their view. To this end they made it a point to show the President the critical columns I wrote, holding back the favorable columns.

Chief Justice Fred Vinson once told me how he had remonstrated with Mr. Truman and urged him to patch up our feud. He was unsuccessful. Yet while incurring the enmity of the palace guard, I was able to tap Mr. Truman's personal White House fund for $7000 to pay for posters for the Friendship Train.

This occurred in the fall of 1947. We had collected $10,000,000 worth of food for Western Europe, and we needed several thousand posters in the French and Italian languages to be placed on our boxcars in Europe to make plain that the food was a gift from the American people. But we were flat broke and unable to pay for the printing. Finally, a friend at the State Department arranged to pay for the posters out of Mr. Truman's confidential-expense fund. I don't believe he knew, or will know until he reads The Saturday Evening Post this week, that we tapped his fund.

I cannot claim that I had much influence on the Truman policies, except negatively. If I wrote in praise of anyone, it was likely to hurt him at the White House. If I was critical of anyone, it was likely to help him.

When I reported that the appointment of John Snyder as Secretary of the Treasury would be a mistake, Mr. Truman next day appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. When he was about to appoint a new Secretary of Commerce and I was about to predict on the radio that his choice was O. Max Gardner, of North Carolina, Bob Hannegan, then Postmaster General, phoned me twenty minutes before I went on the air to caution me.

"They're going to announce it while you're on the air," he warned. "They want to catch you off base."

Hastily, I revised my radio script. Sure enough, at 6.10 P.M., while I was on the air, the White House announced Averell Harriman as the new Secretary of Commerce.

The game did not get really rough, however, until the winter of 1949, when I staged a one-man picket line in front of the Argentine Embassy in protest against the award of an Argentine medal from Dictator Perón to Gen. Harry Vaughan.

For some time I had been showing up the manner in which General Vaughan had been using his privileged position inside the White House to do favors for friends and lobbyists. I had also been attacking Dictator Perón, of Argentina, as no friend of the United States. When Perón awarded a special decoration to General Vaughan, I called attention to the fact that George Washington had set a precedent, later enacted into law, that no official of the United States Government could receive a gift or decoration from a foreign government without a special act of congress.

Congress thereupon considered an act permitting General Vaughan to receive a medal from the Argentine Government, but did not pass it. When General Vaughan made it clear he would accept the medal anyway, I carried the following item on a radio broadcast, January 30, 1949:

"The Ambassador of Argentina has issued specially engraved invitations to the Truman Cabinet and Washington society to see General Harry Vaughan, the President's military aide, receive his special decoration from Dictator Perón—at the very same time we are supposed to be discouraging dictators in Latin America. Next Friday, when this ceremony takes place, I am going to be at the door of the Argentine Embassy and will publish the names of those who go to see Harry Vaughan receive his dictatorial decoration."

I was not at all sure when I made this broadcast that I really would picket the Argentine Embassy. But having made the threat, I was stuck with it.

So I stood in the rain in front of the Argentine Embassy feeling like a fool and ostentatiously taking the names of guests who came to see Harry Vaughan decorated. Most of the guests who entered by the front door were foreign military attachés—few Americans came in that way.

However I had taken the precaution of sending one of my assistants inside the embassy, and he noted those who sneaked in the back door—among them Stuart Symington, then Secretary of the Air Force.

Having made something of an ass of myself and having got thoroughly soaked in the rain, I caught a train to New York, joined the French Gratitude Train, and for the next four weeks covered most of the U.S.A. helping Frenchmen meet state governors, address state legislatures and distribute souvenirs.

Returning home, I promised my wife that I would stick to my own fireside for a change; I would even spend one evening with her without answering the telephone.

The telephone rang. I didn't answer it. I exercised the greatest self-control exercised by a newspaperman. I even turned to my wife to get full credit for my self-restraint. Later the phone rang again—a long, compelling ring. Unable to resist any longer, I picked up the receiver. It was the Associated Press informing me that President Truman, speaking at the Army-Navy Country Club in honor of General Vaughan, had referred to me as an S.O.B.

Mr. Truman had not however, mentioned me by name. Why the Associated Press with unerring, unflattering accuracy immediately telephoned me is a point which I should prefer to have forgotten. But call me they did.

That Sunday on my regular radio broadcast I replied:

"Last week, Brotherhood Week, the President of the United States threw a


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**The nights of that last week before Christmas are often haunted ones for folks who keep putting off the start of their Christmas shopping. Don't you be caught! Order Christmas gift subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST now and go merrily on your way, knowing your shopping worries are behind you. The POST is an ideal gift for nearly everyone in your list, and it's so convenient.**

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**TUNA CAPRI**

*(enough to fill 8 toast cups—serves 4)*

**8 slices fresh bread**
**3 tbsps. butter**
**1¾ cups milk**
**¼ tsp. salt**
**Softened butter**
**½ cup Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese**
**3 tbsps. flour**
**½ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce**
**⅛ tsp. pepper**
**2 tbsps. chopped pimiento**
**1 can (7-oz.) tuna fish, drained**

Cut crusts from bread. Spread both sides with the softened butter. Press into cups of 2-inch muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 10 to 12 minutes. While toast cups are baking, melt 3 tbsps. butter in saucepan. Stir in flour. Gradually add milk, and stir to blend well. Add seasonings. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is thickened.

Stir in cheese. Be sure you use Borden's. For only Borden's brings you this perfect blend of *two* fine Italian cheeses. Dry, sharp Parmesan and rich, full-flavored Romano. Cook over low heat until cheese is melted. Add pimiento and tuna fish. Spoon into toast cups and sprinkle with additional cheese.

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name in my direction not meant to be exactly brotherly. However, what he called me is not important and I shall continue to support his program when he is working for the good of the nation; though I shall continue to urge that he appoint good men to carry out that program.

"But my real reply to President Truman is to suggest that at this, the end of Brotherhood Week, he join me in converting those rather ugly initials into a new meaning. . . .

"These are days, Mr. President, when the world can use a lot of brotherhood. So I'm going to take those initials, Mr. President, and use them proudly, in an entirely different way. I would like to suggest that in the future, we . . . make them mean 'servants of brotherhood' and that we form a new militant crusading order of servants of brotherhood to promote better understanding between our neighbors here at home and our friends abroad. For the President of the United States today must not only be the dignified leader of his country but the father of the world."


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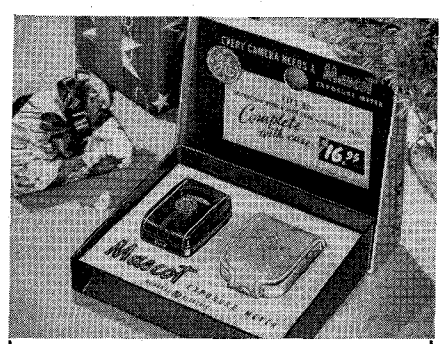

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

583-21


In the late summer of 1949 I was sitting on the beach at Santa Barbara, California, on the first day of a long-delayed vacation. My wife and I had hired a drive-it-yourself car and nobody knew where we were going, because we didn't know, ourselves. I didn't have to write a column for two weeks or give a radio broadcast for three.

Suddenly, as we sat munching sandwiches, a reporter from the Santa Barbara News-Press bore down upon us. Being a vain person, I was pleased that I should be spotted while traveling incognito. My wife was not. After that, our whereabouts were no longer secret, and that night I got a call from my assistant in Washington. The White House, I was informed, had ordered the Internal Revenue Bureau to put two crack agents to work checking my income tax.

Gen. Harry Vaughan, I suspected, was active again. Vaughan by this time was under Senate investigation, an inquiry which comfirmed some of the things I had written about him, including the favors he had done for lobbyist friends. Vaughan undoubtedly figured I was feeding the investigators. Originally this was true.

The tax agents spent a lot of time in my office and a lot more time checking in other places. In the end they gave me an extra bill for twenty-five dollars. A dinner Mrs. Pearson and I had given for Chief Justice Vinson, the agents ruled, was not deductible as an entertainment expense because you are not supposed to influence or get news from the Supreme Court. I didn't argue.

I felt vindicated by the Senate investigating committee and turned to other news.

It was Senator McCarthy, believe it or not, who was indirectly responsible for bringing about a reconciliation between me and Mr. Truman. McCarthy had started an investigation of Truman shortly after he left the White House in the winter of 1953, and I phoned Mr. Truman in Kansas City to tell him about it. I had not spoken to him since that day in 1945 when he gave me the bawling-out of my life.

Naturally I was nervous. But Truman came on the phone with a cheery, "Hello, Drew," as if nothing had happened during those eight stormy years.

"Mr. President," I said, "I think you ought to know that Senator McCarthy is investigating you. He says you stole $10,000 worth of steel filing cabinets to put your papers in when you left the White House."

"If McCarthy wants to investigate me," replied Mr. Truman, "he'd better get his facts straight or he'll find the rear end of his anatomy in a sling."

He did not, however, use those exact words.

"I bought those steel filing cabinets, and I have the receipts to prove it," said Mr. Truman. "Let him investigate."

It was a straight newspaper call. Mr. Truman handled it as if nothing had ever happened between us, as did I.

Two months later, he came to Washington, and a mutual friend suggested that I drop in to see him at his suite in the Mayflower Hotel. I kept an arranged appointment. Mr. Truman was the height of cordiality, and acted as if I were a lifelong friend.

I told him of a suggestion I had made to Dean Acheson during Truman's last year as President that he, Truman, take a goodwill trip to Europe, a sort of whistle-stop trip to win friends for the U.S.A.

"Yes, Dean told me about that," Truman replied, "and he told me you suggested it."

I had specifically asked Dean not to tell him it was my idea, because of Truman's unfailing negative reaction to everything I did or said.

"You know, I'd love to go abroad," Truman continued reflectively. "I've never seen Rome or the ruins of Pompeii. I'd love to go to France—I used to know every path in those hills behind the Vosges front. I'd sure like to go back. And I'd like to go to Israel to see that village they named after me. I'd like to spend several months just roaming around. But," he said, "these people wouldn't like it. They're watching me, keeping an eye on everything I do."

I didn't realize at first what he meant by "these people," but gradually gathered that he meant Eisenhower. For he went on to express his hurt that the new President had not invited him to the White House.

"The first thing I did when I became President was to invite Herbert Hoover back to the White House," Truman explained. "I told him I wanted him to consider it his home whenever he came to Washington. But I haven't been invited back and it looks like I won't be. So if I went abroad now it would look as if I was interfering with their foreign policy, and I want to be very careful not to do that."

As he finished talking, Mrs. Truman came into the room—the lady whose reaction to me had caused the first furious break between Mr. Truman and myself.

---

A football coach's toughest problems are defensive linebackers and offensive alumni.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

"Bess," said Mr. Truman, "you know Drew."

Mrs. Truman smiled, shook hands. They were late for a luncheon and I departed.

I have had several talks with Mr. Truman since then. Whenever I go through Kansas City, I stop off to see him. He has more ideas to the minute than most men, and I get a kick out of listening to him. When I began my first television series of interviews, he consented to open it. He knew it was good box office—an interview between the ex-President and the newsman he had once called an S.O.B.

In none of these conversations have I ever mentioned our past unpleasantness, nor has he. As a newspaperman, I have come to learn that politicians habitually blow off steam. Besides, maybe Mr. Truman had provocation.

The only time Mr. Truman has come close to mentioning that unpleasantness was when he was in Washington for the Sam Rayburn dinner in April, 1955. I was entering the Mayflower dining room for lunch one day when Charley Murphy hailed me.

"There's a guy over here who wants to see you," he said.

I figured it was some lobbyist, but walked over to his table. The "guy" was Harry Truman.

"That was a swell column you had today," he said. "I always like to read the Washington Post for two reasons—Herblock and your column—now." He gave me a nudge and a knowing wink.

I have learned that whenever I go to Kansas City to see Mr. Truman, he gets a letter afterward from his onetime military aide, Gen. Harry Vaughan, which reads:

"I still think he's an S.O.B."

This is the second of four articles by Mr. Pearson. The third will appear next week—The Editors

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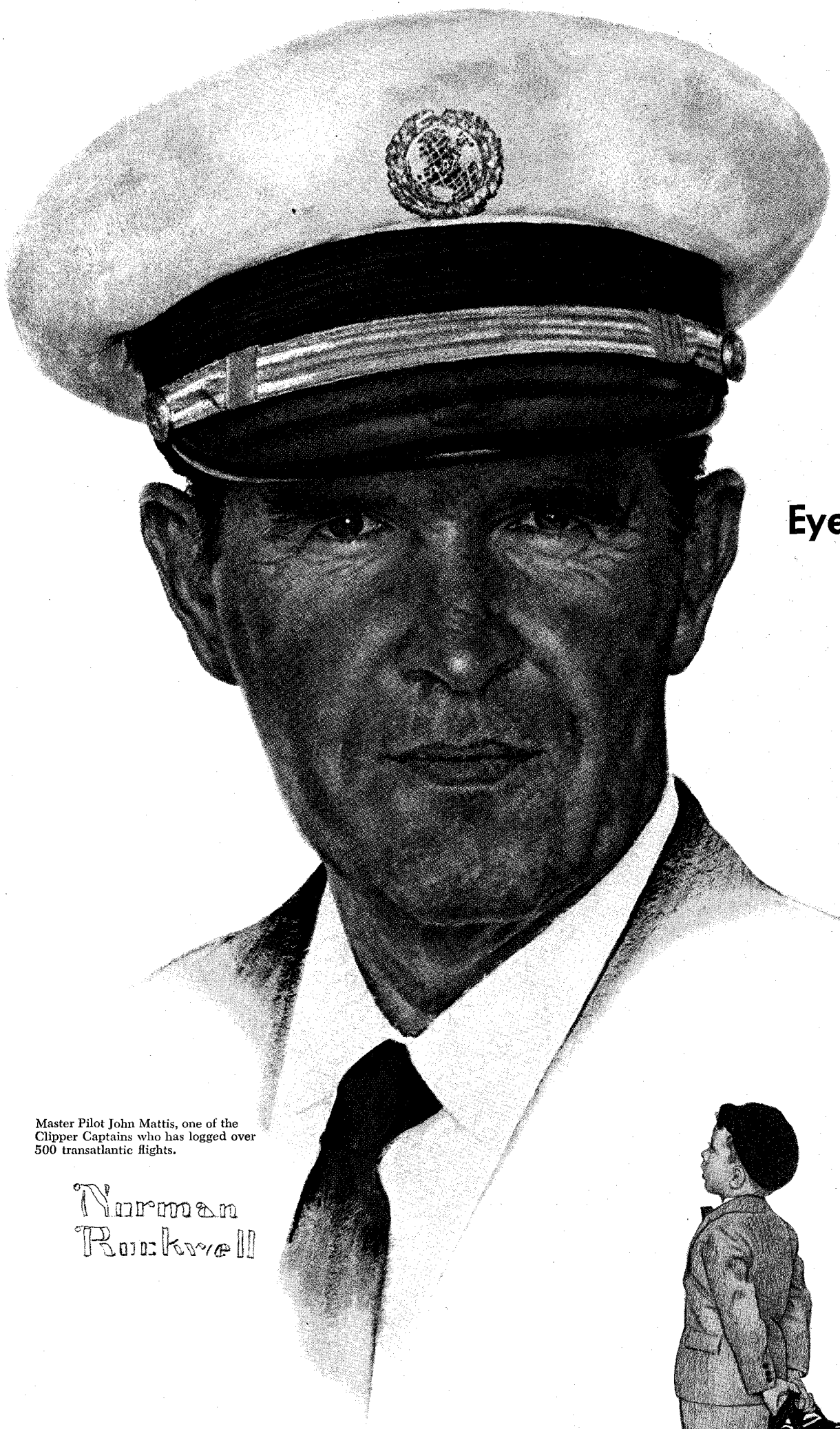

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Norman Rockwell

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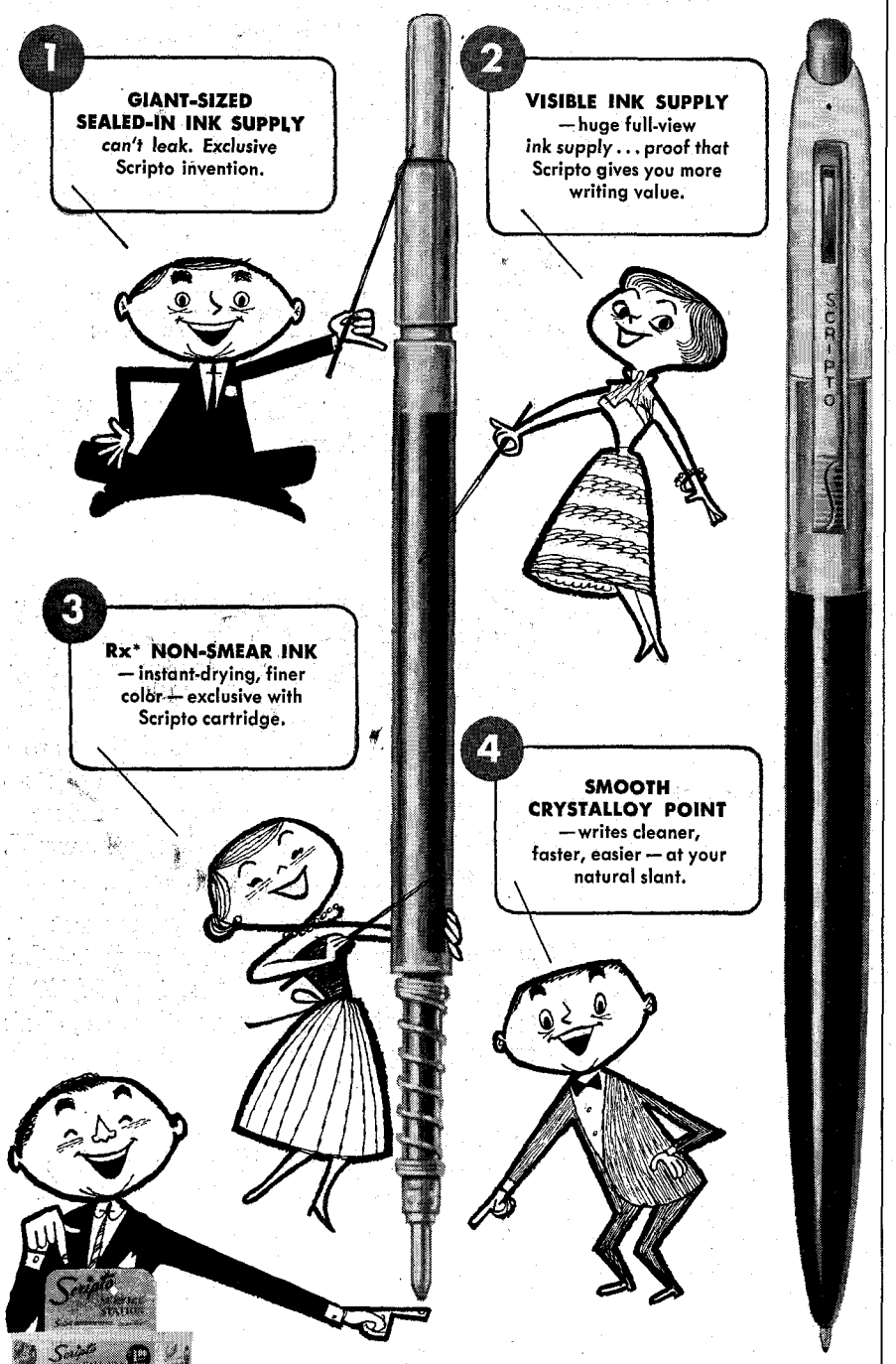
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## The Secret of Shining Brook

(Continued from Page 43)

here—the arrival and activities of Moffitt and his gunman, Bones Leary. But it doesn't add up. You, Miss Quinto, were close to J. A. Baldwin. Can you help me?"

"I'm sorry."

"Can't or won't?" he demanded.

"You'll have to take your choice," she told him.

"But you're here," he said. "Of all the places in the world where you might have hidden, you came to Shining Brook Field."

"There's Aunt Violet and Uncle Pythagoras Magin," she said with raised brows. "A girl must be chaperoned."

Down the road at a jogging trot came a girl on a shaggy pony. She wore a shirt open at the throat and a floppy hat. Archy looked at her with puckered brows, and then at Boots Quinto. Unquestionably there were two girls, though at a distance it might be difficult to tell which was which. When the girl dismounted and went up the steps to enter the store, there was little of similarity except size and shape of body. It was a common little face that displayed itself under the smudged hat; not a homely face, but rather a sullen-pretty face that somehow made one think of waywardness. She did not glance at Archy or Boots as she walked into the store, nor did she look at them when she emerged with bundles in her arms and remounted her pony.

"Two peas in a pod," Archy grinned.

"Maybe from behind," Boots said, peering after the girl.

"Who is she?" Archy asked idly.

From the doorway Mrs. Magin said acidly, "A flibbertigibbet. Lolly Grebus. Lives with her grandpa and grandma on a farm down the road. Leave her run wild. Juke boxes and beer!" Her voice fairly crackled. "She'll git her comeuppance."

"Can't be," said Archy, "much scope for the wild free life back here."

"If ye want it," snapped Mrs. Magin, "ye kin find it in the Sahary Desert."

"Yup," said Mr. Magin over her shoulder. "An' Shinin' Brook is gittin' to be a kind of a sort of a tumultuous settlement. Yup. And jest wait till this here oil field gits to whizzin' full blast!"

Silence ensued. Each of the four was busied with his own thoughts. Mr. Magin was the first to break the silence.

"Mrs. Magin," he said formally to his bristling wife, "I calc'late we got to pull up stakes again 'n' move on. We're abein' ketched up with once more."

"Mr. Magin," she replied with equal formality, "here I bide. I hain't agoin' to be shoved on ag'in seekin' what hain't to be found. The' hain't no oasis no more where a body kin set 'n' be serene." She turned beady-bright eyes upon Archy Butts. "Time was," she said, "when ye could dodge off to one side out of the b'ilin' current of things 'n' hide away. But that there day is past 'n' gone, young spriggins. The whole world's so flooded with folks stampedin' after they don't know what that there jest hain't no spot left fur a hermit to do his hermitin' in. . . . No, Mr. Magin, I'm adiggin' in my heels. Here I bide, come hell or high water."

Mr. Magin regarded his wife thoughtfully, possibly indulgently. "Whatever ye say, Mrs. Magin," he responded. "Whatever ye decide is all right with me." Then

## The Perfect Squelch

Soon after coming to New York from Iowa, young Bostwick became far more sophisticated than any of his Eastern acquaintances. He cultivated a world-weary attitude, affected what he thought was an Oxford accent, and frequently spoke of people living west of the Hudson as though they were primitive.

Once, while discussing a new play, he was especially critical of the general level of American intelligence. The play's message, he explained, was obviously over the heads of most. Its special quality simply couldn't be appreciated by any but a select Manhattan audience. "I wonder," he said finally, "what the people in the provinces will make of it?"

"Well, Bostwick," one of his bored audience said brightly, "you might write home and find out."

**Frederic Reeve**

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he nodded, not without vigor. "But, Mrs. Magin," he said, "ye can't jest bide. Ye got to scratch gravel."

Her shoe-button eyes gleamed. "I druther," she said, "be the hammer that drives than the nail that's bein' druve. Wouldn't be surprised if I got a talent fur it. . . . Naow, what in tunket's that atraipsin' daown the road towards us?"

The figure that approached from the direction of the main highway was indeed one to excite comment. At a distance it appeared to be a hunchback of outsized proportions, but as the man approached the corner, it was to be seen that he was not malformed. The thing upon his back was not a hump, but an enormous pack under whose weight his great legs strode with rhythmic ease. He wore no hat, but a tumpline passed around his forehead, helping to sustain the weight of the pack. His stride was the easy stride of the forest runner capable of traversing incredible distances in a day's march.

The four sitting on the stoop of the store watched his approach in silence. The bearer of the pack reached the corner and turned, coming to a stop in front of the store. He eased his pack to the ground and turned a round face under a luxuriant thatch of yellow hair. The eyes were big and round and mild; the broad mouth was smiling; the whole expression was vague and kindly.

"Would this," he asked in a deep and musical voice, "be the Pansy Grove store?"

"This is Pansy Grove," answered Mr. Magin.

"Then," said the stranger, "I have not gone astray." He smiled, made a sort of salute with a huge, sinewy hand. "Peace be with you all," he said.

"And upon your house," Archy Butts responded automatically in Arabic.

"What's your business with Pansy Grove store?" demanded Mrs. Magin.

"None," responded the stranger. "It was a landmark furnished me at which I should turn to the left."

"Looking for work?" Archy asked.

The stranger shook his head. "For solitude," he answered.

"The' hain't no sich thing," snapped Mrs. Magin. "What would you do with it if you found it?"

"Contemplate," said the stranger, "for forty days and forty nights." He smiled broadly. "My name is John," he said.

"Relative of John the Baptist?" asked Mr. Magin.

"Without kith or kin; without friend or relation," said the man cheerfully. He pointed down the road. "Is the river yonder?" he asked.

"Six, seven mile," said Mr. Magin.

"I shall camp upon its bank," he said. "There I shall fast and mortify the flesh until I achieve worthiness."

"Fur what?" demanded Mrs. Magin.

"That," said the man named John, "will be revealed to me."

He lifted his great pack, fitted it upon his shoulders, with a strap around his forehead.

"Peace be with you," he said again. He did not look behind him as his easy stride carried him away.

"Wa-al," said Mr. Magin, "what you'll see in the woods when ye hain't got a gun!"

"Crazy as a coot," contributed Mrs. Magin.

Archy Butts' eyes were bleak, his lips compressed. "What isn't possible," he said thinly, "isn't so."

"Did you feel it, too, Mr. Butts?" asked Boots Quinto.

"Feel what?" he asked, scowling.

"A shudder," she said, "a premonition."

"What I felt," Archy said gravely, "was an aversion. As from a snake."

"Do you know that man?" Boots Quinto asked. "It seemed to me that you recognized him."

"No," he answered, "I never saw him before."

"But," she persisted, "you've heard of him."

"Around the campfires," he said with a rueful smile, "you hear stories of evil jinn. Nobody offers proof that they exist."

"If he does exist," persisted Boots, "whose side would he be on?"

"No side but his own, so the storytellers say. A lone wolf, but one with strong, sharp teeth."

She peered off into the distance. "There's something about him," she said uneasily. "Like a magnet. Something bad—but that attracts."

She drew her shoulders together as if a cold finger had touched her bare back. "I hope—I hope I never shall see him again."

Mrs. Magin snorted. "Even at my age," she said dryly, "I got an inkling what ye mean. Yup. Kind of primitive, out of the jungle before folks started to count time. That feller wouldn't of had to drag wimmen to his cave by the hair of their heads. All he'd of needed to do was stand 'n' squint his eye at 'em."

"Like," Boots said slowly, "a snake charming a bird."

"Only more so," agreed Mrs. Magin. "I calc'late," she said, and there was grimness in her voice, "the only way of dealin' with sich a critter is to exterminate it."

"Lawless," said Mr. Magin reprovingly.


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Archy leaned toward Boots. "When you go riding on that pony of yours," he said, "keep away from the river."

"That," she answered, "you may depend upon."

"Not," he said, "that it's any of my business."

"Definitely," she retorted, "none of your business."

He stood up.

"Duty calls," he said and, seating himself behind the wheel of his car, he drove toward headquarters. Mrs. Magin made an inelegant noise. "Who," she demanded of Boots, "do you think you're afoolin'?"

Field superintendent Riggs finished off his apple pie and reached for a third cup of coffee. "In my day," he said, "I've seen almost anything short of the tool pusher himself lost down the hole. Lunch boxes, head of a sledge hammer, an alarm clock, logging chain. There's a perversity about it. Anything lying loose seems bound and determined to get down the hole. And what goes down must be fished out."

Lumpy Sawyer, who had a weakness for statistics, contributed to the conversation. "You got to figure," he said, "that two per cent of the time of a rotary rig is spent fishing. Take, say, six hundred dollars as the cost of a day's work. That means twelve dollars a day goes up the spout for fishing things out of the hole that have no business being in it. Project it," young Sawyer continued. "How many hundreds of thousands of dollars go up the spout in a big field like this just for yanking foreign substances out of the hole?"

"If it runs over two per cent," Riggs said ruefully, "there's explaining to be done. We've been running close to four per cent at Pansy Grove Number One."

"The good ol' hex," said Lumpy. He got up, stretching, kicked open the door and walked toward the trailer. Presently Archy Butts found him, musical instrument on his abdomen, experimenting with chords. He reared up on his elbow. "Tonight," he said, "being Saturday night and all, and all hands with money in their pockets, I think I'll drive over to Shining Brook to watch the innocent caperings of the local proletariat."

"Is that a good idea, Lumpy?" Archy asked. "The boys'll be feeling their oats tonight. If somebody doesn't like you—as I hear is possible—mightn't he, or they, get exhilarated to the point where they'd take steps?"

"Could be," Lumpy answered. "Might be informative."

"If you're dead set on it," Archy said, "I'll trot along to chaperon."

It was, as Lumpy said, Saturday night. Skinners, tool pushers, roustabouts and roughnecks would be celebrating the end of a week of backbreaking toil. Whoever went to town tonight must be ready for come what may.

"I've kind of let it be noised around," Lumpy said, "that I would be present in person. The boys might feel they'd been short-changed if I didn't show up."

They drove to Shining Brook, which in another few months would offer greatly augmented opportunities for relaxation. On almost every vacant lot a building was being erected, some devoted to such sedate private enterprises as the grocery or the drugstore, but most of them to the more garish variety of commerce where one might dance or drink or even find some game where he might hazard the week's wages burning a hole in the pocket.

They parked in a convenient spot and walked to a crude, low, broad frame building with a false front and neon lights. Inside were bare wooden tables, a space for dancing, a bar and a blaring jukebox. The place was not yet a quarter full, for it was early in the evening. Archy and Lumpy chose a table halfway down the room and against the wall. They would have preferred a corner table, but others with strategic foresight had pre-empted those choice defensive positions.

An overweight man with a cauliflower ear came in and lounged up to the bar.

"The local law," Lumpy said. "What they call the town cop. Like the old-time Western marshal, only not so much so."

"Strictly village, eh?"

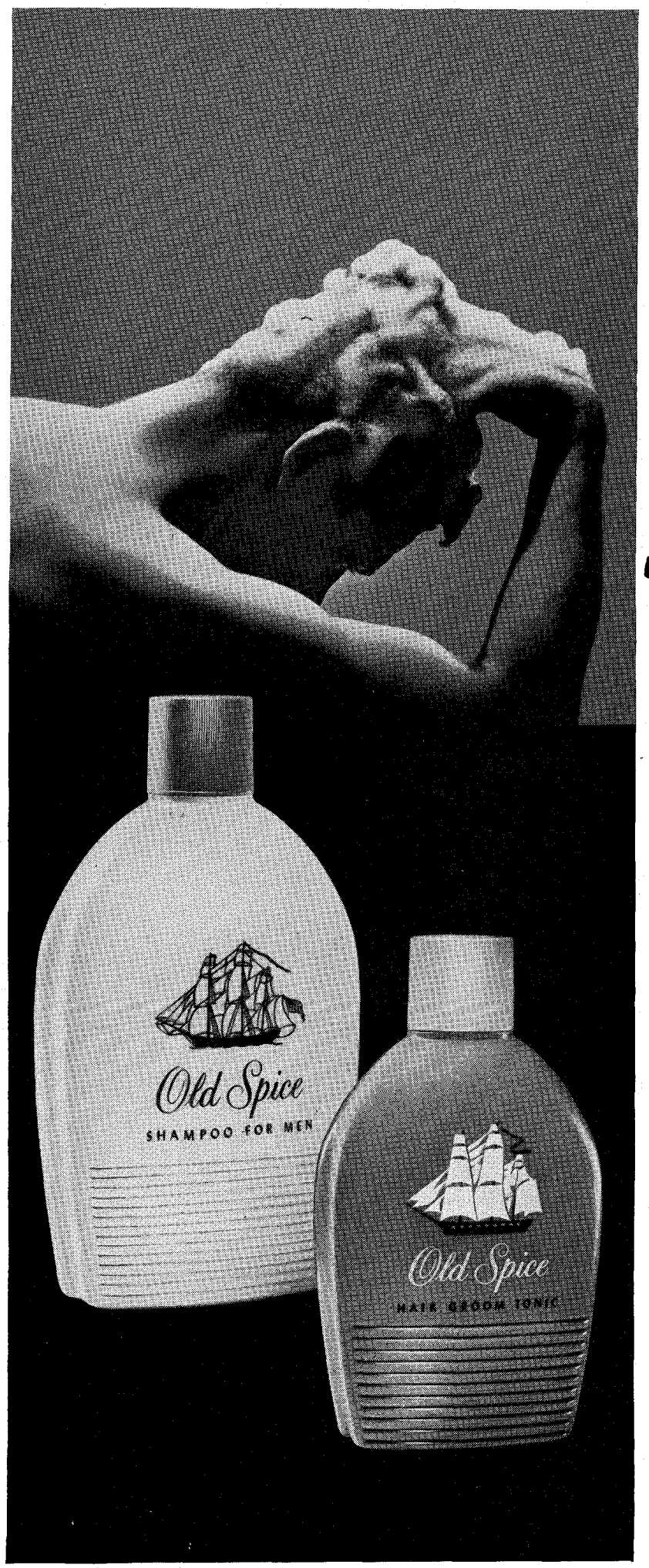
"Just a six-minute egg hired by the so-called local municipality to sit on the safety valve. More in the nature of a bouncer than a peace officer."

Archy nodded. It seemed primitive and of dubious efficiency.

"But," he asked, "suppose we needed a pinch or real law enforcement out in Shining Brook Field. Where would we get it—if any?"

"You'd get it—and plenty," Lumpy told him. "Ever hear tell of the Mounties? Royal Canadian Mounted Police? They're a federal body, but they take on local police duties. Sort of a combination of FBI, Secret Service, state constabulary, and county sheriff's office. Big cities like Montreal and Quebec and Calgary and Edmonton have their own police forces. But the Mounties do the policing in the outlying areas. A detachment at Entwistle has jurisdiction over this region."

As the room filled, the proportion of the patrons was about ten males to one female. The unrestrained clatter of voices added itself to the blaring of the jukebox, the clinking of glasses, the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shuffling of feet to create a raucous symphony of crude merrymaking. It was not gay; it was not refined. It was simply noisy and undisciplined.

The town cop, who had been in genial conversation at the bar, turned abruptly and surveyed the hall as if looking for something to which his attention had been directed. His eyes came to rest upon Lumpy and Archy and, detaching himself from his place at the bar, he strode purposefully toward them. At their table he halted, resting gnarled knuckles upon the wooden surface, and bent over them in a manner that could in no wise be mistaken as hospitable.

"You the guitar-playin' feller they call Lumpy?" he demanded.

"Could be," Lumpy answered.

"I don't want no trouble tonight," said the officer.

"That's a dandy wish," Lumpy said. "I hope it comes true. But why advertise it to us, Connor?"

"Because," Connor said, "a dickeybird tells me you ain't popular. The way I hear it, you come to town with a chip on your shoulder, kind of askin' for trouble."

Archy Butts eased himself back in his chair and allowed Lumpy to handle it. After all, it was Lumpy's party and he was only a passenger. He hoped Lumpy knew what he was doing and had not come here merely out of bravado.

"So we're a war party?" Lumpy asked.

"That," said Connor, "is how it was told to me. Why don't you scram out of town?"

"Are you giving us the bum's rush?" Lumpy wanted to know.

"I can't do that till you give me cause," Connor said, "but I'd be pleasured if you'd skedaddle."

"Sorry," Lumpy said, "but we'll stay awhile. We're plumb peaceable sightseers and, as such, entitled to police protection so long as we behave ourselves. Do we get shelter under your wing?" He shook a humorously minatory head at Connor. "Your technique has lumps in it," he said blandly. "You've laid your foundation in a clarion voice for all to hear. You've let fly your warning. So now, you declare, whatever happens is our fault."

"You're askin' for it," Connor said morosely.

Lumpy turned to Archy and spread his hands with an expressive gesture. "The local police," he said, "are incorruptible. They are impartial."

"I've warned you folks," Connor said. "If you provoke trouble, you hain't entitled to no protection." With that he straightened his broad back and lurched away.

"And that," Lumpy said cheerfully, "was the prologue. Now comes the opera."

Archy jerked a thumb toward the entrance. "Interesting new arrivals," he said, as Leon Moffitt, immaculate in city clothes, followed by Bones Leary, entered and walked up the aisle in search of a table.

"Now, now," said Lumpy. "This I didn't expect. I would have thought those two would have been conspicuously elsewhere."

Moffitt caught sight of Archy and Lumpy, and waved a friendly salute. "Didn't know you went in for local café society, Butts," he said.

"All work and no play," Archy replied, "brings on duodenal ulcers." He looked over Moffitt's shoulders into the pale, baleful eyes of Bones Leary. "Your pilot fish," he said, "doesn't seem to be in holiday humor."

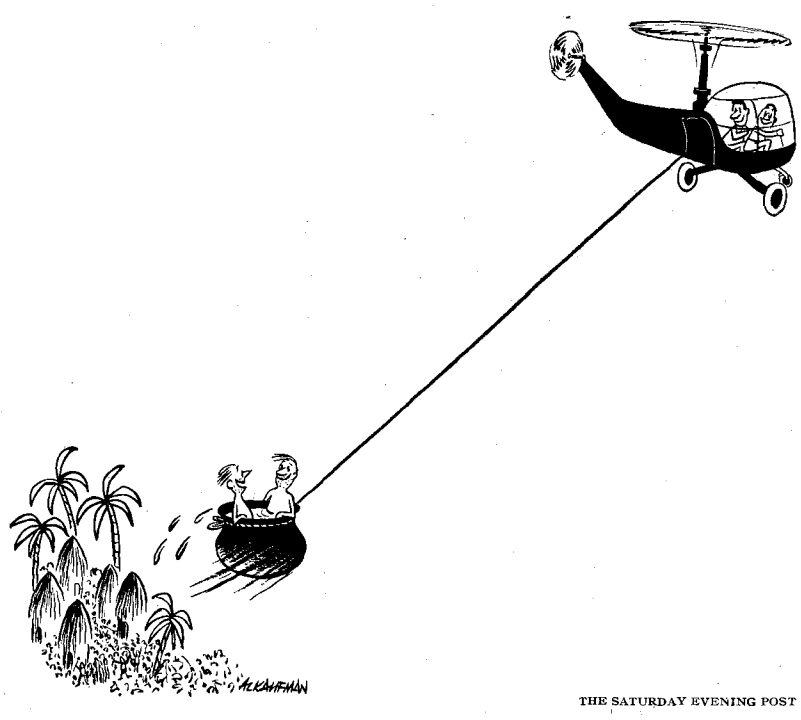
"People," answered Moffitt carelessly, "have their likes and dislikes. Bones just doesn't like you." He shrugged. "I point out your merits, but he sticks to his prejudice. You rather made him lose face at the Pansy Grove store the other day."

"An object lesson seemed indicated," Archy said. He peered into Bones' eyes. "Hopped up tonight, isn't he? Better company that way, is he?"

Leary snarled. "Say the word, boss," he whispered harshly. "A little more and he gets it if you say the word or not."

"He finds you irritating, Butts," Moffitt said, showing his even white teeth in a friendly smile. "He's impulsive, but I hold him with restraining hand." His smile widened. "By the way," he said, "Miss Quinto must have been impressed by your marksmanship." This he tossed off casually, as if it were an observation of no importance.

Moffitt's eyes were quizzical, as if he expected to enjoy the effects of his announcement upon Archy Butts, but Archy disappointed the man. It had indeed been unexpected, a shock, but Archy managed to preserve an untroubled face. There always had been the possibility that Moffitt was aware of Boots Quinto's identity, of her presence at Pansy Grove store. There always had been the possibility that Bones Leary's



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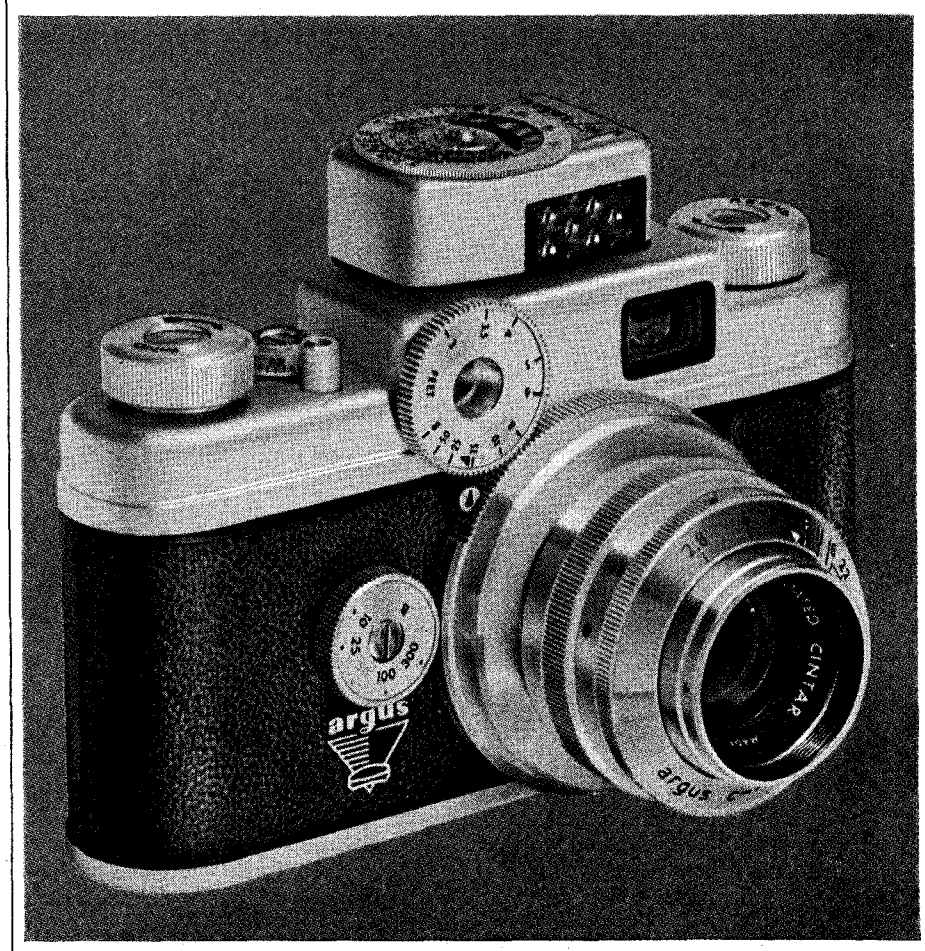


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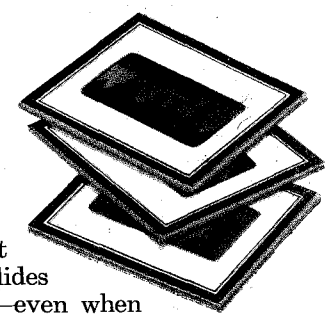

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interest in the store and in Boots had not been a personal interest, but a business interest. It was not so much the fact of Moffitt's knowledge that startled Archy as it was the casual manner of its disclosure. To Archy it seemed that Moffitt would have preferred to withhold his knowledge—that there might be advantage in appearing to be ignorant. Archy's mind was searching for the reason that moved Moffitt, but he could not perceive it. What, Archy, asked himself, could the man gain by thus blurting out the fact?

"Miss Quinto," Archy said evenly, "doesn't impress easily."

"She's a skeesicks," Moffitt said smilingly. "An attractive skeesicks. How much do you know about her, Butts?"

"Very little," Archy said. "But I find that little to my liking."

"Make a cute little playmate, wouldn't she?"

"She would, indeed," Archy said, feeling his way.

"That," Moffitt said blandly, "is what J. A. Baldwin thought. And J. A. Baldwin is dead. It's a fact worth pondering. The New York police are pondering it."

"Would you," Archy asked, "be trying to prejudice me against Miss Quinto?"

"Only a friendly warning," Moffitt said, "not to get your feet on the sticky flypaper."

"Of course," Archy suggested, "you could notify the New York police of her whereabouts."

"That," Moffitt said, "doesn't seem like an efficient idea. While Miss Quinto remains undiscovered she has a certain trading value."

"You're being surprisingly frank tonight, Moffitt."

"Why not? I know who you are and a lot about your ability and past accomplishments. If you're not a complete fool, you know pretty much who I am. So why beat around bushes? You and I are in a hassle. Why not admit it and go on from there? I have the advantage. You don't know what I'm up to."

"That," Archy said, "will disclose itself. Shall we return to Miss Quinto?"

"Why not?" Moffitt asked.

"I'd like to state my position," Archy said.

"State it," Moffitt replied.

"It's simple and direct," Archy told him. "I like Miss Quinto the way she is, very much alive and quite lovely. I want her to stay that way."

"Quite understandable," Moffitt said. "But who can tell what tomorrow will bring forth?"

"Right," Archy said, "but we can try to control unkind fate. We insure against fire. We insure against death or accident. Those measures are to soften the blow of misfortune."

"But how," Moffitt asked, "can you insure Miss Quinto?"

"By stating the consequences if she were to be touched by bad luck."

"Consequences?" Moffitt raised his brows. "What consequences and to whom?"

"Consequences to you, Moffitt. I'm making you a sort of hostage for her safety. I shan't wait for a jury trial. I shan't even inquire if you had anything to do with it. If a bad thing happens to her, Moffitt, I shall forthwith come after you and abolish you."

"Melodrama we have," Moffitt said jeeringly.

"Bear it in mind," Archy said; and then, "By the way, Moffitt, before we part for the evening, have you noticed that something is going on in Shining Brook Field that has nothing to do with oil? Nothing to do with William Makepeace Hawks or the late lamented J. A. Baldwin, of Gandolin, or with proxies in company elections?"

"What do you mean by that, Butts?" Moffitt asked, with narrowed eyes.

"I wish I knew," Archy said slowly, gravely. "But I smell skulduggery of a noisome kind. It lies faintly on the air, like the aroma of skunk on an autumn day."

"First," said Moffitt with a curl of the lip, "we have melodrama. Now we have mysticism and poetry. What a beautiful thought, Butts. I'll cherish it. The faint aroma of skunk on the air of an autumn day!" He thrust hands into coat pockets. "Well," he said, "nice to have had this little powwow with you, Butts. . . . Come along, Bones, or we won't be able to find a table for ourselves."

Bones Leary waited for his employer to move up the aisle. He stood hard-eyed and emanating hatred. "I'll be seeing you," he said in a whisper. "Soon or late, I'll be seeing you."

"Shall I boot his pants up the aisle?" asked Lumpy.

"We've orders to be peaceable characters tonight," Archy said. "Let us order two bottles of this excellent beer and ruminate upon the odd specimens produced by the human race in its amusing efforts to perpetuate itself. What we need, as the cattlemen say, is scientifically controlled breeding."

"Wouldn't do any good," Lumpy said positively.

"Why not?" Archy demanded.

"Because," Lumpy said ponderously, "the resultin' offspring would still be human beings."

They drank their beer and waited. There were minor disturbances; half-hearted fist fights competently quelled by Connor, but, on the whole, it was a comparatively tame evening.

"No mayhem," Archy said.

"I don't understand it," Lumpy said, shaking his homely head. "It certainly was on the schedule. . . . Oh-Oh!" he exclaimed, for the room suddenly had fallen silent.

Just inside the main entrance stood a young man in the uniform of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He raised his gloved hand. His chevrons proclaimed his grade to be that of sergeant.

"If Mr. Archimedes Butts is in the room," he said in a voice that carried to the remotest corners, "will he be so good as to follow me?"

As Archy Butts and Lumpy Sawyer traversed the room, Lumpy observed *sotto voce*, "This accounts for our serene evening. People don't start fracases with a Mountie in town."

The sergeant waited in the doorway, glancing from Archy to his companion. "Which of you," he asked, "is Mr. Butts?"

"I am Archimedes Butts," Archy responded.

"And this gentleman?" The sergeant indicated Lumpy.

"Name of Sawyer," said Lumpy.

"This way, if you please. I am Sergeant Van Patten, in charge of the detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police stationed at Entwistle. . . . You drive a maroon sedan, Mr. Butts?"

"Parked right over there," Archy said, motioning across the road.

"I'm afraid it has been moved, sir," Van Patten said.

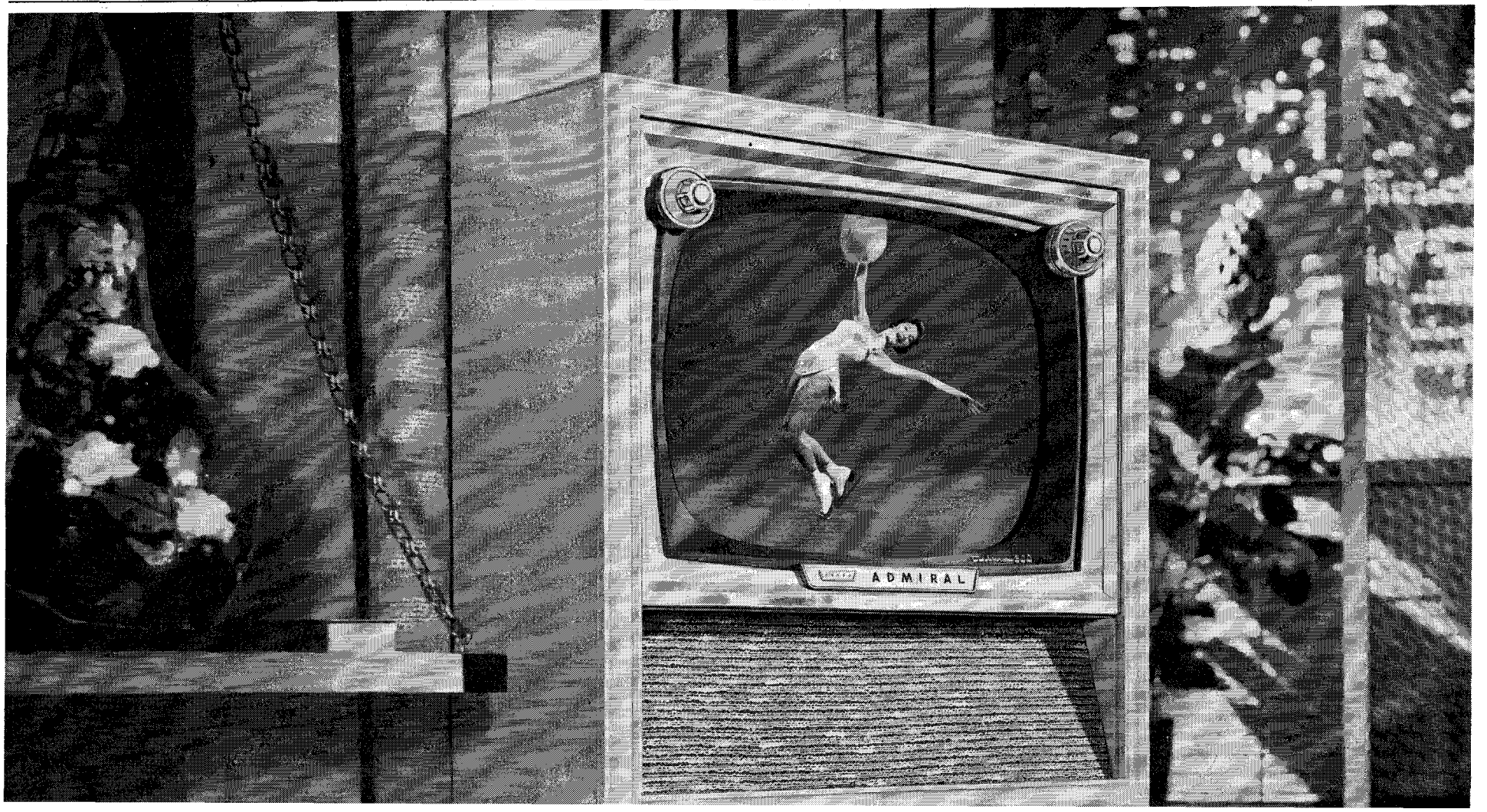
"For what reason?" Archy asked. "Was I improperly parked?"

Van Patten allowed himself a thin smile. "I wouldn't be interested in enforcing Shining Brook's traffic regulations," he said. "At what hour did you arrive in town?"

"Shortly after nine."

"And went directly to the dance hall?"

"Directly."

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"Did you at any time leave the place?"

"We did not move from our table," Archy said.

"That," said Van Patten, "can readily be established."

"Why should it be?" Archy asked.

The sergeant did not answer that question, but asked another. "Exactly where did you park your car?" he asked.

Archy pointed. "Close to that pile of lumber," he said.

"Perhaps tire marks will establish that," Van Patten said. "Your car is now in the field adjoining the little church."

They crossed the road. The sergeant flicked on his electric torch as they turned right and passed the tiny church standing dark and silent under its trees. A second electric torch sent forth its beam, and Archy found himself standing beside his car, which was presided over by a second member of the Mounted Police, a corporal. Van Patten did not present him.

"I direct your attention," the sergeant said grimly, "to the back seat. The sight will not be pleasant." He opened the rear door and directed the beam of his torch into the interior. On the seat, in an unnatural posture, the head at an impossible angle, was the body of a man. The mouth and eyes were open. Archy, who had been prepared for something inclement by the officer's manner, leaned inside to scrutinize the body. It was of a man whose age might have been forty years; his build was lean; the face was clean-shaven and might have been handsome in life. He wore a blue-serge suit, not new, and well-tended tan shoes. There was no hat, but the shirt, or so Archy guessed, had been custom-made. The conservative four-in-hand had come from one of the better shops.

Archy backed away from the door and stood waiting. It did not seem to him like a good moment to volunteer speech.

"Well?" asked the sergeant.

"You ask the questions, sergeant," Archy said.

"Who is this man?" asked Van Patten.

"I never saw him before," Archy said.

"And you, Mr. Sawyer?"

"A complete stranger to me," Lumpy answered a bit shakily.

"Mr. Butts, can you offer any explanation of the presence of a murdered man in your car?"

"It is certain that he was murdered?"

"In an unpleasant way, sir. His neck was broken. Of course, there has been no autopsy. There may be other injuries not visible. But this man's neck was broken by a pair of incredibly powerful human hands."

"I can offer no explanation whatever of the presence of this body in my car."

"You are employed by the oil company at Shining Brook Field?"

"We are."

"In responsible positions?"

"They may be described as responsible," Archy said.

"How long have you been so employed, Mr. Butts?"

"About ten days."

"Previous to coming here?"

"I was in the Near East."

"Abadan?"

"My headquarters were there."

"What occasioned your transfer to Alberta?"

"Transfers," Archy said, "are not unusual in the oil business. In the course of a few years a man may find himself moved all over the world."

"Leaving a corpse in the back seat of a man's car is scarcely a friendly act," said Sergeant Van Patten.

"Not the sort of practical joke to make me laugh heartily," Archy said.

"Would you," asked the sergeant, "think that the murderer picked your car specifically with, as we say, malice prepense, or did he select any car at random?"

"There are not enough facts available to warrant an answer to that question."

The sergeant studied Archy's face as well as he was able to do without directly shining the light in his eyes.

"You do not seem to be greatly shocked by this thing, Mr. Butts."

"I am sufficiently shocked, sergeant. Should I become hysterical?"

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Family Scenes

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The sergeant smiled for the first time and became less straitly official. "You handle yourself adroitly, Mr. Butts. One would say you were accustomed to police interrogation."

"This is not the first time I have been questioned," Archy admitted.

"Mr. Butts, the discovery of oil and the exploitation of our oil fields are very important to the prosperity of this province. Your oil companies and the province of Alberta are, in effect, partners. What is beneficial to one is beneficial to both, and what is harmful to one is harmful to both. You operate in a vast and sometimes a wild territory. It is, therefore, natural that the provincial government should keep a watchful and protective eye upon your operations, both to conserve the interests of the province and to protect you from depredations."

This statement of police policy doubtless was leading up to something. Here was Archy's first contact with the Royal Canadian Mounted. Before he committed himself in any way, before he cooperated or afforded information, he desired more intimate acquaintance with that body. He maintained silence and waited.

"Mr. Butts," the sergeant said earnestly, "vague rumors have reached me of what your employees refer to as a hex. I believe that is a term in certain of your states designating malign witchcraft."

"Things have happened, sergeant, which might be charged to gremlins."

"Or," suggested Van Patten, "to systematic sabotage."

"Unproved," Archy said.

Van Patten returned to the body. "You are certain you cannot identify this man?"

"Positive. Is there nothing in his pockets to identify him?"

"That we shall see," Van Patten said. He spoke to his corporal, and the pair of them, not without difficulty, removed the body from the car and laid it upon the grass. While Archy and Lumpy watched, the officer made thorough search of all pockets. In no pocket was a coin, a key, a pencil, a wallet or a scrap of paper. Every item of property had been removed. Not so much as the stub of a lead pencil had been allowed to remain.

"Thorough," said the sergeant.

"There will," said Archy, "be fingerprints, tailor's labels, laundry marks. But your routine will attend to those things."

"Naturally. . . . This man came from somewhere. He must have left a trail. He

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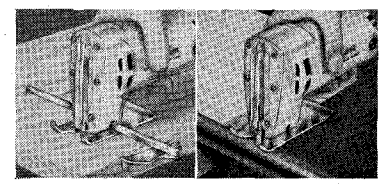

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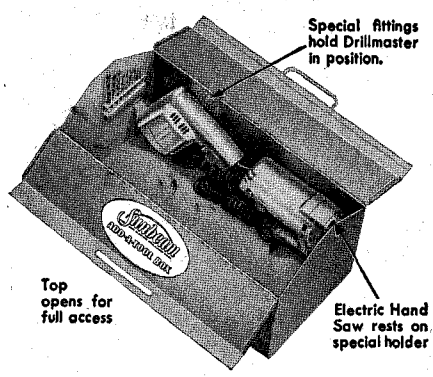


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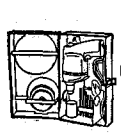
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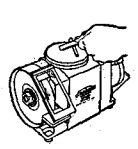
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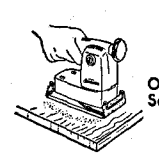
Orbital Sander

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came by train, by airplane, by car or on foot. He must have been seen. If he passed through Shining Brook, he must have been seen. A stranger would have been noticed. A stranger moving about on the roads in your oil field would have been noticed and commented upon."

"But," Archy objected, "we have no evidence that he was ever in our field or had any connection with it. All we have is a body in the rear of my car in Shining Brook village. We can tell by the condition of the body that he has been dead for some hours, but whether he was killed right here where we found him or twenty miles away we have no means of telling. Aren't you jumping to an unwarranted conclusion, sergeant?"

"We'll know more, possibly, after the laboratory boys have done their stuff. However, until there is proof to the contrary, I'm going to work on the assumption that this body was placed in your car because it was your car. Either to embarrass you or to convey some message to you. Possibly a warning. It was done with a purpose. No, Mr. Butts, I do not think I'm leaping to any unwarranted conclusion."

"Where do we go from here?" Archy asked.

"So far as you and Mr. Sawyer are concerned?" asked Van Patten. "I see no reason why you should not go back to your headquarters and go to bed. An ambulance will be here presently to take this body to Edmonton." He bent over the body of the murdered man, shining his torch upon it. "An autopsy, of course," he said. "But it will show that the cause of death was a broken neck. In all your experience, Mr. Butts, have you ever before seen a murder victim killed in this manner? Not by choking, mind you, but by breaking his neck?"

"Never," Archy said.

Van Patten grinned wryly. "One clue we have then," he said. "We shall look for a man with an extraordinarily powerful pair of hands."

He knelt suddenly and lifted a dead hand. "It doesn't have to get itself more complicated," he complained. "Let's keep it fairly normal." He held the beam of his torch upon the hand, upon the index finger of the right hand. "What do you say to this, Mr. Butts?" he asked unhappily.

A length of fine gold chain was wrapped around that index finger so tightly that it cut into the skin. And from the end of it that had been concealed in the palm dangled something not unlike an old-fashioned watch key.

"Greek letters," said Van Patten morosely. "Next we have Masonic signs and Odd Fellow links. American university fraternity?" he inquired with justifiable petulance.

"Not exactly. Not a social fraternity, sergeant. This is a Phi Beta Kappa key awarded for superior scholarship."

"So he's a superior scholar. So they wrap this doodad around his finger—after he's dead. To remind him of something, maybe. What would he need to be reminded of where he's gone? That he was an educated bloke?"

"It does cloud the issue," Archy admitted, "if it could be more murky than it is."

"Me, I like 'em nice and simple," said the sergeant, "like where an Indian gets himself drunk and shoots his mother-in-law. Where you don't have to consult college presidents or witch doctors, but just ride out and make your arrest all nice and aboveboard."

An ambulance drove into the vacant lot. The body of the victim was loaded into it to be taken to Edmonton.

"Look," said the sergeant, "we've got to give your car a going over. Corporal Macleod will drive you home. I'll go with the ambulance. Ought to get your transportation back to you by noon tomorrow."

Sergeant Van Patten, in the uncertain light, was turning the tiny key over and over. He brought it closer to his eyes. "Some engraving on this dingus. Hard to read."

"It's a name," Archy said. "Most of those keys have the name of the owner on them. I can save you eyestrain, sergeant. The name on that key is mine."

"I wondered," said Van Patten, "how long it would take you to notice it. So you were a prize student, eh? Mr. Butts, taking everything into consideration, will you tell me how I'm going to avoid putting you in my little book as a suspicious character?"

Archy stretched out his wrists and waited. The sergeant shook his head. "Maybe," he said, "I'm out of my depth in this sort of a setup. But I like to make up my own mind. The corporal will take you home. But I'm not going to neglect you, Mr. Butts. Before I get through with you I'll know what you had for breakfast a year ago Tuesday."

The town cop forced his way through the crowd that had gathered. "Sergeant Van Patten," he said, "telephone from your headquarters."

"What is it?" the sergeant asked.

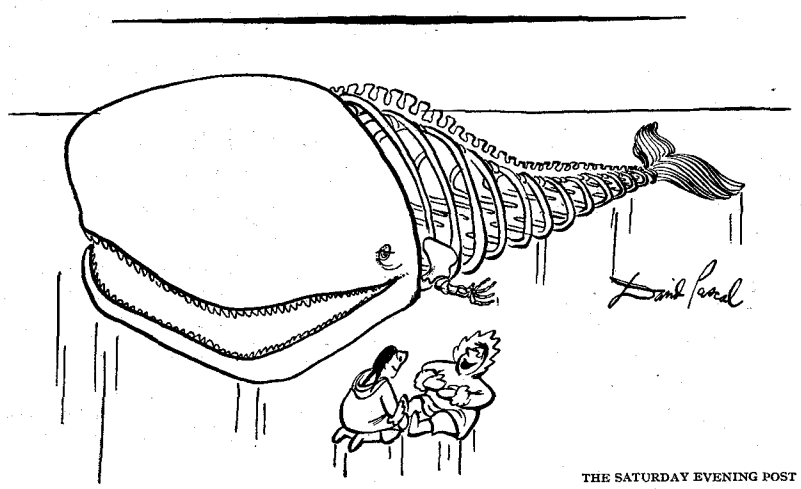
"Report came in that the Pansy Grove store was robbed tonight. Three men busted in, tied up the Magins and that gal that stays with 'em. Seems like they turned the place inside out."

"Anyone hurt?" Archy asked quickly.

"No. The gal, she got loose and untied the other two. Then she telephoned through to Entwistle."

Sergeant Van Patten stood up. His eyes were grim. "A crime wave we've got," he said. "And this used to be such a peaceful country."

TO BE CONTINUED




"Boy, that sure hit the spot."

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# The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 49)

right, then the powerhouse on their left, then an ordnance depot on their right, and then the garage on their left. They were climbing, now, almost in darkness, but Mallory knew where he was to the inch, so thoroughly had he memorized the closely tallying descriptions given him by Vlachos and Panayis.

"What's that, boss?" Miller had caught Mallory by the arm, pointing.

"Water-storage tank," Mallory said briefly. "Magazine flooding in an emergency. The magazines are directly below." He pointed to a squat, boxlike, concrete structure a little farther on. "The only entrance to the magazine. Locked and guarded."

They were approaching the senior officers' quarters now; the commandant had his own flat on the second story, directly overlooking the massive, ferro-concrete tower that controlled the two great guns below. Mallory suddenly stopped, picked up a handful of dirt, rubbed it on his face and told Miller to do the same.

"Disguise," he explained. "The lighting's apt to be a bit brighter inside this place."

He went up the steps to the officers' quarters at a dead run, crashed through the swing doors with a force that almost took them off their hinges. The sentry at the key board looked at him in astonishment, the barrel of his submachine gun lining up on the New Zealander's chest.

"Put that thing down, you idiot!" Mallory snapped furiously. "Where's the commandant? Quickly, you oaf! It's life or death!"

"The—the commandant?" the sentry stuttered. "He's left—they are all gone, just a minute ago!"

"What? All gone?" Mallory was staring at him with narrowed, dangerous eyes. "Did you say 'all gone'?"

"Yes. I—I'm sure they're ——" He broke off abruptly as Mallory's eyes shifted to a point behind his shoulder.

"Then who is that?" Mallory demanded savagely.

The sentry would have been less than human not to fall for it. Even as he was swinging round to look, the vicious judo cut took him just below the left ear. Mallory had smashed open the guard of the key board before the unfortunate guard had hit the floor, swept all the keys—about a dozen in all—off their rings and into his pocket. It took them another twenty seconds to tape the man's mouth and hands and lock him in a convenient cupboard; then they were on their way again, still running.

One more obstacle to overcome, Mallory thought as they pounded along in the darkness, the last of the triple defenses. He did not know how many men would be guarding the locked door to the magazine, and in that moment of fierce exaltation he didn't particularly care.

They had their hand torches out now, the powerful beams swinging in wide arcs.

Suddenly Mallory saw two shadows detaching themselves from the darker shadow of the magazine entrance and steadied his torch for a brief second to check. He slackened speed.

"Right," he said softly. "Here they come—only two of them. One each—get as close as possible first. Quick and quiet—a shout, a shot, and we're finished." He transferred his torch to his left hand, pulled out his Colt, reversed it, caught it by the barrel, brought up sharply only inches away from the guards now running to meet them.

"Are you all right?" Mallory gasped. "Anyone been here? Quickly, man!"

"Yes, yes, we're all right." The man was off-guard, apprehensive. "What in the name of heaven is all that noise?"

"Those damned English saboteurs!" Mallory swore viciously. He turned round, let the dazzling beam of his torch catch the man square in the eyes, muttered an apology and switched off the light, the sound of the sharp click lost in the hollow, soggy thud of the heel of his Colt catching the man behind the ear, just below the helmet. The sentry was still on his feet, just beginning to crumple, when Mallory staggered as the second guard reeled into him. Recovered, he clouted him with the Colt for good measure; then stiffened in sudden dismay as he heard the vicious, hissing "plop" of Miller's automatic, twice in rapid succession.

"What the ——"

"Wily birds, boss," Miller murmured. "There was a third character in the shadows at the side. Only way to stop him."

"Tie up the others." Mallory was already busy at the magazine door.

The third key fitted, the lock opened and the heavy steel door gave easily to his touch. He took a last swift look round, but there was no one in sight, no sound but the revving engine of the last of the trucks clearing the fortress gates, the distant rattle of machine-gun fire. Andrea was doing a magnificent job. If only he didn't overdo it, leave his withdrawal till it was too late. Mallory switched on his torch and stepped inside the door. Miller would follow when he was ready.

A vertical steel ladder fixed to the rock led down to the floor of the cave. On


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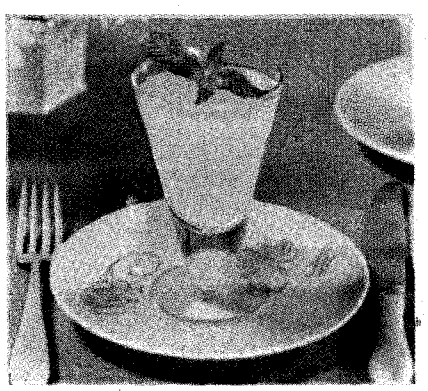

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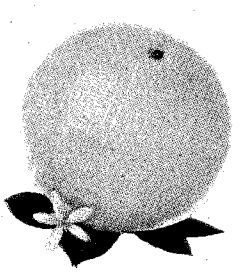

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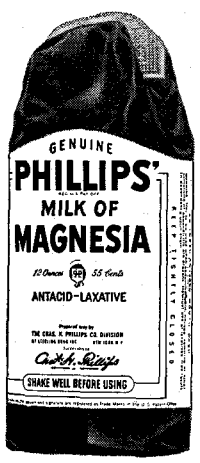


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**MILK OF MAGNESIA**


either side of the ladder were the shell-hoist shafts going down to the magazine. Mallory reached the solid floor of the cave and swept his torch round through a hundred-and-eighty-degree arc. This was the very end of that great cave that opened out beneath the towering overhang of rock that dominated the entire harbor. There was nothing here but the two shafts descending into the pitchy darkness and another steel ladder, also leading to the magazine. But the magazine could wait. To check that there were no more guards down here and to insure an emergency escape route—these were the two vital needs of the moment.

Quickly Mallory ran along the tunnel, flipping his torch on and off. The tunnel itself, dripping damp and duckboard floored, was about seven feet high and even wider, but the central passage was very narrow—most of the space was taken up by the roller conveyors, one on either side, for the great cartridges and shells. Suddenly the conveyors curved away sharply to left and right, the sharply sheering tunnel roof climbed steeply up into the near-darkness of the vaulted dome above, and, almost at his feet, twin sets of parallel rails stretched forward into the lightened gloom ahead, the great, gaping mouth of the cave. And just before he switched off the torch Mallory had a brief glimpse of the sinister silhouettes of the two great guns of Navarone.

Slowly still, Mallory approached the guns, examined them as well as he could in the gloom. He was staggered by their sheer size, the tremendous girth and reach of the barrels.

Mallory stood quite still, because the night was suddenly very silent; down in the heart of the town the guns had stopped firing.

Time was running short. It must be running short. Andrea had withdrawn; it was only a matter of time until the Germans discovered that they had been duped. And then they would come running—and there was no doubt where they would come. Swiftly Mallory shrugged out of his rucksack and pulled out the hundred-foot wire-cored rope coiled inside. Their emergency escape route—whatever else he did, he must make sure of that.

The rope looped round his shoulder, he moved forward cautiously, seeking a belay, but had taken only a few steps when his right kneecap struck an iron railing stretched waist-high across the mouth of the cave.

Quickly Mallory felt his way along to the left, to the very end of the railing, crossed it, tied the rope securely to the base of the vertical stanchion next to the wall, payed out the rope as he moved gingerly to the lip of the cave mouth. And then, almost at once, he was there, and there was nothing below his probing foot but a hundred and twenty feet of sheer drop to the landlocked harbor of Navarone.

Swiftly he bent down, tied a double bowline in the end of the rope and left it lying on the edge. In an emergency, they could kick it out into the darkness. It would be twenty feet short of the water, he estimated, enough to clear any launch or masted caïque that might be moving about the harbor. They could drop the rest of the way; maybe a bone-breaking fall onto the deck of a ship, but they would have to risk it. Mallory took one last look down into the Stygian blackness and shivered; he hoped that he and Miller wouldn't have to take that way out.

Dusty Miller was kneeling on the duckboards by the top of the ladder leading down to the magazine as Mallory came running back up the tunnel, his hands busy with wires, fuses, detonators and explosives. He straightened up as Mallory approached.

"I reckon this little lot should keep 'em happy, boss." He set the hands of the clockwork fuse, listened appreciatively to the barely audible hum, then eased himself down the ladder. "In here among the top two rows of cartridges, I thought."

"Wherever you say," Mallory acquiesced. "Only don't make it too obvious or too difficult to find. Sure there's no chance of them suspecting that we knew the clock and fuses were dud?"

"None in the world," Miller said confidently. "When they find this here contraption they'll knock holes in each others' backs congratulatin' themselves—and they'll never look any fur——"

A metallic, reverberating clangor echoed through the cave and magazine, blotting out Miller's words, then died away over the harbor. Again the sound came, while the two men stared bleakly at each other, then again and again, then ceased.

"Company," Mallory murmured. "Complete with sledge hammers. I only hope that door holds." He was already running along the passage toward the guns, Miller close behind him.

"Company!" Miller was shaking his head as he ran. "How did they get here so soon?"

"Our late-lamented little pal," Mallory said savagely. He vaulted over the railing, edged back to the mouth of the cave. "And we were suckers enough to believe he told the whole truth. But he never told us that opening that door up top triggered off an alarm bell in the guardroom."

Smoothly, skillfully, Miller payed out the wire-cored rope—double-turned round the top rail—as Mallory sank out of sight into the darkness. Fifty feet had gone, he estimated; fifty-five, sixty; then there came the awaited sharp double tug on the signal cord looped round his wrist and he at once checked the rope, stooped and tied it securely to the foot of the stanchion.

And then he straightened again, belayed himself to the rail with the rope's end, leaned far out over the edge, caught hold of the rope with both hands as far down as he could reach, and began, slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, then with gradually increasing momentum, to swing man and rope from side to side, pendulum-wise. He flung all the strength of his sinewy arms and shoulders into the effort of bringing Mallory nearer and still nearer to the rope that Brown would by now have thrown down from the balcony of the house where they had left him.

Far below, halfway between the cave mouth and the invisible waters of the harbor, Mallory swung in a great arc through the rain-filled darkness of the sky, forty rushing, bone-bruising feet between the extremities of the swings. Earlier he had struck his head heavily on an outcrop of rock, all but losing consciousness and his grip on the rope.

But he wasn't worried about the wound, about the blood in his eyes. The rope—that was all that mattered. Was the rope there? Had anything happened to Casey Brown? Had he been jumped before he could get the rope over the side? It just had to be there. But if it was there, why couldn't he find it? Three times now, at the right extremity of a swing, he had reached out with his bamboo pole, heard the hook scrape emptily, frustratingly, against the bare rock.

And then, the fourth time, stretched out to the straining limit of both arms, he felt the hook catch on! Immediately he jerked the pole in, caught the rope before he dropped back on the downward swing, jerked the signal cord urgently, checked himself gradually as he fell back. Two minutes later, near exhaustion from the sixty-foot climb up the wet, slippery rope, he crawled blindly over the lip of the cave and flung himself to the ground, sobbing for breath.

Swiftly, without speaking, Miller bent down, slipped the twin loops of the double bowline from (*Continued on Page 89*)

". . . and quit referring to me as a barrel of fun."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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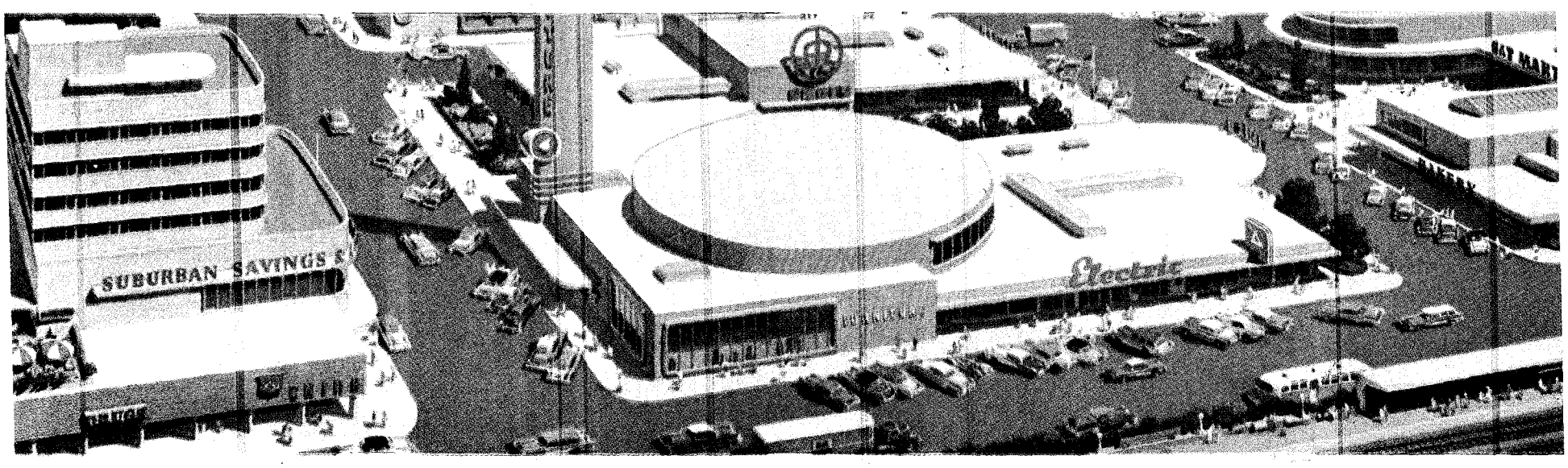


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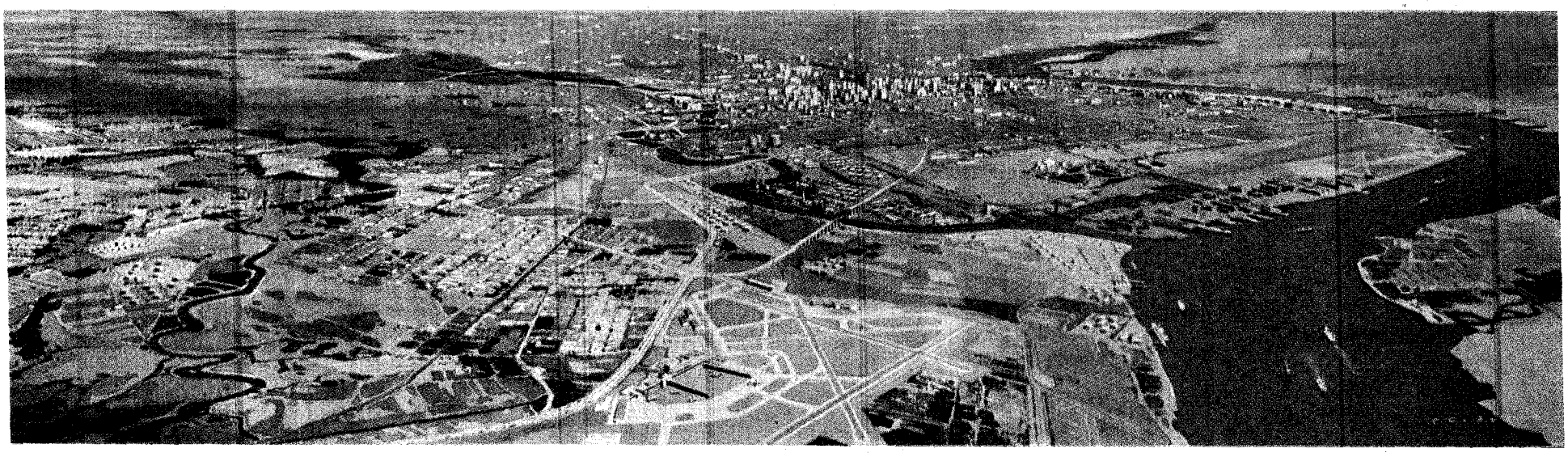

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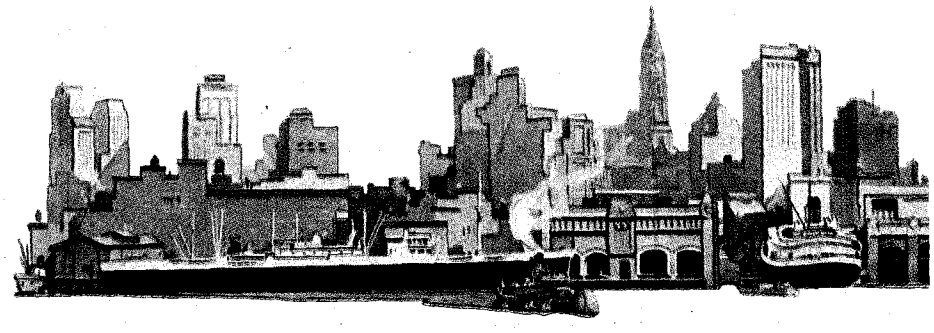

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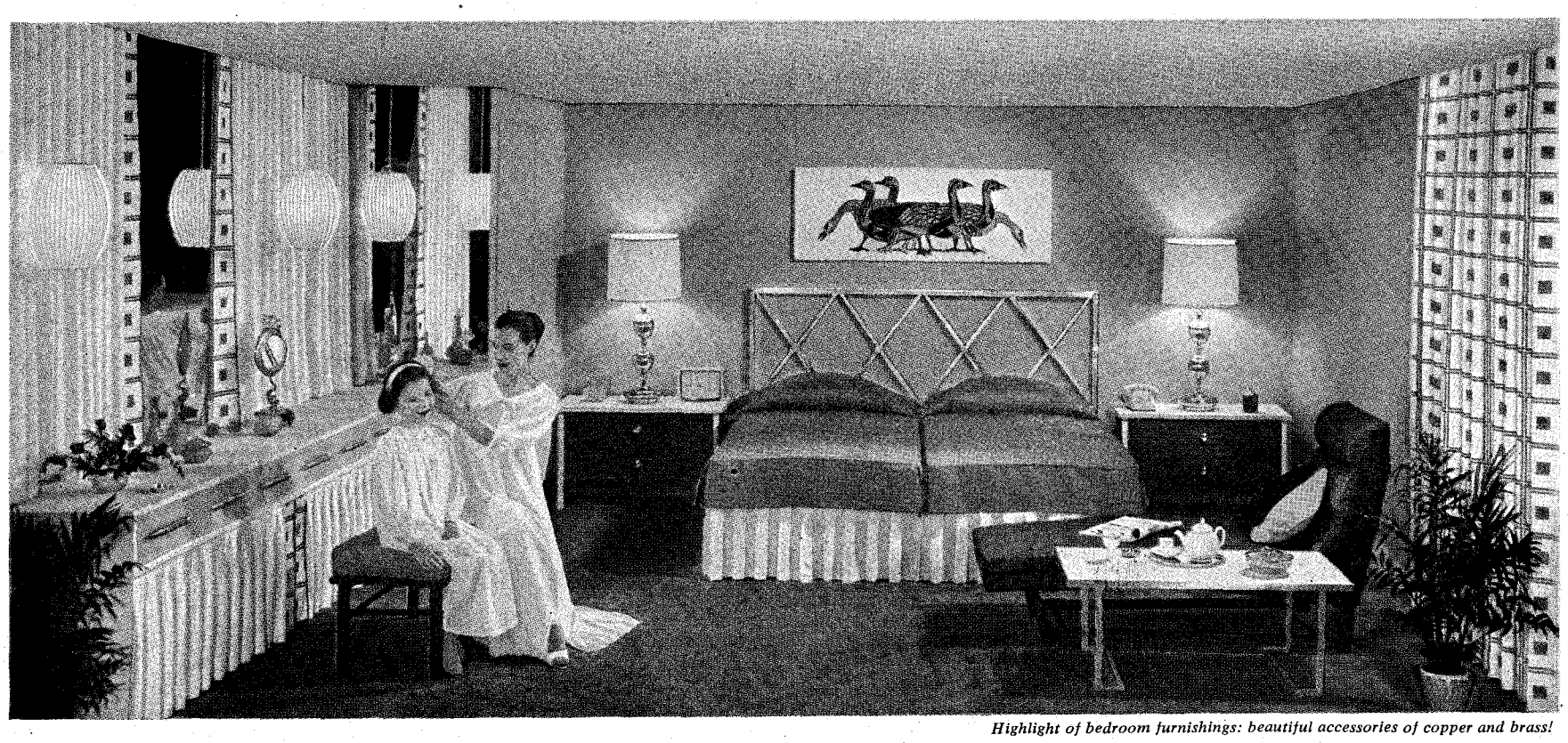

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(*Continued from Page 86*) Mallory's legs, undid the knot, tied it to Brown's rope, gave the latter a tug and watched the joined ropes disappear into the darkness. Within two minutes the heavy battery was across, underslung from the two ropes, lowered so far by Casey Brown, then hauled up by Mallory and Miller. Within another two minutes, but with infinitely more caution this time, the canvas bag with the nitro, primers and detonators had been pulled across, lay on the stone floor beside the battery.

All noise had ceased, the hammering of the sledges against the steel door had stopped completely. There was something threatening, foreboding about the stillness; the silence was more menacing than all the clamor that had gone before. Was the door down, the lock smashed, the Germans waiting for them in the gloom of the tunnel, waiting with cradled machine carbines that would tear the life out of them? But there was no time to wonder, no time to wait.

The heavy Colt balanced at his waist, Mallory climbed over the safety barrier, padded silently past the great guns and through the passage, his torch clicking on halfway down its length. The place was deserted, the door above still intact. He climbed swiftly up the ladder, listened at the top. A subdued murmur of voices, he thought he heard, and a faint hissing sound on the other side of the heavy steel door, but he couldn't be sure. He leaned forward to hear better, the palm of his hand against the door, drew back with a muffled exclamation of pain. Just above the lock, the door was almost red-hot. Mallory dropped down to the floor of the tunnel just as Miller came staggering up with the battery.

"That door's hot as blazes. They must be burning ——"

"Did you hear anything?" Miller interrupted.

"There was a kind of hissing."

"Oxyacetylene torch," Miller said briefly. "They'll be burnin' out the lock. It'll take time—that door's made of armored steel."

"Why don't they blow it in—gelignite or whatever you use for that job?"

"Perish the thought," Miller said hastily. "Don't even talk about it, boss. Sympathetic detonation's a funny thing; there's an even chance that the whole outfit would go up. Give me a hand with this thing, boss, will you?"

Within seconds Dusty Miller was again a man absorbed in his own element, the danger outside, the return trip he had yet to make across the face of the cliff, completely forgotten for the moment. The task took him four minutes from beginning to end. While Mallory was sliding the battery below the floored well of the lift, Miller squeezed in between the shining steel runners of the lift shaft itself, stooped to examine the rear one with his torch and establish, by the abrupt transition from polished to dull metal, exactly where the spring-loaded wheel of the shell hoist came to rest. Satisfied, he pulled out a roll of sticky black tape, wound it a dozen times round the shaft and stepped back to look at it; it was quite invisible.

Quickly he taped the ends of two rubber-covered wires on the insulated strip, one at either side, taped these down also until nothing was visible but the bared steel cores at the tips, joined these to two four-inch strips of bared wire, taped these also, top and bottom, to the insulated shaft, vertically and less than half an inch apart. From the canvas bag he removed the T.N.T., the primer and the detonator—a bridge mercury detonator lugged and screwed to his own specification—fitted them together and connected one of the wires from the steel shaft to a lug on the detonator, screwing it firmly home. The other wire from the shaft he led to the positive terminal on the battery, and a third wire from the negative terminal to the detonator. It only required the ammunition hoist to sink down into the magazine—as it would do as soon as they began firing—and the spring-loaded wheel would short out the bare wires, completing the circuit and triggering off the detonator.

A last check on the position of the bared vertical wires and Miller sat back satisfied. Mallory had just descended the ladder from the tunnel. Miller tapped him on the leg to draw his attention, negligently waving the steel blade of his knife within an inch of the exposed wires.

"Are you aware, boss," he said conversationally, "that if I touched this here blade across them terminals, the whole place would go up in smithereens?" He shook his head musingly.

"For heaven's sake put that thing away," Mallory snapped nervously, "and let's get out of here! They've got a complete half circle cut through that door already!"

Five minutes later, Miller was safe; it had been a simple matter of sliding down a forty-five-degree tautened rope to where Brown waited. Mallory took a last look back into the cave, and his mouth twisted. He wondered how many soldiers manned the guns and magazine during action stations. *One thing*, he thought, *they'll never know anything about it, the poor devils.* And then he thought, for the hundredth time, of all the men on Kheros and the destroyers, and his lips tightened and he looked away. Without another backward glance, he slipped over the edge, dropped down into the night. He was halfway there, at the very lowest point of the curve and about to start climbing again, when he heard the vicious, staccato rattle of machine-gun fire directly overhead.

It was Miller who helped him over the balcony rail—an apprehensive-looking Miller who glanced often over his shoulder in the direction of the gunfire—and the heaviest concentration of fire, Mallory realized with sudden dismay, was coming from their own, the west side of the square, only three or four houses away. Their escape route was cut off.

"Come on, boss!" Miller said urgently. "Let's get away from this joint! Gettin' downright unhealthy round these parts!"

Mallory jerked his head in the direction of the fire. "Who's down there?" he asked quickly.

"A German patrol."

"Then how can we get away?" Mallory demanded. "And where's Andrea?"

"Across the other side of the square, boss. That's who them birds along there are firing at."

"The other side of the square?" He glanced at his watch. "Heavens above, man, what's he doing there?" He was moving through the house now, speaking over his shoulder. "Why did you let him go?"

"I didn't let him go, boss," Miller said carefully. "He was gone when I came. Seems that Brown and Andrea saw a big patrol start a house-to-house search of the square. Andrea thought it a sure bet that they'd get here in two or three minutes, so he took off like a bat across the roofs."

"Going to draw them off?" Mallory was at Louki's side, staring out of the window. "The crazy fool! He'll get himself killed this time!"

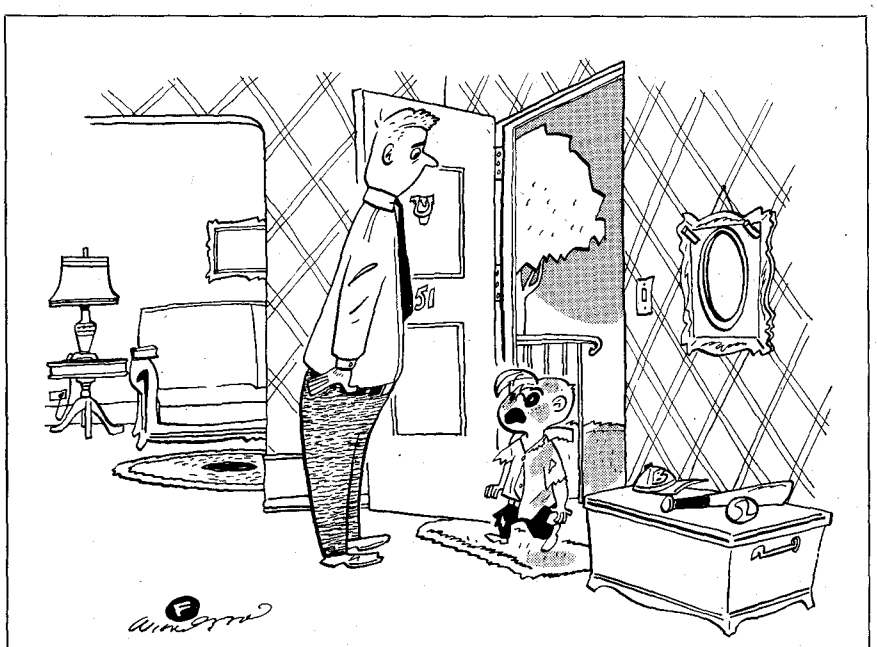
"I'm not so sure, sir!" Brown interrupted excitedly. "Andrea's just shot out the searchlight on his side! They'll think for certain that we're going to break in over the wall and —— Look, sir, look! There they go!" Brown was almost dancing with excitement, the pain of his injured leg forgotten. "He's done it, sir—he's done it!"

Sure enough, Mallory saw, the patrol had broken away from their shelter in the house to their right and were running across the square in extended formation. At the same time Mallory could see torches flickering on the roofs of the houses opposite, the vague forms of men making swiftly for the spot where Andrea had been when he had shot out the great Cyclops eye of the searchlight.

"They'll be on him from every side." Mallory spoke quietly enough, but his fists clenched until the nails cut into the palms of his hands. He stood stock-still for some seconds, stooped quickly and picked a Schmeisser up from the floor. "He hasn't a chance. I'm going after him." He turned abruptly, brought up with equal suddenness. Miller was blocking his way to the door.

"Andrea left word that we were to leave him be, that he'd find his own way out." Miller was very calm, very respectful. "Said that no one was to help him, not on any account."

"Don't try to stop me, Dusty." Mallory spoke evenly, mechanically almost. He was hardly aware that Dusty Miller



"I couldn't lick 'em, so I joined them, then they licked me!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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was there. He only knew he must get out at once, get to Andrea's side, give him what help he could. Mallory pushed Miller aside, strode for the door, brought up his fist to strike as hands closed round his upper arm. He stopped just in time, looked down into Louki's worried face.

"The American is right," Louki said insistently. "You must not go. Andrea said you were to take us down to the harbor."

"Go down yourselves," Mallory said brusquely. "You know the way, you know the plans."


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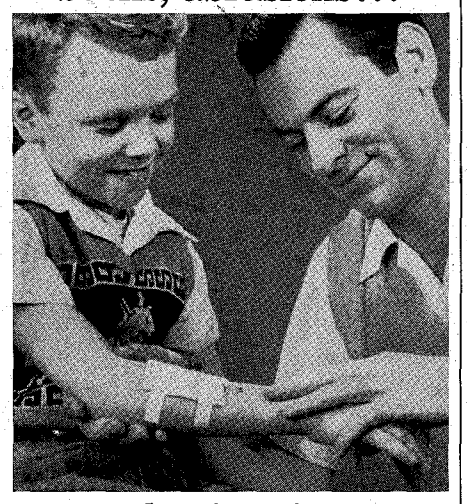

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"You would let us all go—let us all ——"

"I'd let the whole world go if I could help him." There was an utter sincerity in the New Zealander's voice. "Andrea would never let me down."

"But you would let him down," Louki said quietly. "Is that it, Major Mallory?"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"By not doing as he wishes. He may be hurt, killed even, and if you go after him and are killed, too, that makes it all useless. He would die for nothing. Is it thus you would repay your friend?"

"All right, all right, you win," Mallory said irritably.

"That is how Andrea would want it," Louki murmured. "Any other way you would be ——"

"Stop preaching at me! Right, gentlemen, let's be on our way." He was back on balance again, easy, relaxed, the primeval urge to go out and kill well under control.

"We'll take the high road—over the roofs. Dig into that kitchen stove there, rub the ashes all over your hands and faces. See that there's nothing white on you anywhere. And no talking!"

The five-minute journey down to the harbor wall—a journey made in soft-footed silence, with Mallory hushing even the beginnings of a whisper—was quite uneventful. Andrea had drawn off pursuit with a vengeance. Mallory began to fear that the Germans had taken him, but just as they reached the water's edge he heard the gunfire again, a good deal farther away this time, in the very north-east corner of the town, round the back of the fortress.

Mallory stood on the low wall above the harbor, looked at his companions, gazed out over the dark oiliness of the water. He turned to Louki, checked something the little man was trying to say about Andrea. "You sure you can find it all right in the darkness?" "It" was the commandant's personal launch, a thirty-six-foot ten-tonner always kept moored to a buoy a hundred feet off-shore. The engineer, who doubled as guard, slept aboard, Louki had said.

"I am already there," Louki boasted. "Blindfold me as you will and I ——"

"All right, all right," Mallory said hastily. "I'll take your word for it. Lend me your hat, will you, Casey?" He jammed the automatic into the crown of the hat, pulled it firmly onto his head, slid gently into the water and struck out by Louki's side.

"The engineer," Louki said softly. "I think he will be awake, major."

"I think so too," Mallory said grimly. Again there came the chatter of machine carbines, the deeper whiplash of a Mauser. "So will everyone else in Navarone, unless they're deaf or dead. Drop behind as soon as we see the boat. Come when I call."

Ten seconds, fifteen passed; then Louki touched Mallory on the arm.

"I see it," Mallory whispered. The blurred silhouette was less than fifteen yards away.

He approached silently, neither legs nor arms breaking water, until he saw the vague shape of a man standing on the poop, just aft of the engine-room hatchway. He was immobile, staring out in the direction of the fortress and the upper town; Mallory slowly circled round the stern of the boat and came up behind him on the other side. Carefully he removed his hat, took out the gun, and caught the low gunwale with his left hand.

"If you move I will kill you," Mallory said softly in German.

The man stiffened. He had a carbine in his hand, Mallory saw.

"Put the gun down. Don't turn round." Again the man obeyed, and Mallory was out of the water and onto the deck in seconds, neither eye nor automatic straying from the man's back. He stepped softly forward, reversed the automatic, struck, caught the man before he could fall overboard and lowered him quietly to the deck. Three minutes later, the others were safely aboard.

Mallory followed the limping Brown down to the engine room, watched him as he switched on his hooded torch, looked around with a professional eye, looked at the big, gleaming, six-cylinder-in-line diesel engine.

"This," said Brown reverently, "is an engine! What a beauty! Operates on any number of cylinders you like. I know the type, sir."

"I never doubted but you would. Can you start her up, Casey?"

"Just a minute till I have a look round, sir." Brown had all the unhurried patience of the born engineer. Slowly, methodically, he played the spotlight round the immaculate interior of the engine room, switched on the fuel and turned to

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Off Key

By RICHARD WHEELER

I know that plucky persons,
When life is going wrong,
Can render, as it worsens,
A cheerful little song.
And so, when Fate is
bringing
Misfortunes in a surge,
I try to face them singing—
And come out with a dirge!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

Mallory. "A dual-control job, sir. We can take her from up top."

He carried out the same painstaking inspection in the wheelhouse, while Mallory waited impatiently. The rain was easing off now; not much, but sufficiently to let him see the vague outlines of the harbor entrance. He wondered for the tenth time if the guards there had been alerted against the possibility of an attempted escape by boat. It seemed unlikely—from the racket Andrea was making, the Germans would think that escape was the last thing in their minds. He leaned forward, touched Brown on the shoulder.

"Twenty past eleven, Casey," he murmured. "If these destroyers come through early, we're apt to have a thousand tons of rock falling on our heads."

"Ready now, sir," Brown announced. He gestured at the crowded dashboard beneath the screen. "Nothing to it really."

"I'm glad you think so," Mallory murmured fervently. "Start her moving, will you? Just keep it slow and easy."

Brown coughed apologetically. "We're still moored to the buoy. And it might be a good thing, sir, if we checked on the fixed guns, searchlights, signaling lamps, life jackets and buoys. It's useful to know where these things are," he finished deprecatingly.

Mallory laughed softly, clapped him on the shoulder. "You'd make a great diplomat, chief. We'll do that." A landsman first and last, Mallory was nonetheless aware of the gulf that stretched between him and a man like Brown, made no bones about acknowledging it to himself. "Will you take her out, Casey?"

"Right, sir. Would you ask Louki to come here? I think it's steep to both sides, but there may be snags or reefs. You never know."

Three minutes later the launch was halfway to the harbor mouth, purring along softly, Mallory and Miller, still clad in German uniforms, standing on the deck forrard of the wheelhouse, Louki crouched low inside the wheelhouse itself. Suddenly, about sixty yards away, a signal lamp began to flash at them, its urgent clacking quite audible in the stillness of the night.

"Dan'l Boone Miller will now show how it's done," Miller muttered. He edged closer to the machine gun on the starboard bow. "With my little gun I shall ——"

He broke off sharply, his voice lost in the sudden clacking from the wheelhouse behind him, the staccato offbeat chattering of a signal shutter triggered by professional fingers. Brown had handed the wheel over to Louki, was Morsing back to the harbor entrance, the cold rain lancing palely through the flickering beams of the lamp. The enemy lamp had stopped, but now began flashing again.

"My, they got a lot to say to each other," Miller said admiringly. "How long does the exchange of courtesies last, boss?"

"I should say they are just about finished." Mallory moved back quickly to the wheelhouse. They were less than a hundred feet from the harbor entrance. Brown had confused the enemy, gained precious seconds, more time than Mallory had ever thought they could gain. But it couldn't last. He touched Brown on the arm.

"Give her everything you've got when the balloon goes up."

Two seconds later he was back in position in the bows, Schmeisser ready in his hands. "Your big chance, Dan'l Boone. Don't give the searchlights a chance to line up; they'll blind you."

Even as he spoke, the light from the signal lamp at the harbor mouth cut off abruptly and two dazzling white beams, one from either side of the harbor entrance, stabbed blindingly through the darkness, bathing the whole harbor in their savage glare—a glare that lasted for only a fleeting second of time, yielded to a contrastingly Stygian darkness as two brief bursts of machine-gun fire smashed them into uselessness. From such short range it had been almost impossible to miss.

"Get down, everyone!" Mallory shouted. "Flat on the deck!"

The echoes of the gunfire were dying away, the reverberations fading along the great sea wall of the fortress when Casey Brown opened the throttle wide, the surging roar of the big diesel blotting out all other sounds in the night. Five seconds, ten seconds, they were passing through the entrance; fifteen, twenty, still not a shot fired; half a minute and they were well clear, bows lifting high out of the water, the deep-dipped stern trailing its long, seething ribbon of phosphorescent white as the engine crescendoed to its clamorous maximum power and Brown pulled the heeling craft sharply round to starboard, seeking the protection of the steep-walled cliffs.

"That was magnificent, Casey," Mallory said sincerely. "A first-class job of work. Cut the engine when we come to the end of the cliffs. Our job's done. I'm going ashore."

"You don't have to, major."

Mallory turned. "What's that?"

"You don't have to. I tried to tell you on the way down, but you kept telling me to be quiet." Louki sounded injured, turned to Casey.

(*Continued on Page 92*)

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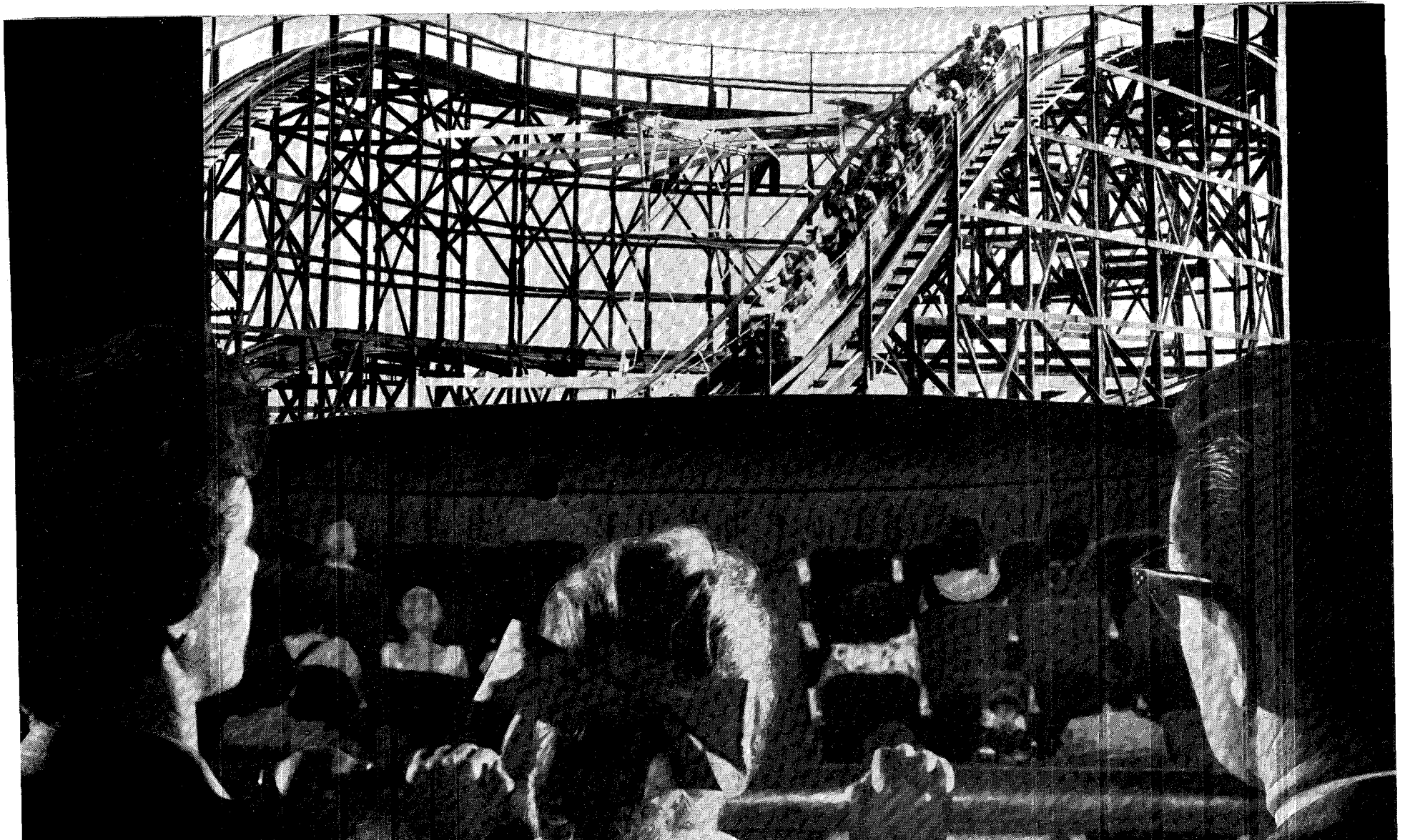

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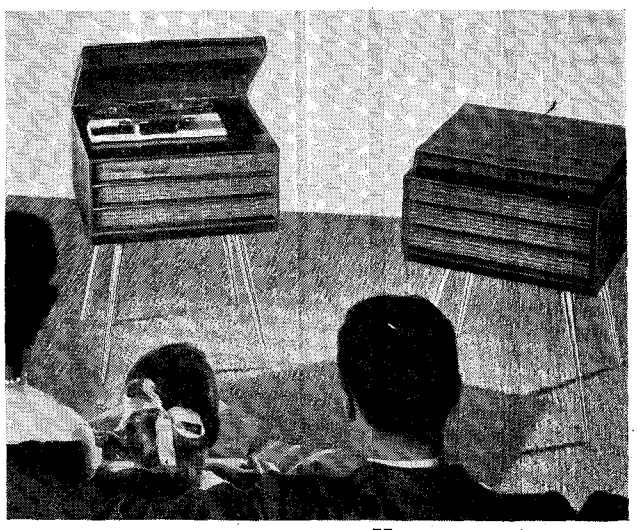

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(*Continued from Page 90*) "Slow down, please. The last thing Andrea told me, major, was that we were to come this way. Why do you think he let himself be trapped against the cliffs to the north instead of going out into the country, where he could have hidden easily?"

"Is this true, Casey?" Mallory asked.

"Don't ask me, sir. Those two—they always talk in Greek."

"Of course, of course." Mallory looked at the low cliffs close off the starboard beam, barely moving now with the engine shut right down, looked back at Louki. "Are you quite sure ——"

He stopped in mid-sentence, jumped out through the wheelhouse door. The splash—there had been no mistaking the noise—had come from almost directly ahead. Mallory, Miller by his side, peered into the darkness, saw a dark head surfacing above the water less than twenty feet away, leaned far over with outstretched arm as the launch slid slowly by.

Five seconds later Andrea stood on the deck, dripping mightily and beaming all over his great moon face. Mallory led him straight into the wheelhouse, switched on the soft light of the shaded chart lamp.

"By all that's wonderful, Andrea, I never thought to see you again. How did it go?"

"I will soon tell you," Andrea laughed. "Just after ——"

"You've been wounded!" Miller interrupted. "Your shoulder's kinda perforated." He pointed to the red stain spreading down the sea-soaked jacket. "Come on down to the cabin; this is just a kindergarten exercise for a man of my medical skill."

"But the captain ——"

"Will have to wait. And your story. Come on!"

"Very well, very well," Andrea said docilely. He shook his head in mock resignation and followed Miller out of the cabin.

Brown opened up to full throttle again, took the launch north almost to Cape Demirci to avoid any hundred-to-one chance the harbor batteries might make, turned due east for a few miles then headed south into the Maidos Strait. Mallory stood by his side in the wheelhouse, gazing out over the dark, still waters. Suddenly he caught a gleam of white in the distance, touched Brown's arm and pointed forrard.

"Breakers ahead, Casey, I think. Reefs, perhaps?"

Casey looked in long silence, finally shook his head. "Bow wave," he said unemotionally. "It's the destroyers coming through."

Commander Vincent Ryan, R.N., Captain (Destroyers) and commanding officer of His Majesty's latest S-class destroyer, Sirdar, looked round the cramped chartroom and tugged thoughtfully at his magnificent Captain Kettle beard. A scruffier, a more villainous, a more cut-and-battered-looking bunch of hard cases he had never seen.

"Any of you gentlemen care to go below?" he suggested. "Plenty of hot water, dry clothes—and warm bunks. We won't be using them tonight."

"Thank you very much, sir." Mallory hesitated. "But we'd like to see this through."

"Right, then; the bridge it is," Ryan said cheerfully. The Sirdar was beginning to pick up speed again, the deck throbbing beneath their feet. "It is at your own risk, of course."

"We lead charmed lives," Miller drawled. "Nothin' ever happens to us."

The rain had stopped. Mallory looked around him, could see Maidos broad off the port bow and the great bulk of Navarone slipping by to starboard. Aft, about a cable length away, he could just distinguish two other ships, high-curving bow waves piled whitely against tenebrous silhouettes. Mallory turned to the captain.

"No transports, sir?"

"No transports." Ryan felt a vague mixture of pleasure and embarrassment that this man should call him "sir." "Destroyers only. This is going to be a smash-and-grab job. No time for dawdlers tonight—and we're behind schedule already."

"How long to clear the beaches?"

"Half an hour."

"What? Twelve hundred men?" Mallory was incredulous.

"More." Ryan sighed. "Half the inhabitants want to come with us too. But we'll pack them in somehow."

Mallory nodded again and looked across the dark waters at Navarone. Two minutes, now—three at the most—and the fortress would open behind that headland. He felt a hand touch his arm, half turned and smiled down at the sad-eyed little Greek by his side.

"Not long now, Louki," he said quietly.

"The people, major," he murmured. "The people in the town. Will they be all right?"

"They'll be all right. Dusty says the roof of the cave will go straight up. Most of the stuff will fall into the harbor." He looked round as someone touched his arm.

"Captain Mallory, this is Lieutenant Beeston, my gunnery officer." There was a slight coolness in Ryan's voice that

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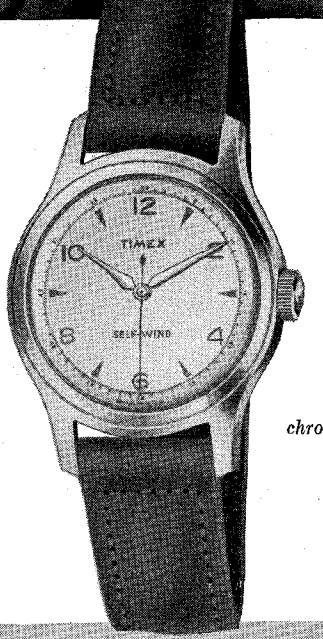


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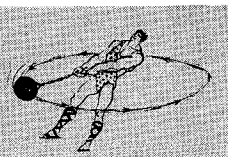

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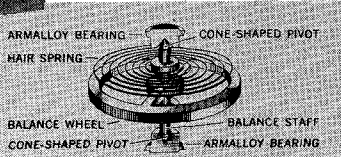


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made Mallory think that he wasn't overfond of his gunnery officer. "Lieutenant Beeston is worried."

"I am worried!" The tone was cold, aloof, with an indefinable hint of condescension. "I understand that you have advised the captain not to offer any resistance?"

"You sound like a B.B.C. communiqué," Mallory said shortly. "But you're right. I did say that. You couldn't locate the guns except by searchlight, and that would be fatal. Similarly with gunfire."

"I'm afraid I don't understand." One could almost see the lift of the eyebrows in the darkness.

"You'd give away your position," Mallory said patiently. "They'd nail you first time. Give 'em two minutes and they'd nail you anyway. I have good reason to believe that the accuracy of their radar-controlled gun is quite fantastic."

"The Sirdar had radar installed last month," Beeston said stiffly. "I imagine we could register some hits ourselves if ——"

"You could hardly miss." Miller drawled out the words, the tone dry and provocative. "It's a helluva big island, Mac."

"Who—who are you?" Beeston was rattled. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Corporal Miller." The American was unperturbed. "Must be a very selective instrument, lootenant, that can pick out a cave in a hundred square miles of rock."

There was a moment's silence; then Beeston muttered something and turned away.

"You've hurt Guns' feelings, corporal," Ryan murmured. "He's very keen to have a go—but we'll hold our fire. How long till we clear that point, captain?"

"I'm not sure." He turned. "What do you say, Casey?"

"A minute, sir. No more."

Ryan nodded, said nothing. There was a silence on the bridge, a silence only intensified by the sibilant rushing of the waters, the weird, lonesome pinging of the asdic. Above, the sky was steadily clearing, and the moon, palely luminous, was struggling to appear through a patch of thinning cloud. Nobody spoke, nobody moved. Mallory was conscious of the great bulk of Andrea beside him, of Miller, Brown and Louki behind. He was more than happy, Mallory thought vaguely to himself; he was content. Andrea and his new friends and the impossible well done—how could a man be but content? They weren't all going home, Andy Stevens wasn't coming with them, but strangely he could feel no sorrow, only a gentle melancholy.

Almost as if he had divined what Mallory was thinking, Andrea leaned toward him, towering over him in the darkness. "He should be here," he murmured. "Andy Stevens should be here. That is what you are thinking, is it not?"

Mallory nodded and smiled and said nothing.

"It doesn't really matter, does it, my Keith?" No anxiety, no questioning; just a statement of fact. "It doesn't really matter."

"It doesn't matter at all."

Even as he spoke, he looked up quickly. A light, a bright orange flame had lanced out from the sheering wall of the fortress; they had rounded the headland and he hadn't even noticed it. There was a whistling roar—Mallory thought incongruously of an express train emerging from a tunnel—directly overhead, and the great shell had crashed into the sea just beyond them.

Mallory could hear the gunnery officer saying something to the captain, but the words failed to register. They were looking at him and he at them, and he did not see them. His mind was strangely detached. Once again, he was back in that dark magazine entombed in the rocks, could see the overhead pulleys swinging the great shells and cartridges toward the well of the lift, could see the shell hoist descending slowly, the bared, waiting wires less than half an inch apart, the shining, spring-loaded wheel running smoothly down the gleaming rail, the gentle bump as the hoist ——

A white pillar of flame streaked up hundreds of feet into the night sky as the tremendous detonation tore the heart out of the great fortress of Navarone. No after fire of any kind, no dark, billowing clouds of smoke; only that one blinding white column that lit up the entire town for a single instant of time, reached up incredibly till it touched the clouds, vanished as if it had never been. And then, by and by, came the shock waves, the solitary thunderclap of the explosion, staggering even at that distance, and finally the deep-throated rumbling as thousands of tons of rock toppled majestically into the harbor—thousands of tons of rock and the two great guns of Navarone.

The rumbling was still in their ears, the echoes fading away far out across the Aegean, when the clouds parted and the moon broke through, a full moon silvering the darkly rippling waters to starboard, shining iridescently through the spun phosphorescence of the Sirdar's boiling wake. And dead ahead, bathed in the white moonlight, mysterious, remote, the island of Kheros lay sleeping on the surface of the sea. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You certainly were pretty gay with that cigarette girl!"


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# Perils of the Postmen

(Continued from Page 45)

possible bomb. What protection is there against arrows? A postman in Richland Center, Wisconsin, was struck by an arrow recently within an inch of one eye. The youngster who shot it into the air, fortunately, had dulled its point by practicing marksmanship against a brick wall. The arrow broke the postman's skin, but didn't penetrate. But the obvious remedy—a ban against playing Indian during mail-delivery hours—is impractical.

Happily, the general run of department accidents does not fall in the unforeseeable category. Not train wrecks or city traffic, but the routine lifting and handling of equipment causes the most injuries. Wrestling heavy mail sacks in and out of trucks and railway cars has made back strain and hernia prime occupational hazards in the postal fraternity. Falls run a close second, and reach their peak during the winter months, when streets, sidewalks and porches may be icy. In summer, the danger lies in obstacles that patrons leave in dimly lit hallways, and dogs which patrons leave anywhere.

Summerfield thinks he can do something about these foreseeable hazards. Experience in the traffic-safety campaign showed that men who had been driving for years with passable accident records could become even better drivers after an intensive training course. Education is a task of the first magnitude, because most accidents occur outside the post offices, along delivery and pickup routes. That means educating not only a half million postal employees, but 168,000,000 men, women and children, since everyone is a post-office patron, at least potentially, from the day he is born.

That is why the public will be increasingly solicited to co-operate in the campaign to cut down the risks of the mail carrier's calling. The department is experimenting with nonskid heels and soles, and various devices to foolproof post-office machinery. But sanding all the sidewalks and front stoops in the country is more than it can handle.

The dog, of course, presents a special problem. Among mailmen, there are skeptics who believe that some dogs are congenitally mean, and that there's at least one mean one on every residential postal route in the nation. Some of them, these pessimists hold, are motivated by the "hero complex"—the dog has the mistaken notion that he is guarding his master's home. Others merely have ferocious dispositions. But when the animal is between you and the mail slot in the front door, the difference is immaterial. If one suddenly bounded at you with fire in his eyes and a growl in his throat, what would you do?

Maybe you would look him straight in the eye and say, "Down, Rover!" Maybe you would offer him a piece of sausage. If bitter experience had taught you to mistrust these maneuvers, you might do what a carrier we shall call Joe Jones did. His official report to his supervisor, edited for brevity, runs like this:

*Dear Sir:* The accompanying complaint of my supposed activities on Mrs. Smith's front porch startles me. I am the one who should be squawking. First, I am attacked by Mrs. Smith's dog, then by Mrs. Smith, and now by the whole Post Office Department.

As I approached Mrs. Smith's dog this afternoon, he attacked with a bound and landed on my chest. I admonished him severely, slipped the letters in Mrs. Smith's mailbox, and retreated. The dog made ready for another leap. My right foot cleaved the air and it landed—a nice punt. At the foot of the steps I met Mrs. Smith. She was infuriated. I started to advise her not to punish the dog any more, as I thought he had enough. Mrs. Smith hauled off with a package she was carrying and slugged me on the head.

I regret arousing the enmity of Mrs. Smith. But my own position is—regardless of official views on the subject—that I shall take no risk of being mangled by anybody's animal friends. I may be a brute, but at least I won't be found dead of hydrophobia contracted in line of duty.

Joe Jones' plea of self-defense satisfied his supervisor, and he is still delivering the mail. Furthermore, neither Jones nor any other carrier has ever contracted hydrophobia in line of duty. But a surprising number of postmen have been bitten severely enough to require medical attention or have contracted infection from bites not treated soon enough.

The sprained ankles, twisted knees and wrenched backs incurred in getting out of harm's way are legion. One carrier retreating from a hostile dog backed into a ditch and fractured a vertebra. A carrier in Cleveland, Abraham Blank, was attacked by two boxers, a breed widely advertised for friendliness, and injured so seriously he was unable to work for more than a year. He has since applied for permanent-disability retirement. Last year nearly 6000 carriers—approximately one in every twenty—were bitten seriously enough to report it. How many more didn't consider their bites worth the trouble of filling out a form in triplicate will never be known.

At a high-level conference in Washington to discuss the dog-bite problem, Summerfield asked for professional advice. None of the experts in attendance—including a dog psychiatrist—was able to explain convincingly the fundamental cause of postman-phobia. Because meter readers and delivery men get bitten, too, some of the conferees suggested that dogs hate uniforms. Others theorized that newspapers and magazines in the carriers' satchels evoke unpleasant associations in the canine mind, since a rolled newspaper is a common instrument of discipline among sterner types of dog owners.

On one point all the experts agreed—that dog owners should formally introduce their pets to a new mailman or keep them inside the house during mail-delivery hours.

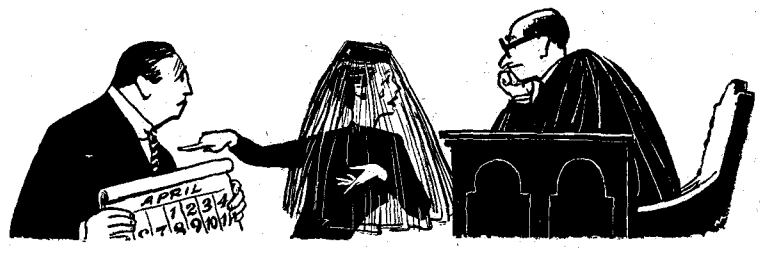
"I have enough confidence in people," Summerfield said, "to believe they will help us reduce many hazards that are due to carelessness or lack of consideration, if we call them to their attention."

Some justification for Summerfield's optimism is seen in a test campaign on the dog-bite threat in Portland, Oregon, early this year. Carriers in residential areas were furnished with two types of cards. One for newcomers read:

Welcome to the neighborhood. If you have a dog, would you kindly keep it confined during the hours of —— while I make my delivery to your home or until the dog has had a chance to get acquainted with me? I thank you for your kindness and co-operation. Sincerely, JOHN DOE, YOUR MAIL CARRIER.

The other card, bearing a similar plea, was distributed to all dog-owning patrons in the spring, when warm weather brought the animals out-of-doors in droves. Possibly the personal signature, identifying each carrier by name, had something to do with the campaign's success. Anyway, the incidence of serious dogbites in

(*Continued on Page 96*)




## You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Henry decided to cut down on his life insurance. Skipping a premium payment on one policy, he wrote to the company after the due date and requested cancellation of the policy. The company complied by letter. Days later, still within the thirty-one-day grace period, Henry suddenly died. His widow sued to make the insurance company pay her.

"Although Henry failed to pay the premium when due, he might still have changed his mind and have done so at any time during the grace period," the widow contended. "Therefore the policy remained in effect during that time."

"Not this one," the company replied. "It already had been canceled at Henry's own request."

If you were the judge, would you make the company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The company had to pay. The court ruled that Henry's waiver of the grace period was not binding, because he received nothing of value in exchange. It said: "The grace period is a safeguard for the insured which public policy, as evidenced by our legislature, had decreed be included in the contract of insurance. . . . It cannot be nullified . . . nor can it be waived . . . unsupported by consideration."

*Based upon a 1955 Texas decision.*

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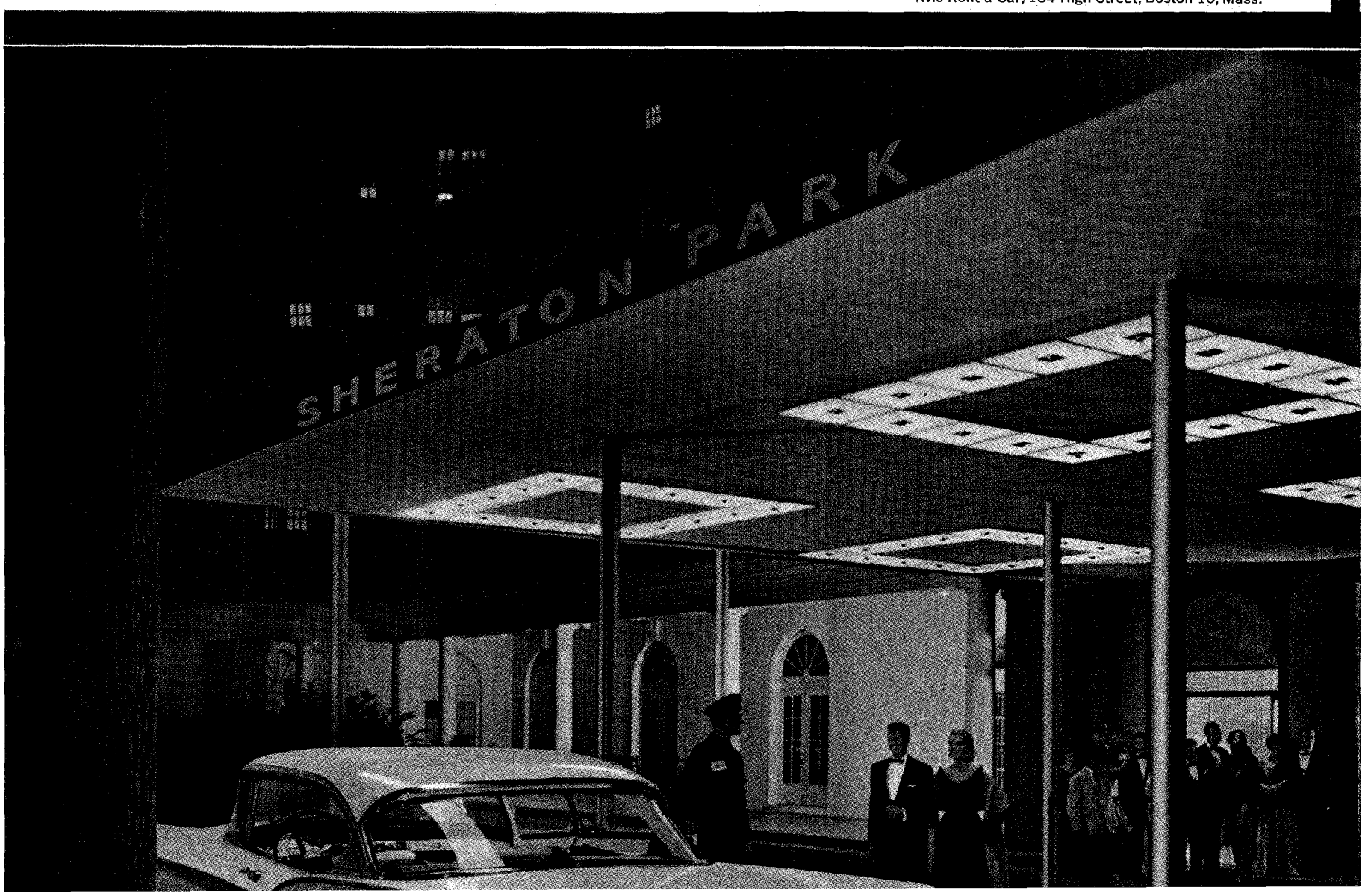



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(*Continued from Page 94*) Portland has fallen well below the national average.

Sometimes an injured carrier takes his complaint to the courts. When he is injured through negligence of a postal patron, he may file suit for damages, and if he collects more than he would get under the Government's compensation program, he may keep the difference. If the suit involves an amount too small to interest a private attorney, William B. Wright, subrogation attorney of the Department of Labor, is available free of charge. Wright's office wins several million dollars a year in judgments against companies or individuals responsible for injuries to employees in Government agencies. Last year, nearly half a million dollars in judgments was for employees of the Post Office Department.

One of Wright's recent cases, incidentally, was a judgment of $13,750 won for mail carrier Blank, who was incapacitated by the attack of the two "friendly type" dogs on his route in suburban Cleveland.

Most of the 36,000 accidents the department reported last year to the Federal Bureau of Employees' Compensation never got into the courts at all. On compensation matters, the Government usually plays the role of model employer. When the accident happens on the job, the question of blame is not even raised. A postal guard who fell asleep once cost the Government $8577. Dozing, he slid off his chair, broke his hip and was incapacitated for seventy-two weeks.

On occasions, the FBEC has stretched the rules to cover injuries connected only indirectly with handling the mails. In Union Mills, North Carolina, a couple of years ago, rural carriers George D. Hamphill and William H. Simpson came to work a few minutes early and were waiting for the post office to open, when a gasoline truck collided with a train at a crossing nearby. They ran to the scene and were attempting to rescue the truck driver when the gasoline exploded and engulfed them in flames. The postmen managed to escape, but both carriers were badly burned. They were still in the hospital undergoing skin grafts when the FBEC ruled their injuries were compensable, because they were incurred in performing a humanitarian act.

Rescues are rather common, in fact. In Detroit, carrier Stanley Hopkinson was driving his parcel-post truck through a downtown section when he saw the door of a passing car fly open and a small boy fall to the pavement. Jamming on his brakes, Hopkinson leaped to the ground and snatched the child from the path of an oncoming truck, narrowly missing being run over himself. He left without giving his name. Carrier Harold Duckworth had stopped at his relay box in Granite City, Illinois, to get another load of mail when he heard cries for help from a burning building. First locking his satchel in the relay box—in accordance with regulations which say you may be fired for letting a mail satchel lie around—he ran to the scene of the blaze and carried out two men overcome by smoke. When firemen arrived, he departed without leaving his name.

This habit of modesty might seem odd in mailmen, to whom names and forwarding addresses mean so much. When carrier Jesse N. Hawkins was identified by newspaper reporters as the "unidentified passerby" who rescued a woman and her infant granddaughter from an apartment-house fire in Washington, D.C., he was asked why he had left so hurriedly. He said, "Everything seemed to be under control, and I had a lot of mail to deliver, so I just went on about my business."

Rescues sometimes get postal employees in trouble. Carrier Ralph A. Wood was just leaving a branch office in Oakland, California, with several parcels and a registered letter containing $681, when he saw a crowd gathered around a man lying on the sidewalk, bleeding profusely. Having been trained in first aid, Wood threw his packages into his truck, stuck the letter in his hip pocket and stopped the flow of blood during the wait for an ambulance. Resuming his rounds, Wood discovered the registered letter was missing. Postal inspectors investigating the incident recommended that Wood not be held personally liable for loss of the $681 because it was lost or stolen while he was performing a humanitarian act. But a lawyer in the General Accounting Office disapproved their recommendation on the ground that Wood had committed a post-office sin—putting a letter in his pocket—although at the time he had no place else to put it. Wood was still paying off the debt in monthly pay deductions when his congressman secured passage of a private bill remitting the sum in full.

THE END

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Photo Courtesy Florida Sunshine Gardens

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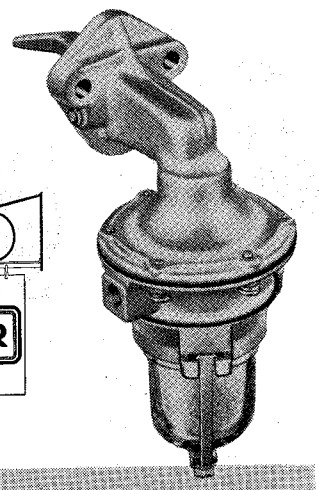

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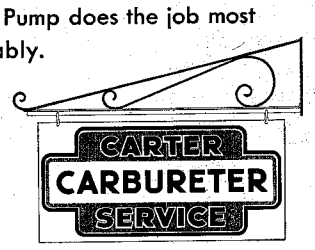


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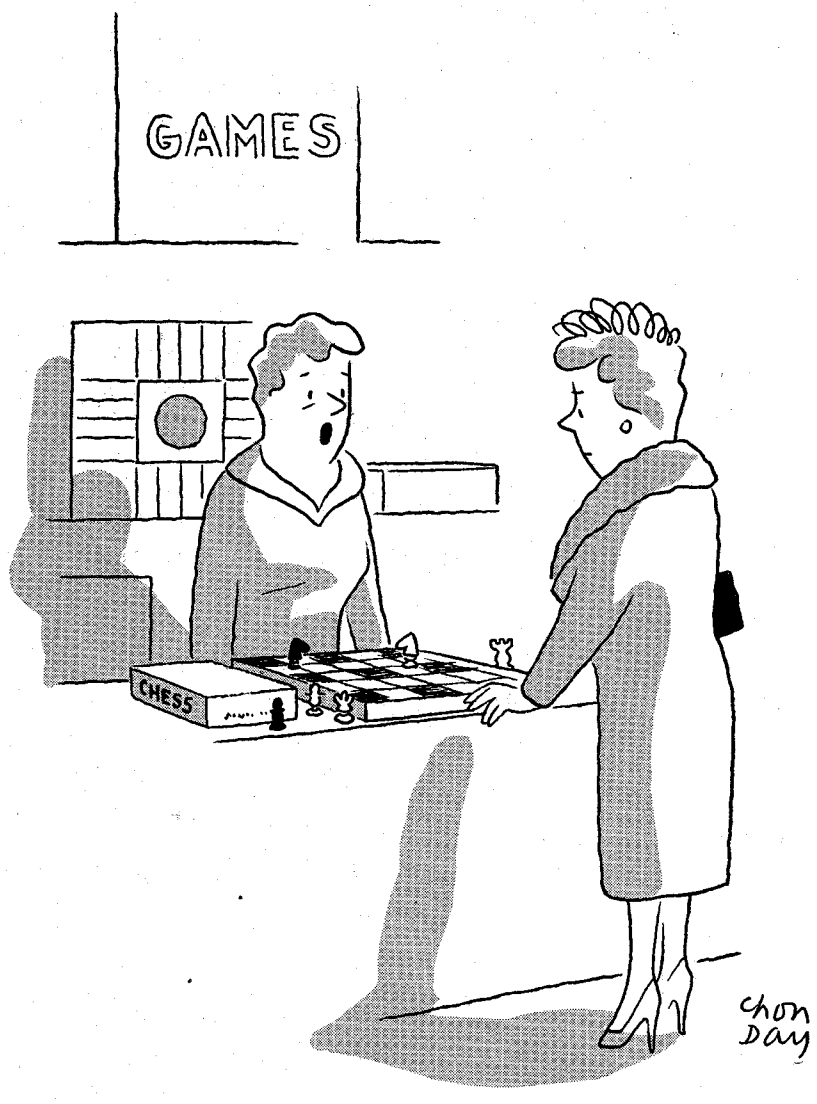


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's something like checkers, only moodier."

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"Gifford will be right back. Just after you phoned, he discovered we were out of aspirin."

## The New Red Look (Continued from Page 33)

miners' union—Britain's third largest—is raging at this moment in the Yorkshire pits, and should this bastion fall, the T.U.C.'s stoutly pro-Western high command would be confronted with the gravest threat in its existence.

This "proletarian base" of Britain's Communist Party has not even been chipped by Joseph Stalin's fall. The British worker who votes communist is evidently an "aginner" who does not like the way things are. But learned arguments about the cult of the individual excite him far, far less than dog racing and cricket.

It is the intellectual whose tender mind is deeply troubled. To him, the business of de-Stalinization becomes, in fact, a painful raking-over of his own life. Likely as not, he is a scientist or university don who joined the party many years ago in blazing protest against some kind of dictatorship, be its name Franco, Mussolini or Hitler. To learn, after a lifetime of pious belief, that the sole difference between Hitler and Stalin was in the shape of their mustaches has been a stunning blow.

"I always knew that things were going on in Russia that one could not approve," one prominent communist academician admitted to me in a private conversation. "Those trials, for example. Why did those men confess? How was it done? And why did people one had personally known in Eastern European countries suddenly disappear without a trace? I often asked myself these questions."

Then why did he not raise his voice against those wrongs? Khrushchev, I mentioned, claimed he could not speak up while Stalin was alive because of the prevailing terror. But who could terrorize a British subject?

"As long as there was danger of another war," he carefully explained, "one just wasn't going to do or say anything that would align oneself with the other side." We were sipping sherry in a room which overlooked the courtyard of one of England's famous universities. The "other side"—there was no doubt he meant his native Britain and the Western world in general. "If Russia went down," he resolutely added, "it would be a putting-back of history by a hundred years. At heart, she's sound."

And that is the refrain with which the vast majority of Britain's Marxian intellectuals console themselves. It's true that a few have quietly left the party and are now licking their emotional wounds. Two brave young men—John Saville, lecturer on economics at the University of Hull, and E. P. Thompson, of the University of Leeds—have started their own opposition paper, The Reasoner, in which they boldly criticize their leaders for their slavish attachment to the Kremlin and for the lack of freedom in the party. However, the odd circumstance that even this courageous pair prefer to stay inside the party shows that there is no danger of a split. The typical Marxian intellectual still finds it easier to swallow the new line than face up to the disconcerting fact that he has been a fool most of his life. Like Doctor Faustus, he has sold his soul.

But what about the other Western European parties whose "monolithic structures" are still miraculously intact? In talking with the comrades on the Continent, one feels that an extremely tricky situation has been resolved with a good deal of skill. The Khrushchev speech, one must remember, was made in secret session. According to reports now trickling out of Moscow, the gathering of Russian party bigwigs to whom it was addressed got nearly out of hand. Delegates wept, jumped up, stood on their chairs, yelled and collapsed. Some had to be dragged out. Small wonder that Russia's leaders would not take a chance at publishing the massive transcript whose gory details, it was feared, might upset foreign stomachs.

It was the United States State Department which, on June fourth, released the speech, of which it had obtained a copy somewhere in Eastern Europe. Its immediate effect on communists throughout the world was devastating. Party chiefs everywhere now turned on Russia's leaders in an unprecedented frame of mind. There was no doubt that they were extremely angry. To have to read a document of this significance in the "capitalistic press"—one communist paper spoke of "enemy sources"—added humiliation to the shock.

The tune was called by Western Europe's most important, and probably most brilliant, communist—Palmiro Togliatti, sixty-three-year-old chief of the Italian party, whose card-holding membership of some 2,000,000 makes it the largest outside the Iron Curtain. Togliatti's case is a good illustration of what the Khrushchev group is up against in Western Europe. Here is a man who,


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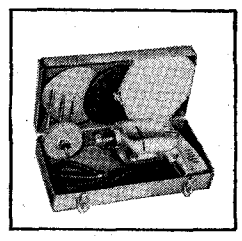

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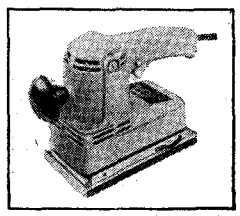

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during most of Stalin's reign, stood on the very summit of the communist Olympus. As secretary of the Comintern from 1926 to its dissolution in 1943, he was among the top half dozen people who laid down the law in Moscow. Fellows like Khrushchev and Bulganin, when he had a controlling voice, were local officeholders of small importance.

Togliatti had, during those Moscow years, developed a strong admiration for the Soviet dictator, with whom he worked so closely on top-secret matters, and Stalin's death left him bereft. At the same time, his own high rank gave him a more than academic interest in the hot, bloody struggle for succession which now began. To him, a member of the old guard, it seemed both strange and galling to have a junior officer like Khrushchev dispose of his late friend and hero in this clumsy fashion, and then to hear about it via Washington. His first reaction was cold Latin sarcasm.

"The present leaders of the Soviet Union have known Stalin a great deal better than we have," he stated in a planted interview. "And therefore we ought to believe them now, when they describe him in this way. We can only think among ourselves that, seeing how things stood . . . they could at least have been more prudent in that public and solemn exaltation of the qualities of this man to which they had accustomed us. . . . There is no doubt that their prestige is somewhat lessened."

In the best manner of the old inquisitor, Togliatti now requested a "Marxian explanation" of "how such errors could have crept into the evolution of socialist society." This was Togliatti not the Italian, but the Muscovite, giving forth with a nasty bit of dialectics. A Marxian explanation or analysis—presumably the kind Karl Marx would make if he were still around—is a standard tool of Red sophistry, used to show up the sins of heretics. For instance, at the time of Tito's break with Moscow, a ranking French communist, Courtade, had stated, "I can demonstrate by a Marxian analysis that the Tito regime is a fascist regime." The implications for the Khrushchev group were clear: if Russia's present leaders were to blame for "errors," their claim to communist world leadership was doubtful.

It was a compliment to Togliatti's role as senior Western communist that his request was echoed by party chiefs around the world. The powerful French party, which commands more than one quarter of France's total vote—and whose chief, Maurice Thorez, had spent a cozy Easter weekend with Togliatti—called for "a profound Marxian analysis" of the circumstances in which Stalin's dictatorship could flourish. The British politburo demanded "a profound Marxian analysis of the causes of degeneration in the functioning of Soviet democracy." The communists in the United States suggested "a basic analysis of how such perversions of Socialist democracy, justice and internationalism were permitted to . . . continue unchecked for twenty years." Belgian, German and Scandinavian party leaders added their voices to the angry chorus: *Investigate!*

Precisely at this point the Kremlin called a halt to the incipient mutiny. It was one thing to criticize. It was another to speak of perversions and degeneration. In fact, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was ready with its own Marxian analysis, and published it in a whip-cracking resolution on June 30, 1956. "The fact that the party itself has boldly and openly raised the question of eliminating the cult of the individual . . . is the best proof of the strength and viability of the Soviet system. At the same time it shows a determination finally to overcome the consequences of the cult of the individual and to prevent the recurrence of such errors in the future. . . . The communists in foreign countries regard the struggle against the cult of the individual as a struggle . . . for the consolidation and further development of the principles of proletarian internationalism." Foreign comrades who wished to ask some further questions were welcome to ask them in Moscow.

With that, the rising of the chiefs collapsed. One by one, the Western European parties sent their delegations to the Kremlin for reorientation. One by one, the leaders reaffirmed their ties with Moscow. Comrade Togliatti promised a campaign to build up "the spirit of proletarian internationalism," while Pravda, official organ of the Soviet party, announced the Italian leader's "unreserved approval" of the Khrushchev line. The British party broadcast its "complete agreement" with the Soviets, pointedly adding, "It is not true, as the enemies of communism allege, that the injustices and crimes (of the Stalin era) arose from the nature of the Soviet social system."

But the most fascinating case of self-effacement was that of burly, fifty-six-year-old Maurice Thorez, long known as France's "little Stalin." None of the Western chieftains was more Stalinist than this ex-miner who emulated the great dictator much as a Roman governor out in the provinces would copy the god emperor in Rome. With sovereign pomp, Maurice held court, basking in the adulation of his flunkies and admirers, collecting birthday tributes from his underlings and, finally, accepting a Riviera villa from a grateful party. Small wonder that Maurice was touchy on the subject of the personality cult. A prominent French communist, Hervé, who had dared criticize him for his regal manner shortly before the Moscow congress, was read out of Maurice's party. And now, Khrushchev.

Still, France's "little Stalin" knuckled under. At the French party's big July convention in Le Havre, Thorez declared himself "completely satisfied" with Moscow's explanation. His unconditional surrender was dramatized by the appearance at the congress of a high-powered Soviet delegation led by Comrade Suslov, in charge of the Kremlin's relations with satellite and Western parties.

Just what had happened? What brought the mutineers to heel so quickly? Observers throughout Europe doubt that any of the Western leaders meant seriously to challenge Moscow's overlordship. They had allowed themselves to vent their anger, and rapidly pulled in their horns when faced with the appalling prospect of a break with Russia.

All these men have been brought up in the tradition of a proletarian, Moscow-directed international. Most of them are now in the afternoon of life. They have lived a dream of revolution—a dream that took them in and out of jail, through underground and exile, up to dazzling heights. The revolution never did come off. But each of these Red veterans, except in countries where the party is outlawed, has since become a man of substance. He has found personal security. He pulls the strings of a superbly organized machine. He gives receptions, wears a tie and has a bank account.

But he has always held his job as a mere vassal of the Kremlin. Traveling back and forth between his fief and Moscow, he would bring home the latest thing in dialectics, as well as marching orders for the next few months. His own politburo relied on him for liaison. Some of these European party leaders can qualify, in fact, as Muscovites. Togliatti spent some twenty years in Moscow. Thorez deserted to the Soviets during World War II and, after his cerebral hemorrhage in 1950, went to the Soviet Union for a four-year rest cure. Even John Gollan, the relatively youthful leader of the British party, no longer has to ask directions around Red Square.

Unlike Tito of Yugoslavia, who had a mighty army at his elbow when he defied the Kremlin, the chieftains of the West are nobodies in their own right. To every one of them, a sudden snapping of the cord, a transformation of his party into an independent, national organization, would spell ruin. It would cost him his job. His very presence in the party would become embarrassing. He would have to start life all over. What goes for him goes, in a lesser way, for minor party leaders, communist union bosses, Red deputies and senators—men with a vested interest in the machine.

As for the "proletarian base," it has not been disturbed by the events. Whether one talks with communists of the Italian, French or British working classes, one quickly realizes that most of them are glad to be confirmed in their belief that Russia is the Eden of the workingman, the Marxian fatherland whose shiny socialist achievements prove that "it can be done."

And if the intellectual continues to be plagued by doubt, he knows only too well that his political beliefs have isolated him from his own countrymen and that he has no other place to go. A friendly gesture now and then will be enough to keep him in the family. To reconcile its troubled eggheads, the French Communist Party, in an unprecedented move, recently made nuclear physicist Joliot-Curie a member of its powerful central committee—a slap in the face for twenty-eight hand-picked and vetted candidates who were ahead of him.

The monolithic structure of world communism, in other words, has stood the tremor caused by our State Department. The foreign party chiefs, while shedding a last tear for their beloved Stalin, are back in line, for better or for worse. Behind them, the Red columns have closed ranks.

The mixture as before? Not quite. The myth of a New Look is carefully plugged everywhere in Western Europe. Communist leaders, in their private utterances as well as in their public speeches, insist that the old formula of unquestioning servility toward the Kremlin has been replaced by the "fraternal solidarity" of the world's Marxian parties. According to them, the new formula gives them a new freedom of action. There probably is an element of truth in this assertion: the various foreign delegates were told, during their Moscow briefings last summer, that Western parties were expected to become more self-reliant in their tactics. Freed of close Moscow supervision, but officered by old reliables, they will no doubt find it a great deal easier to be "respectable," make friends among the middle classes and conquer new terrain. As Comrade Togliatti recently observed, "An ever greater autonomy of judgment can only benefit our movement."

Here, we are face to face with the true meaning of the whole affair. One prominent ex-communist—a former member of the international top echelon—gave me his own informed opinion, "De-Stalinization, after all, is but one aspect of Russia's new approach to the cold war. Together with her drive for 'peaceful coexistence,' her economic aid to backward countries, her bid for an alliance with the socialists, it forms a unified new strategy—the strategy of peaceful penetration. You might say this is Russia's answer to the atomic stalemate between herself and the United States. But it was utterly unthinkable to chart this course within the iron-clad, dogmatic, narrow policy of Stalin. What Moscow needs to get ahead is flexibility."

Seen in this light, Khrushchev's great blast emerges as the central action in a coherent, brilliant and audacious operation. While our own alliances throughout the world show signs of crumbling, Russia can once again assert herself as the great power directing a world-wide conspiracy. Already in control of one third of the globe, she is now moving toward new horizons. THE END

"I made a pleasant discovery today . . . our bathroom scale doesn't work."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# How much does this "tax curtain" cost you?

A strange kind of tax favoritism separates a few million families and businesses from most Americans when it comes to paying taxes on electricity.

The people in this "privileged class" pay little or no taxes in their electric bills, while everybody else does (about 23 cents out of each dollar spent for electricity). Because the few don't pay their fair share of taxes, you and other taxpayers are taxed *more* every year to make up the difference—many millions of dollars more.

There's nothing different or special about the people in the "privileged class." They just happen to get electricity from government power plants, and government in the electric business pays little or no taxes. That puts these people on the other side of the "tax curtain."

This kind of tax favoritism is unfair—and unusual in America. That's why we believe it should be made widely known and given critical study. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

*Names on request from this magazine

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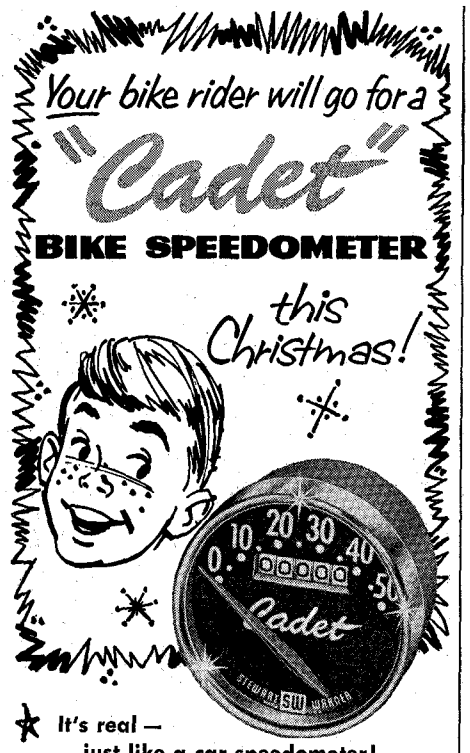


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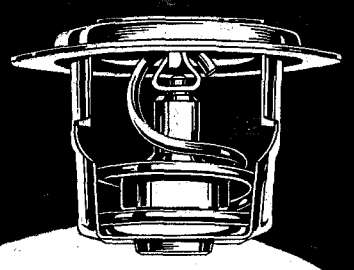

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# Football's Craftiest Recruiter

(Continued from Page 31)

and listen to the game on the same portable radio on which they heard the Mountaineers rally to beat Penn State, 20–19, three years ago.

Pappy's own movements are as regular as the gong on the courthouse clock. On Tuesday night he and backfield coach Ed Shockey invariably slip into the Warner Theater, next to the Morgan Hotel. They munch a bag of popcorn, see only a part of the picture and walk out. On Friday morning Lewis nervously strolls the length of High Street, Morgantown's main drag, swapping friendly insults with the shopkeepers, then winds up having a cup of coffee at the hotel with R. M. Davis, a mine operator. On Friday evening he seeks out an old crony, has one highball and then goes to a restaurant for a lobster dinner—it has to be lobster.

During the course of these proceedings Lewis may pull up abruptly—no matter where he is—lick his right thumb and stamp it three times into the palm of his left hand. Or, without breaking stride, he may suddenly make an imaginary "X" and spit through it.

If these pregame rites of the superstitious coach of West Virginia appear a bit extreme, they are nothing compared with the efforts he will undergo to land a barrel-chested guard or a speedy halfback during the off season, or "ivory-hunting" time. With a safety lamp on his cap, he'll go into the belly of a mine to talk to a coal-digging father about a football-playing son. He'll drink straight vodka with an immigrant mother, go trout fishing at dawn with a boy who loves the rod, or seek out a prospect deep in the backwoods where modern transportation couldn't budge. It's not for nothing that Lewis is referred to in some quarters as "America's No. 1 football recruiter."

Recruiting is one of the inevitable offshoots of high-pressure college football, which operates on the theory that material is 80 per cent of the game and the actual coaching only 20 per cent. Thus coaches find it necessary to beat the bushes for strong young men who can run, pass and kick. Much like farmers examining prize cattle or horsemen scrutinizing Thoroughbreds, they gauge prospects by standards of strength, endurance and speed. Then they offer the most promising boys a free—and often easy—college education in return for their contributions to a school's athletic glory, not to mention its gate receipts.

Competition is so intense that the outstanding athlete often is in a position to pick and choose among assorted offers. The full scholarship, covering room and board, books and fees, is basic. Frequently it takes more—a cash bonus, a high-paying campus job, an automobile with unlimited gas—to land one of the more widely sought youngsters.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association and many of the individual conferences have been taking various steps to bring the abuses under control, but so far with limited success. The player on the hoof remains a high-priced and standard commodity in the American football scheme.

For many years one of the most popular and productive hunting grounds has been the soft-coal mining belt covering corners of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Into the midst of this rich field Pappy Lewis came on February 6, 1950, as head coach of the West Virginia football team. He inherited a team of hillbilly football orphans, without national stature and without hope. He went to work building from what he called "the guts and gristle of our own people."

Says Pappy, "I always maintained that the best football players in the world come out of the coal mines and blast-hot steel mills right here in our own back yard. I said if I could have the pick of the boys in this small area, I'd put the ball on the forty-yard line and dare anybody to take it away from us—Oklahoma, Notre Dame, Michigan State, anybody. I thought it was a shame for these boys to go out of state and become stars, so I decided to keep 'em home."

The list of football standouts who got away before Lewis began his intensive campaign is an imposing one, but with Pappy on the prowl this mountainous, rugged region has yielded fewer of its strapping, muscled young men to the teams of outside universities. Meanwhile West Virginia football has prospered.

During the past four years the Mountaineers scored thirty-one regular-season victories against only six defeats. They entered the present schedule with three strings going for them—sixteen straight games won in the Southern Conference, three consecutive conference championships, and an unbroken streak of forty-five games in which they have scored.

They are receiving regular recognition in the unofficial national ranking polls. They are scheduling big-time teams which once shunned them, and they are attracting the attention of the major bowls. The Mountaineers made their first big bowl appearance in 1954 in the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans, and as "nervous country boys"—according to Lewis—lost to Georgia Tech, 42–19.

Of West Virginia's current sixty-six-man squad, thirty-eight players are registered from within the state, twenty-four from neighboring Pennsylvania and one each from Ohio, Delaware, New Jersey and Michigan. Of the "foreigners," only Dick Klickner, sophomore end from New Castle, Delaware, is a serious varsity contender. He was persuaded by a hometown alumnus to enter West Virginia.

"Outside of Klickner, there's not a boy on the regular squad who couldn't get in a car or bus and be home in two hours, eating his mamma's mincemeat pie," says Lewis. "They live that close."

Then, with an authoritative wink, he adds, "There's nothing like mamma's mincemeat pie as a selling point with these country boys. It's more convincing than a sports car."

Lewis is a hulking, rawboned native of West Virginia, and an ex-miner himself. He is forty-five years old, and there is only a wisp of gray in his close-cropped hair and in his shaggy eyebrows, which would impress John L. Lewis. He stands six-feet-three and weighs 245 pounds. Thick shoulders and hamlike hands attest to the days he spent in the coal pits and on roofs as a tinner. He was doing this sort of man's work before he went to college. Lewis was twenty-one by the time he entered Ohio University, in Athens, Ohio (not to be confused with Ohio State). Being a freshman at an age when most men were seniors, he got the nickname Pappy, which he has never shaken.

Pappy Lewis talks with a slow, molasses drawl, and spouts corn-pone philosophy with disarming earnestness. Cynical rivals may scoff, but it's this down-to-earth sincerity of manner, friends say, that has made Pappy such an effective proselyter among simple people who pry their livelihood from the hills. When one of them turns up with a "young'un" ready to swap the use of his muscle for a higher education, Pappy usually gets the boy.

Gene Corum, young West Virginia end coach, tells of an incident last spring involving a 220-pound tackle pursued by a score or more of colleges. According to Corum, the choice narrowed to three. One institution promised a $200-a-month job. Another guaranteed a cash bonus, plus a degree requiring only a minimum of study. The third, West Virginia, offered only the regulation full scholarship.

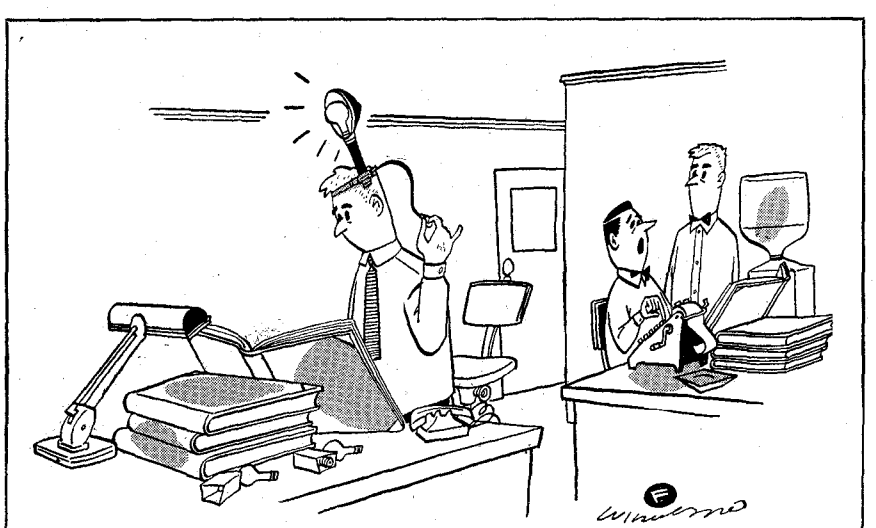
Corum and Bob Snyder, Lewis' new backfield aide, dropped by the boy's home for the final decision, fearing the worst. There they were confronted by the athlete's father, a leathery miner of Polish extraction, who spoke in broken English.

"I think the big man with bushy brows is truth," the father said, in obvious reference to Pappy Lewis. "My boy go with you."

Lewis insists that every athlete sought by West Virginia, whether a potential star or a boy of just average ability, is offered the same deal—tuition, books, fees, room, board and fifteen-dollars-a-month laundry money. "These are what the conference allows," Pappy says. "We couldn't go beyond them if we wanted to. The entire scholarship program is handled by a special board under the supervision of the president of the university. If we stepped out of line, it would be our necks."

The Mountaineer Scholarship Fund, the official name of the project, is operated like a separate business enterprise. Since a state law forbids use of university athletic funds for this purpose, the money is raised by tapping friends and alumni. Some 1000 of these supporters, contacted personally for donations as high as $5000, ante up $100,000 a year, the minimum needed to keep the operation going.

West Virginia has 100 athletic scholarships—eighty in football and twenty in basketball—with a limit of thirty new



"He has a photographic mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ones a year. Carefully kept books show a yearly outlay of $841 for the in-state athlete and $1191 for the out-of-state boy. This covers all the cost items previously mentioned.

In recruiting home-state boys, Lewis benefits from the fact that any boy graduating from an approved high school in West Virginia automatically qualifies for entrance in the university. Out-of-staters who receive athletic scholarships must be in the upper half of their high-school classes. Once the boys are in at West Virginia, special tutoring sessions are held three times a week to keep the thicker-headed athletes up in their schoolwork—and eligible.

Like most coaches in conferences with liberal recruiting codes, Lewis claims he is often outbid by schools which profess to observe stricter standards. "We have to do plenty of talking sometimes," he says. "Some schools in the Big Ten, for instance, offer money for campus jobs. A boy is told he can earn two hundred to four hundred dollars a month, and then tipped off on the sly that the job is just a surface deal—he doesn't really have to work at it. But our people around here have had to work for every nickel they ever earned. They get suspicious when some city slicker comes around telling them what he's going to give Joey for nothing. They don't like fast talk. They want honesty."

There was the case of Jim Hillen, a 200-pound tackle from Smock, Pennsylvania, who was so good that he had the college talent scouts drooling. Pappy knew he had his work cut out for him. He made regular visits to the Hillen home and adopted Lewis formula No. 1—he pitched camp in the family kitchen.

Lewis was born of a Welsh father and an Irish mother, but for this occasion he "discovered" that he had a Slavic ancestor somewhere back in his family tree. He became an expert at cooking "lallopka," a dish which immigrant Slavs, such as the Hillens, call "pig in the blanket." It consists of seasoned pork wrapped in cabbage leaves. Mamma Hillen, like Lewis a prodigious and enthusiastic eater, began looking forward to Pappy's visits.

After pondering outside enticements ranging up to $300 a month, son Jim finally chose West Virginia, which offered its usual scholarship package. Asked why he didn't accept one of the more lucrative deals, Jim replied, "Mom thought there was a catch in it."

Lewis often finds that a little shoptalk with the father and a bit of flattery for the mother are enough to land a boy, but sometimes his poise is put to supreme tests. To assure getting one athlete, he attended the boy's high-school graduation exercises, and then went home with the family for a celebration.

"Let's drink a toast to Mike's graduation," said the mother, a portly Lithuanian, pulling out a big white jug and pouring the contents into large water glasses.

Lewis waited for her to add the ice and water. She never did. "Down the hatch!" the mother said, draining her glass.

"Down the hatch!" echoed Lewis, emptying the contents.

"I had to struggle to keep from sputtering and choking," Pappy said later. "It was undiluted firewater, but I couldn't afford to hesitate. We got the boy."

Lewis went on a chicken cacciatore diet in the course of securing Mickey Trimarki, of Burgettstown, Pennsylvania, who is slated to be the team's No. 1 quarterback for the next two years.

"I'm sure Pappy never studied Italian in his life," says Mickey Furfari, sports editor of the Morgantown Dominion News, "but when he started courting Trimarki he spouted the language like he was born in Naples. It wasn't good Italian, but it was adequate, and it impressed the family. Heaven knows how he picked it up."

The boys themselves take easily to the big, pleasant West Virginia coach. If he knows a boy likes fishing, Pappy will grab a pole and—unannounced—knock at the boy's front door at daybreak. "How about a little fishing, son?" he'll drawl. The boy generally beams. Sometimes Pappy will grab a boy with a wrestling hold and say, "They tell me you're tough. Show me."

Lewis overlooks no bets. Driving along a highway between communities, he occasionally spots a big, well-built boy of high-school age hitching a ride. Pappy makes a point of overshooting the hitchhiker by about 100 yards, then yelling back, "O.K., rush it up. Come on, if you want a lift." He studies the boy's speed and co-ordination on the run to the car. Then, if interested, he starts his pitch with, "What does your old man do, son?" or, "What's your papa's name?"

Once he shot the latter question at a prospect, and the boy answered, "Fear Not."

"O.K.," Pappy said, "but what's your pa's name?"

"Fear Not," the boy repeated. "It's Fear Not Fred Shamblin. Grandma named him for a verse in the Bible which says, 'Fear not, for the Lord will be with you.'"

Lewis drove to Sissonville, West Virginia, to meet Fear Not Fred Shamblin, a prosperous farmer. The two became fast friends. The son, Glen Shamblin, wound up as a 197-pound fullback on the Mountaineer roster.

While Pappy's percentage of "hits" is pretty high, he has had some disappointing misses. He spent one entire summer playing golf with an outstanding prospect just over the Pennsylvania border. Assistant coaches even caddied for the boy. Then the lad went to Pittsburgh.

Recently Lewis and his staff rushed a much-sought West Virginia boy whose father was a lay preacher. One day Pappy and Gene Corum paid the family a visit. They were warmly greeted by the father, who immediately asked, "Do you gentlemen know anything about the Bible?"

"Certainly," said Pappy proudly. "My brother is a preacher." This is the truth.

"Wonderful," the father said. "I'd like for you to look at something." He threw back a door and disclosed a huge blackboard on which was drawn an intricate interpretation of the Book of Revelation.

Lewis looked and gulped. He knew he was supposed to make some intelligent comment on it. For once he found himself stumped. Finally, in desperation, he turned to his assistant and said, "Hey, Gene, what do we think of this?"

They lost the boy to Penn State. Pappy was humbled by the experience. "I love the Lord," he said later, "but I thought that stuff on the blackboard was the draw for a basketball tournament."

Pappy fares better when the job calls for perseverance. A Pitt coach tells a story about being tipped off on a gifted youngster who lived in an almost unreachable part of the backwoods. One day the Pitt man steeled himself to make the trip. He cut off the main highway onto a dirt road, forded two creeks in his car, drove in muddy ruts up to his hubcaps and wound up trudging the last mile and a half uphill to the boy's house. When the Pitt man opened the door, there was Pappy Lewis, sitting in a rocking chair, with his feet propped on a potbellied stove.

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Lewis was born February 18, 1911, on the banks of the Ohio River in a place he calls "just a location, not a town—you can't find it on the map." It was near Clifton, in Mason County. He was the oldest of nine children of a hard-working Welsh coal miner and farmer. "We moved every time the rent came due," Pappy says.

At fourteen he quit school to enter the mines with his father. He also helped the family finances by doing side work in the tinner's trade. After two years he was able to resume his education at the high school across the river in Middleport, Ohio.

When he finally got to Ohio University in 1932, he became a legendary player for this second-flight football school. Ohio was good enough in Lewis' time to beat such teams as Illinois and Cincinnati. Pappy played tackle. The backfield featured Bob Snyder, who was added to the West Virginia football staff this year after a long playing and coaching career, chiefly with the pros.

Pappy played without pads or headgear until his junior year, when college safety rules made it compulsory. He was a rough-and-tough man among boys. "What are a few football knocks when you've had slate banging around your ears?" he says. He captained the Ohio team in 1935, won Little All-America honors and was a standout in the 1936 East-West game in San Francisco.

Snyder recalls that as a senior, Lewis was banged to the ground so hard in one game that his left arm popped at the elbow, with the bone protruding. Pappy continued in action, but after a while became very ill. As captain, he called time out, then calmly strode off the field to the dressing room. The next week, with the broken arm held by a hinged kneepad, he played three quarters of the game.

After graduating in 1936 with a B.S. degree in history, Lewis played a year of professional football with the New York Giants. He spent 1937 as line coach at Ohio Wesleyan, but in 1938 moved back into pro football as player and line coach with the then Cleveland Rams. In midseason he became, at twenty-seven, the youngest head coach ever in the National Football League.

"It happened this way," Lewis recalls. "Cleveland had lost ten games the year before. We lost the first two games of 1938, and we were getting our brains kicked out by Washington in the third, with most of the regulars on the bench. Finally, five of us—Bob Snyder, Tom Hupke, Stan Pincura, Corby Davis and myself—got up and, without saying a word to the coach, put ourselves in the game."

It was too late to affect the result. That evening the coach, Hugo Bezdek, was fired, and the job was given to Lewis. Pappy's only move was to call a squad meeting and announce stricter curfew rules. Then, under Lewis, the Rams proceeded to break even in their remaining games. They beat the Detroit Lions, and knocked off the Chicago Bears twice in succession. "I guess this was just about the greatest kick I ever got out of football," Pappy says.

He held the Rams' head-coaching spot only temporarily, but stayed on at Cleveland as line coach through 1941. In 1942 he moved to Washington and Lee, again as line coach, and then in midsummer joined the Navy as officer in charge of instructional football at St. Mary's (Calif.) Preflight School. He emerged from the service in 1945 as a lieutenant commander and a stanch convert to the split-T offense.

He got his first college head-coaching chance in 1946 at Washington and Lee, where material was almost nonexistent. Only fourteen boys reported for football practice the first two days. In three years at W. & L. he compiled a mediocre eleven-seventeen record, leaving just when his talent building was about to pay off. Material that Lewis had brought in, led by quarterback Gil Bocetti, was good enough later to beat him in his first two years at West Virginia. Those were the seasons of 1950 and 1951; Lewis had spent 1949 as line coach at Mississippi State, before going on to succeed Dudley DeGroot as football boss at West Virginia.

The Mountaineers, who had some top teams in the 1920's under Doc Spears and Ira Rodgers, had not been a national power for many years. Lewis had to start at rock bottom again. His West Virginia team in 1950 sank to a low of two victories in ten games, but the following fall he broke even at five-and-five. Pappy's tireless recruiting endeavors began to show real fruit in 1952, when the team won seven and lost two. That was the year of the 16–0 upset over heavily favored Pitt.

In 1953 West Virginia crushed both Pitt and Penn State for the first time in a single season, while turning in an eight-and-one record which brought the Sugar Bowl bid. The next year the Mountaineers again dropped only one game—a 13–10 squeaker to Pitt. Last fall they won eight and were beaten just twice—by Pitt, 26–7, and Syracuse, 20–13.

In his six years at West Virginia, Lewis' pride has been cut most deeply by two particular defeats—the 42–19 loss to Georgia Tech in the 1954 Sugar Bowl, and the jolting setback at the hands of Pitt last year, when he had a bowl bid at his finger tips.

"The thing that irked me most was talk that West Virginia couldn't win the big ones," Pappy says. "I've got to admit we goofed that time in the Sugar Bowl. These were country boys, and they were tight. Besides, I guess I worked them too hard and they were stale. Against Pitt last fall we were just overeager, I guess. But those were both fine West Virginia teams. I'd stack 'em with the best."

West Virginia couldn't shake the Pitt jinx in its opening game this season either. Although the Mountaineers led in the ground-gaining statistics, 239 yards to ninety-six, the Panthers capitalized on fumbles for a 14–13 win. However, there was consolation in West Virginia's next big game, against Texas. This time it was the Mountaineers who won by a single point, 7–6. Then came a 20–27 West Virginia loss to potent Syracuse.

After each football season it's customary for Lewis to attend a round-table discussion at the Elks Club on Chestnut Street in Morgantown, where Mountaineer backers get an opportunity to second-guess and give him the needle. Last fall there was a good chance that many would be in a mood to criticize, since the late losses to Pitt and Syracuse had taken some of the shine off an excellent over-all record.

Pappy delayed his arrival until all his would-be critics were seated and ready to blast, then walked in and solemnly laid a black automatic pistol in front of him.

"O.K., gentlemen?" Lewis said. Tension broke. Everybody laughed. Pappy pocketed the pistol—a toy one, of course—and relaxed for at least another year.

Some observers minimize the Mountaineers' recent success on the ground that they play weak schedules. Lewis responds that West Virginia's geographical location and small stadium—36,000 capacity—have made it difficult to line up high-grade intersectional opponents.

"We're neither fish nor fowl," he added, while discussing the matter before the start of this season. "We're in the Southern Conference. The New York papers list our results with the eastern teams. The West considers us East, and the East thinks we're West. When we go South, I wear a Confederate emblem on my underwear, but they still think we're Yankees. When we go North, I switch to a G.A.R. pin, but they call us Rebels.

"We've found it tough to get the home games we want. Who wants to take a chance of getting beat in a stadium of 36,000? We're always on the lookout for good teams, even if we have to play them in their own back yards. This year most of our toughest games are on the road. We play Texas and Miami of Florida, in addition to Pitt, Penn State, Syracuse and our regular conference schedule. In 1958 we take on Oklahoma. Who can complain about that?"

Pappy has a tough hide. Adverse comments roll off his broad back like water off a slate roof. His only worry, he says, is to keep his wife, Mary Belle, happy. "She's loaded," he jests. "When they fire me I'll just retire and live easy on her money."

Lewis met his wife, the former Mary Belle Kunst, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, at a party while he was a junior in college. He married her a year after graduation.

"Pappy made a big impression on me," Mrs. Lewis says. "He told me he lived just down the river, and that he would come up to take me for a ride in his uncle's yacht. He showed up, all right, but the yacht turned out to be a rowboat with one oar."

THE END

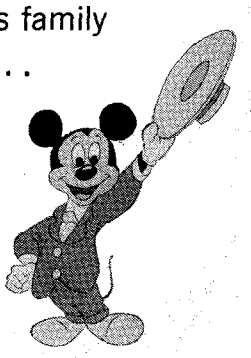

Next Week

MY DAD WALT DISNEY

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER

A girl who grew up in the same household with Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and Snow White tells the unknown story of her father's surprising private life.

An intimate report that only a member of Walt Disney's family could write . . .



Begins in Next Week's Post

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# Trial by Tiger (Continued from Page 37)

He stumbled on, trying not to think of the pain which came with each step. But all other possible thoughts seemed worse, even thoughts of Pyak-Lu and her beauty. Because now, thanks to the boar and the wasted weeks he had lain alone in the hunters' shelter, there were only a pitiful half dozen marten pelts in the bottom of his game bag.

And this meant that he could not pay the necessary and traditional seven shoes of silver to Li Chao, who was Pyak-Lu's father. At best it meant waiting for another long year. More probably, it meant that Pyak-Lu's own wishes would be ignored and her marriage would be to the Tatar, Misoula. And Misoula, so Pyak-Lu's mother had whispered to her, had offered for Pyak-Lu not seven shoes of silver, but twelve.

Kai Kon shivered, as much from his thoughts as from the wind which cut through his coat. His feet dragged and he stumbled, and a thrilling of pain shot through his injured hip. He stood and drew in great draughts of the razor-edged air until it hurt his lungs. He longed to rest, but he must be out of the forest by dark. There wasn't enough strength left in him to keep awake. Another night would mean death, either from exposure or ——

He shivered again, now at the thought of death by Ta Wang's claws and teeth. "Ta Wang" means, literally, "King" or "Great Lord." In Chinese it is written 大王 but it also means "Tiger" to the Lao-Len, the hunters for fur. Not only because the great Siberian tiger is natural lord of the forest but also because the forehead marking of the males is often in the form of this symbol.

So Kai Kon shivered. To Ta Wang, when winter begins and game is scarce, man is just another animal to be eaten.

Kai Kon forced himself to move, and began to walk again, his right leg dragging. Most things being as easy for him left-handed as right, he moved the sling of his ancient rifle from one shoulder to the other, trying by the shift of weight to give himself some ease. But it was no use. Nothing was any use. He could not go on. He sighted a giant tree which might serve as windbreak and hobbled over to it and leaned against its trunk.

It was as he eased himself slowly to the ground, his head thrown back, that he saw the bundle lashed to a branch above his head. It was a hunter's game bag, canvas bound with rawhide. And below it, carved into the tree trunk, was the signature of its owner. The lettering was in a foreign script which must be that of the Frenchman who came every hunting season from Jaran'ton, the man they all called Chin-Lai, The Odd One.

At last Kai Kon was down, his legs straight, his back against the tree. His eyes closed, but the image of the bag stayed behind them, nagging at his exhausted mind with a question.

Not the question of how it had come here—for it is the age-old practice of the hunters, when, in midseason, they have more pelts than it is simple to carry, to lash them up, cut their marks on the

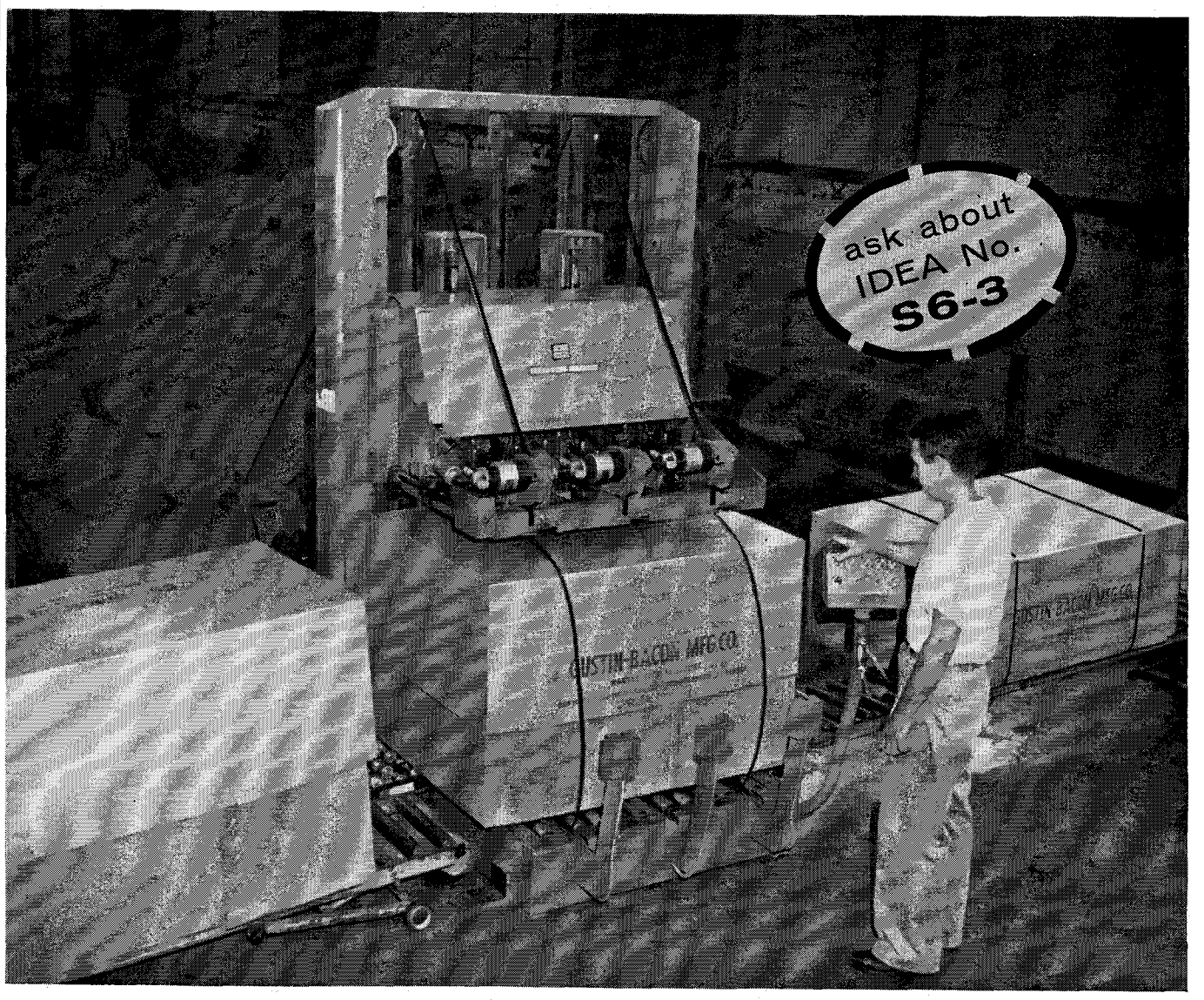
## The Errand

By Louise Eve Jenney

My mother bade me go and see
If the viol sung
In the ironwood tree,
As it did when she was young;
If sheep and gravestones mingled still
And seemed all one
On the pasture hill,
Gold-splashed by the autumn sun.

(She said no word of Fundy's tide
That could stab through stone
And, a hayload wide,
Gouge the lowlands to the bone.)

How shall I tell her all is gone—
The golden sheep
And the throaty song,
In the place where her people sleep?
How stand beside her bed and say
There is nothing left
Save the grim-faced Bay
And the furrows its tides have cleft?

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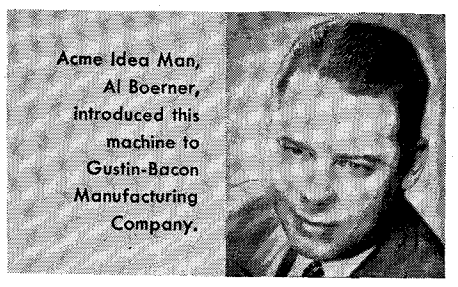
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trees and return to their hunting. The pelts are as safe this way as they would be in their owners' houses; perhaps safer. For the laws which run in the mountain forests are the old laws of the Lao-Len, as ageless as the hunt itself, and the punishment for the unforgivable sin of stealing the bag of a fellow hunter is not only death but a death so terrible that the very thought of it is enough to turn the stoutest heart to water.

But why was The Odd One's bag here now? Why hadn't he taken it, when the snows were so nearly here?

Kai Kon's head fell forward as sleep blurred the edges of his thought. The Frenchman's bag was still there in his mind, but in front of it, right behind his eyes, was Pyak-Lu. She was very beautiful. As beautiful as her name, which means White Flower of the Pear. She was dressed like a bride, and she was holding out her arms to him. He could hear her voice, soft like her eyes, saying the name his mother used to call him—Shao-Liong-Sha, Little-Both-Hands.

He slipped into a dream. The bag was not Chin-Lai's bag, but his own. And he was opening it, spreading a fabulous number of pelts—worth at least five thousand yuan dollars—in front of Pyak's wondering and love-filled eyes.

It was midafternoon when Rao-Sha, walking in the foothills, saw the magpies. They were swooping and circling over a spot near the edge of the forest, and the knifing wind had swept the sound of their excited chattering down to his ears.

Among the Lao-Len there are many superstitions about magpies, some of them contradictory. But whether a man seeing a chattering congregation of these busybodies believes it heralds a killing by Ta Wang, a change in the weather, the fell act of fur stealing or merely the birth of a litter of sables, he can at least be sure that something is happening.

What Rao-Sha thought about magpies, no one knew. But then, no one knew what Rao-Sha thought about a great many things, although they wished they did. For Rao-Sha was very wise, and so old that there were some who hinted behind their hands that he was perhaps the legendary Man-Who-Cannot-Die.

And now Rao-Sha watched the magpies, and presently turned onto a track which led up to the forest. As he climbed, leaning on his staff of pine root, the wind was squarely in his face. It pressed his long white beard back against the dark cloth of the robe which fell almost to his boot tops.

He found Kai Kon under the great pine where he had stopped to rest. Kai Kon was unmoving in a stupor of sleep. His unsheathed knife was clasped in his right hand, and his head was pillowed on a rich mound of pelts. Other skins—marten, sable, ermine—spilled out all around him. Above, over the Frenchman's mark on the tree, newly severed rawhide thongs swung from a bough.

The old man's eyes, startlingly bright in his wrinkled face, stabbed glances from detail to detail and drew together in a frown. He dropped to one knee beside Kai Kon, staring down at him. A sound came to his ear and he looked up to see two men advancing.

He knew them both—Li Wang and Misoula, the Tatar. Li Wang was small and tough and shambling, but Misoula was a very different figure, below middle height but with wide shoulders, deep chest and great strength in every line of him. And his clothing—from the conical cap of black lamb's wool to the boots of dark, supple horsehide—was different, too, not only in its texture and shape but also in its richness.

Rao-Sha waited, sitting back on his thighs. Kai Kon did not stir. The newcomers made gestures of salute, but in silence. And Rao-Sha was silent.

It was Misoula who spoke first. He pointed from the pelts to the signature on the tree. "Our search is finished," he said to Li Wang. He looked down at Kai Kon and shook his head. He looked at Rao-Sha and said, "Li Wang and I were looking for The Odd One's bag, to take to him. He has been found." He pointed to the eastward peaks. "He was hurt, but he will mend."

Rao-Sha nodded. He bent forward and slid a hand under Kai Kon's head and raised it. The eyelids fluttered. He brought from under his robe a goatskin flask and held it to Kai Kon's lips. A thin burning of millet brandy slid into Kai Kon's throat and he swallowed, and then gasped, coughing. His eyes opened. For a moment they stared, wide and blank; then narrowed as one of the pelts swam into their sight—the little spotted hide of a musk deer.

His lips moved, and two words came out of them, very clear. "My furs," he said, and then two mumbled words, the second of which might have been a name, might have been "Pyak."

Again the flask was put to his mouth. The raw spirit drove blood and sense back into his brain. He raised his head and he saw everything—all the pelts, the slashed bag, the signature on the tree. He turned his head against Rao-Sha's shoulder, but could not see the old man's eyes. He looked up at the other two as they stood close over him. The Tatar's expression was hard to read, but not Li Wang's. Li Wang's round and weather-beaten

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face, usually split by a wide smile when he looked at Kai Kon, was set like rock. And the eyes which so often twinkled were hot and hard.

Kai Kon tried to speak to Li Wang, but the words wouldn't come. He had never thought to see Li Wang look at him like this. Li Wang was not only his friend but uncle to Pyak-Lu.

Li Wang looked down at him, the hot eyes steady. And Li Wang pronounced two epithets, spat them.

"Dog's offal!" said Li Wang. "Fur thief!"

They took him to Rao-Sha's house, with Rao-Sha himself leading the way. At first, Kai Kon managed to keep up the slow, steady pace, but before they were out of the forest the pain in his leg made it impossible. He fell twice, and the second time couldn't get up without help. After that, Li Wang and Misoula took his arms and half carried him along.

Only once did anyone speak on the two-hour journey. It was when, near the edge of the forest, a black-striped magnificence appeared in their path not twenty yards away and stared toward them, haughty and motionless and menacing. The mark of the King was clear on its forehead.

Li Wang said, "Ta Wang!" with an indrawn hiss of fear, and dropped his hold on Kai Kon and pulled the sling of his old rifle from his shoulder.

But Rao-Sha walked on, the rhythm of his pace unchanged. And the great beast turned, disappearing into the trees.

Kai Kon stared after the tiger, his mind making unbidden, fearful pictures. He could feel the rope around him, holding him helpless; he could see the great shape looming over him, smell the reek of its hot breath. . . .

Rao-Sha's house was high in the foothills. It was round and made of mud, with a thatched roof. They took Kai Kon into it and lowered him onto a pile of sheepskins by the hearth.

Rao-Sha spoke with the others in low tones, and presently they were gone. He closed the low door behind them and fanned the embers on the hearth into a dull glow and fed them with straw and birch logs. When the wood crackled into flame, he hung a stewpot and a big black kettle over the blaze and knelt by Kai Kon.

Kai Kon tried to raise himself, but Rao-Sha pressed him down and unfastened his clothes, and then, with gentle hands, rubbed cloudy, sharp-scented oil on the throbbing scars of his wound.

Magically, Kai Kon's pain began to ease. The heat of the fire was warming his whole body, and the sheepskins were soft underneath him. The kettle steamed, and wafts from the stewpot brought saliva to his mouth. But no color came back to his face, and his eyes, watching the old man's every movement, were wide and wild, like a hunted animal's.

Rao-Sha went out into the dusk. Near the door, something hung from a beam beneath the thatch like a dark circle in the shadows. It was a great bronze gong, black with its uncountable age.

Rao-Sha struck the gong with three heavy strokes, and then, after a pause, with three more. And then a final three. The hollow chiming of the strokes went out high and far on the cold air, and inside the house, their message echoed in Kai Kon's head. His mouth was dry, and the chill sweat of fear had broken out upon his forehead.

The old man came in. He closed the door and moved back to the hearth.

Kai Kon couldn't stand the silence. He struggled up until he sat, clutching at the edge of the hearth. He said, "I—I am not a thief! I didn't steal! I—I could not! It is not in my mind, not in the nature of me!"

But Rao-Sha was filling a bowl from the stewpot. His back was to Kai Kon and he gave no sign that he had heard.

It was dark when Pyak-Lu left the village, and the air was filled with whirling, stinging dust raised by the wind. So no one saw her go. Which was as well for her, because she was carrying her father's rifle, and in the pocket of her quilted tunic were four of its precious shells.

The village was low in the foothills, and to reach Rao-Sha's house, she must climb three miles and more, struggling against the wind. But driven by love and terror, she kept to a pace faster than many men's would have been.

It had been dusk when she had heard the three-times-three of Rao-Sha's gong. Then her uncle, Li Wang, had come, and she and her mother had been banished

## You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Easygoing Joe was arrested by the town policeman and charged with vagrancy, defined by ordinance as "idleness and a failure to furnish oneself with employment." To prove the charge, the prosecutor sought to establish at the trial that Joe spent most of his time fishing.

"Sure, I fish a lot," Joe admitted. "And I don't hanker for work. But what's so wrong about fishing?"

"You're so lazy," the prosecutor retorted, "that when you fish, you don't catch a thing."

If you were the judge, would you convict Joe of vagrancy?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe went free. The court said of Joe's fishing: "Surely it will not be said that while thus engaged he was idling. If he was not successful, all the greater proof of his patient and hopeful labor. The individual members of this court know that fishing is far from idleness."

*Based upon a 1907 Georgia decision.*

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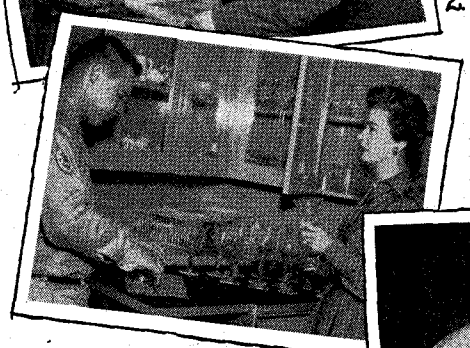

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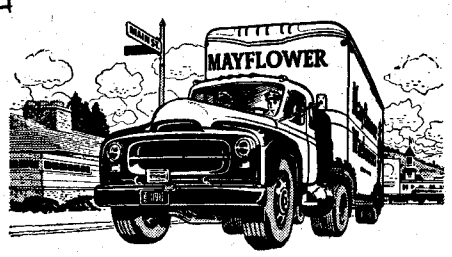


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while he spoke with her father. She would not have listened so shamelessly to their talk—her ear pressed to the clay of the wall—if she had not first heard the name "Kai Kon." But she had heard it. And, coupled with the look upon Li Wang's face and the message of the gong strokes, it had made listening as necessary to her as air.

Because, although it was heard so seldom, everyone knew what the signal meant. It was a summons to the elders, the Wise Ones, of the Lao-Len. It meant that a suspect fur thief had been caught and must be tried by the Old Law. It meant that if the Wise Ones believed the suspect guilty, the old sentence would be passed on him. And he would be taken to the forest in the middle of the night. And be bound to the trunk of a tree. And left there. Left for Ta Wang.

At dawn, men would go back and find what remained. Find and bury it. Bury it so secretly, so deep, that no one from the world outside—no one not of the Lao-Len—would ever know.

Sometimes, they said, Ta Wang would not come. Then the man was freed. He was a thief no longer; Ta Wang had given his judgment and the Wise Ones had been wrong.

That was what the stories said, what people believed. But Pyak-Lu didn't believe it. Not any more. She knew inside herself that Kai Kon was no fur thief, but she knew, too, with the dreadful certainty that had come to her, that innocence was no shield against Ta Wang.

The track grew steeper and she found her pace slowing. Somehow, she forced herself into a stumbling run. She must—she must—reach Rao-Sha before any of the Wise Ones came. Fighting for breath, she came to the top of the last rise. And she saw she was too late. Three figures—one coming from the north, two from the south—were nearing Rao-Sha's house.

Inside the house, the lamps were lighted, and their flickering yellow flames mixed with the red glowing of the fire and set odd shadows dancing. Kai Kon still lay on the sheepskins. But now there was color under the taut skin of his face and the hunted look was gone from his eyes. His belly was filled with food and his head with the weaving fumes of millet brandy which he had drunk, not raw, as in the forest, but hot and spiced.

At first he had tried to refuse the liquor, but when he had eaten, the brandy was an easy step—although as he had sipped the first drink he had looked up at Rao-Sha and said, "Fatten the pig before you kill it?"

It was then that Rao-Sha had done a curious thing. He had taken the cup from Kai Kon's hand and set it down, and he had bent over Kai Kon and said the only words he was to speak before the Wise Ones came.

He had said, "Look at me. Look into my eyes."

And Kai Kon, as he obeyed, had had the most extraordinary feeling that those other eyes were pushing into his mind, feeling their way like tentacles.

Then the old man had straightened and turned away. But he had been frowning, as if at a problem to which he couldn't find the answer. Kai Kon had seen a chance then and seized it. He had begun once more, trying to be calm this time, to affirm his innocence.

But it was useless. Rao-Sha had shown no sign of hearing, had merely waited and then, when the words had died in Kai Kon's throat, had given him more brandy. This cup had tasted different, with a curious tingling behind its spices. Perhaps, he had thought, there was opium in it. . . .

And now he was lying here, his head swimming and a feeling of warmth and peace and no-pain all over him. All through him. Because all the dark fears had left him, to be replaced by the certainty that Rao-Sha and the other Wise Ones would somehow know that he could not be a thief.

He smiled. His eyelids were heavy, but he told himself he must not sleep until the Wise Ones came. He opened his eyes—and saw that they were already here. With Rao-Sha, there were five in all. There was the White Russian, he who was called Malkin because no one could say his name as he said it. There was Quo-T'en-T'se with the withered arm. And the Jew they called the Silent One. And last was Sung T'sin with the long mustache.

They sat in a semicircle around him, their eyes fixed on him. He smiled at them through the golden haze which swam in front of his eyes. There was a ringing inside his ears, but now a voice came through it, Rao-Sha's voice. His eyelids felt as if there were weights tied to them. He let them close, and he couldn't see the Wise Ones any more.

But Pyak-Lu could see them. In the flickering light with its strange shadows they looked to her like so many Asuras, so many demons. She hated them, all of them. Even Rao-Sha. Pyak-Lu was outside the house, outside the one window. It was not yet shuttered against the snows and she had found a looseness at one corner of the pane of oiled paper, and had silently worked at it until there was a spy hole big enough for her eye.

Rao-Sha's voice was not loud, but its resonance carried every word to her ears. He was telling how he had gone up into the forest and found Kai Kon hurt and sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Kai Kon's knife had been in his hand, and his head pillowed on pelts which had been in Chin-Lai's bag. Other pelts from the bag had been scattered all around. The bag had been lashed up in the big pine that Kai Kon was lying beneath. Chin-Lai's signature was in the bark, the severed thongs of the bag were still hanging. In Kai Kon's own unopened bag were only six marten pelts. Kai Kon's injury was a half-healed wound in his thigh, made by the tusks of a boar. The wound was some three weeks old: Kai Kon must have lain alone, perhaps in a hunters' shelter, while it had healed enough to let him walk.

Pyak-Lu closed her eyes, leaning her forehead against the cold clay of the wall. She couldn't look at Kai Kon, lying in that happy stupor. She knew the cause of it too well from the tales she had heard; and she didn't think it merciful, as she had been told it was.

Rao-Sha's voice droned on, telling how he had knelt by the side of Kai Kon as he slept. "I was about to waken him," said Rao-Sha, "when two others of the Lao-Len came to us through the trees."

Pyak-Lu's head lifted, sharply. She had not heard enough of what Li Wang had told her father to know he had not been alone.

"They were Li Wang," said Rao-Sha, "and the Tatar, Misoula."

Pyak-Lu started as if she had been struck.

"They had come to find the bag of Chin-Lai," said Rao-Sha, "and take it to him. At his request. They saw what I had seen." He paused. "I could have kept them here," he said, "so that they might themselves tell you what they saw. But since it was I who was first there, I did not think this a necessity."

His voice ceased. There was a silence through which Pyak-Lu thought she could hear the hammering of her heart.

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On the sheepskins by the hearth, Kai Kon mumbled in his drugged sleep. There was a smile on his lips.

The White Russian was the first to speak. He looked down at Kai Kon, then up at Rao-Sha. "When you revived him," he said, "what did he have to say?" His voice was guttural. Like a devil's voice, thought Pyak-Lu.

Rao-Sha said slowly, "Before he was himself he said two words. He touched one of the pelts, and he said, 'My furs.'"

"The knife in his hand was unsheathed?" Sung T'sin's voice was high and grating.

Rao-Sha inclined his head.

"When he waked fully, he was rational?" The voice of Quo-T'en-T'se was grating and deep.

Again Rao-Sha inclined his head, and Sung T'sin said thoughtfully, "The youth, I believe, wishes marriage with the daughter of Li Chao."

Rao-Sha said, "So Li Wang has told me."

The Russian said, "A plain picture. The boy goes hunting. He is hurt. He loses all his time nursing himself. He has no catch, nothing worth the money he needs for the girl's father. Dragging himself home, he sees the Frenchman's bag. The temptation is too much, but so is the effort of cutting down the bag. He sleeps where he falls. And he is found."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You don't have to rush. I just noticed these tickets are for tomorrow night."

In silence, Rao-Sha moved away from the circle, out of Pyak-Lu's sight. He came back, and he was carrying in his left hand a small jar, narrow-necked. In his right hand, which was closed, was something else. He bent over the four other Wise Ones in turn and dropped something—two things—into the outstretched palm of each.

Pyak-Lu felt a shudder run over her. She had heard the tales of the Old Law too often not to know that in every palm—because Rao-Sha would cast a vote, too—were now two beans, one white, the other black.

Into the jar the old man dropped one of the two he held. Neither Pyak-Lu nor any of the others could tell which color it was. And each of the others did exactly as Rao-Sha had done. Over an edge of the hearth, not only in the light of the fire but directly under one of the flickering lamps, Rao-Sha slowly tipped the jar. The beans rattled out of it. One of them was white and four were black.

Pyak-Lu swayed, and only the wall saved her from falling. She had known what the verdict must be, but this did not lessen the impact of it. She fought for strength, but it came back slowly, and when she was able to look again through the spy hole, it was to see that already three of the Wise Ones had gone.

Rao-Sha and Malkin were standing by the open door, and the Russian took something shining from his pocket and put it to his lips. The shrill double note of the whistle rang in Pyak-Lu's bewildered ears, and through it came the Russian's voice, "I came prepared, you see."

But Rao-Sha did not seem to hear the words. He had crossed back to the hearth and was looking down at Kai Kon and shaking his head sadly. Kai Kon stirred in his stupor and his body twitched.

And then two men appeared in the still-open doorway. Malkin's servants—short, squat men in strange clothing. They carried a litter made of poles and canvas, and at a sign from Malkin, they set it down by the hearth and quickly, brutally, as if he were not a man, but something dead and of no account, they lifted Kai Kon by shoulders and heels and rolled him onto it and picked it up and were gone. And Malkin was gone too.

In the open doorway of his house, Rao-Sha stood for a moment and stared after the litter. The wind had changed and in the clouds there were rifts through which the moonlight came. Rao-Sha sighed and put his hand to the door to close it, but with a sudden rush of running feet, Pyak-Lu flung herself across the threshold.

She was breathless, and her furred cap had fallen (*Continued on Page 109*)


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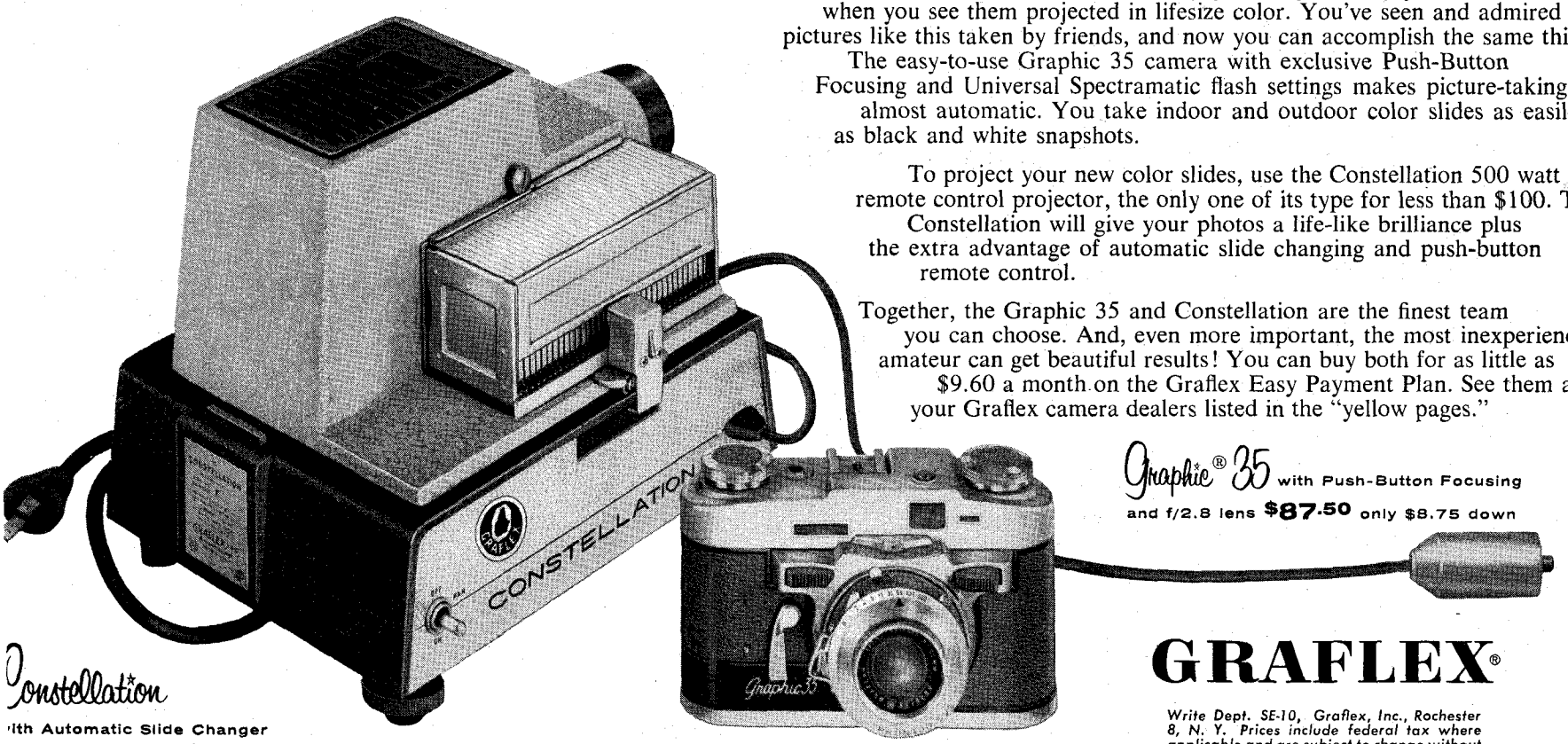


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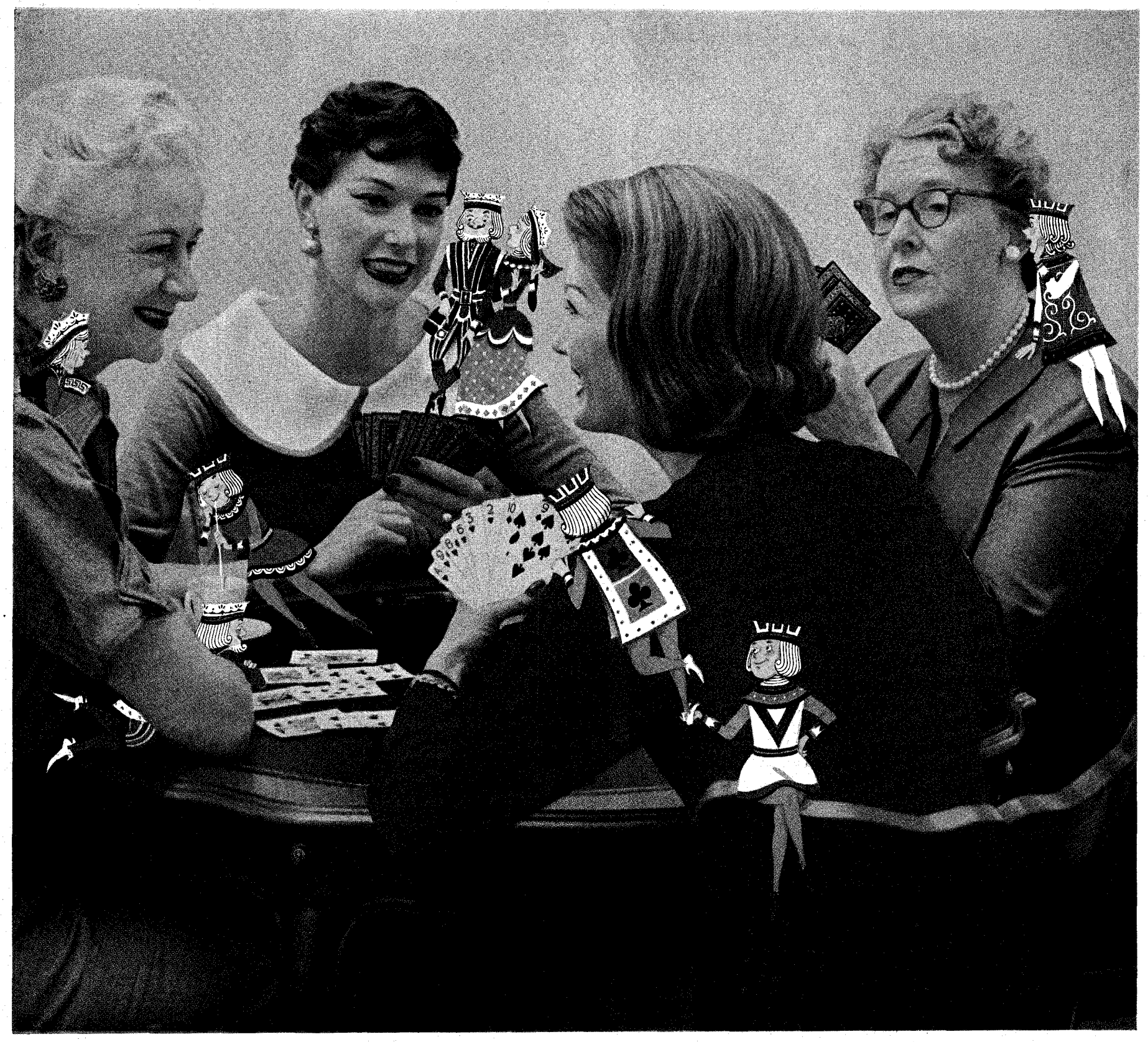

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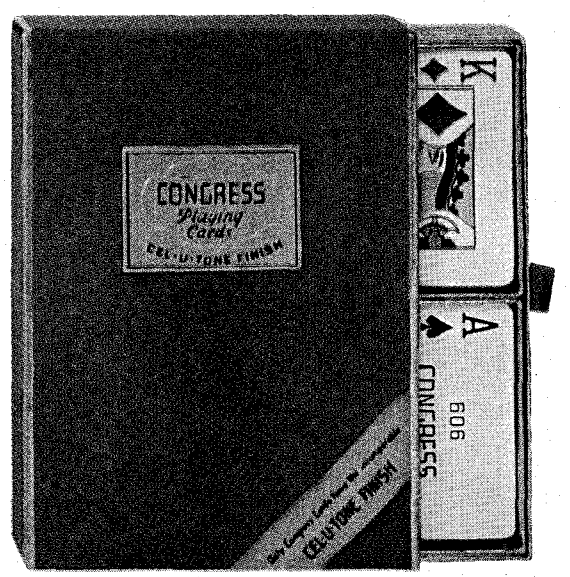


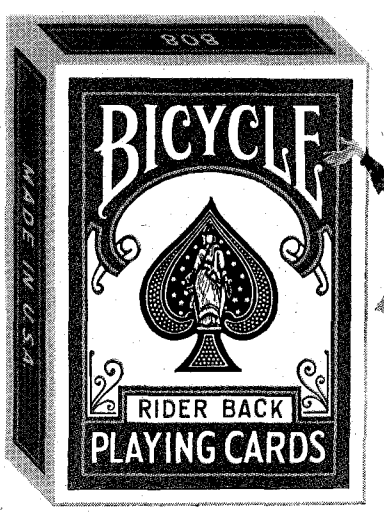


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(*Continued from Page 107*) from her head. She stood very small against Rao-Sha's lean height, and he saw that the quiet beauty of her young face was scarred by strain and terror. Her throat worked and her lips moved, but only two words came from them, "Kai Kon."

Rao-Sha looked down at her. He said gently, "You—you are the daughter of Li Chao?" and reached out and took the heavy rifle from her. "And this?" he said. "Why do you carry this?"

Pyak-Lu's throat worked again. "To—to use if you will not save Kai Kon. I—I ——" She covered her face with her hands.

Rao-Sha looked at her with pity, knowing what was in her mind. No wild thought that she could kill Ta Wang, only the desperate thought that she might bring herself to kill her lover, to save him from the awful moments of that other awful death.

Rao-Sha sighed again. He stood the long rifle against the wall, and, as he turned back to the girl, heard from behind her hands the muffled words, "Shao-Liong—Shao-Liong-Sha."

He put a gentle hand on her shoulder then, and she raised her face to him. He said, "Why? Why do you say that?" He was puzzled, and there was something else—a pricking at his mind.

Pyak-Lu looked up at him. "It is a name his mother called him." Her eyes were bright with a glaze of tears which would not fall. Her hands came out and gripped his arm with a desperate strength. "He didn't steal!" she said. "To steal—it isn't in the nature of him! It is not possible, even in his mind!"

Almost the very words that Kai Kon himself had used. They struck strangely on Rao-Sha's ear. But he spoke of something else. He said, "Why did his mother call him by that name—Little-Both-Hands?"

"Because his hands are equal—the left as good as the right." The words came fast, forgotten as they were said. Her grip tightened on his arm. "He mustn't die—he can't die! You don't believe he is guilty! You cast the white bean! You don't believe he is a thief!"

Rao-Sha put both his hands on her shoulders and stared down into her face. He was shaken. For when he had looked into Kai Kon's eyes—through them and into the mind behind them—he had seen, he had felt, the shape of innocence.

He said slowly, "The judgment has been given. There is no reprieve from it; it is the Old Law." He heard his own words, and felt compulsion to add to them. He said, "And there is no reprieve from fact, from the things that I saw."

"He could not steal! What you saw was not the truth, only what you thought was the truth!"

"There were others who saw," said Rao-Sha.

"I know! They were my uncle and Misou——" Her mouth stayed open and her eyes grew wider. She said slowly, "Yes, that is how it was! Now I know!" Words began to pour from her, "Misoula! He wants me. He has offered twelve shoes of silver for me! He wants me, but Kai Kon is in his way! So—so Misoula finds him sleeping in the forest! And it is Misoula who cuts down Chin-Lai's bag ——"

"But Misoula——" said Rao-Sha. "Misoula came to the forest with Li Wang." His eyes, which had been clouded with thought, grew suddenly bright. He said, "When Li Wang started for the forest was the Tatar with him?" His hands tightened on her shoulders as she shook her head.

"Now, child," he said, "tell me this: your Kai Kon, does he never care which hand he uses? Or does he do certain things by habit, always with the same hand?"

"I—I must think." She put a hand to her head. "Yes, yes, there are some things always with the same hand. Writing, the left hand. Chopsticks the right. To throw, always the right."

Rao-Sha was very still. "His knife?" he said.

"The left," said Pyak-Lu. "Always the left." She caught her breath as she saw the old man's eyes, their pupils narrowed now to pinpoints of steel.

"But when I found him," he said, "the knife was in his right hand."

In the fine new house he had built with thought of Pyak-Lu, Misoula watched the fire and saw pictures in its flames. There was a smile in his narrow eyes, a smile of contempt for these Chinese and their innocence—the Old Law, the Justice of Ta Wang, all the nonsense the superstitious fools believed, never guessing that someone who wasn't a fool could use it for his own ends. Someone like Misoula, who was clever enough to seize a chance. Someone, like Misoula, who knew when luck was with him.

He started as he heard a knocking at his door. The smile died and he was on his feet in one movement, like a cat. And his eyes were like a cat's—wary. He strode to the door and flung it open—to find Rao-Sha on the threshold. The old man was breathing fast, almost as if he had been running, and his words came brokenly. "Pyak-Lu," he gasped, "danger"—and was seized by a fit of coughing.

Quickly, Misoula drew him into the house and sat him down and said, "Tell me," and listened in amazement as he heard how Pyak-Lu, finding that Kai Kon had been sentenced and taken back to the forest in accord with the Old Law, had come to plead for him.

"She was beyond reason," said Rao-Sha. "She has gone back to the forest—to be with Kai Kon." His voice faltered again. "I could not stop her. I came to you—the nearest. I am afraid for the child."

Now Misoula was pulling on his coat of dark rich cloth. He said, "Don't trouble yourself, old one," and buttoned the coat to his chin. He picked up his rifle with one hand, his cone-shaped hat of fur with the other. He started for the door—and found Rao-Sha rising directly in his path.

For an instant, their eyes met—and Misoula felt, strangely, that those other eyes were pushing into his mind, feeling their way like tentacles. But then, as the old man moved aside, he shook the feeling off. He opened the door and they went out together.

He said to the old man, "I must go fast, you understand," and set off up the first long rise at a pace, half walk, half lope, which was far swifter than it seemed.

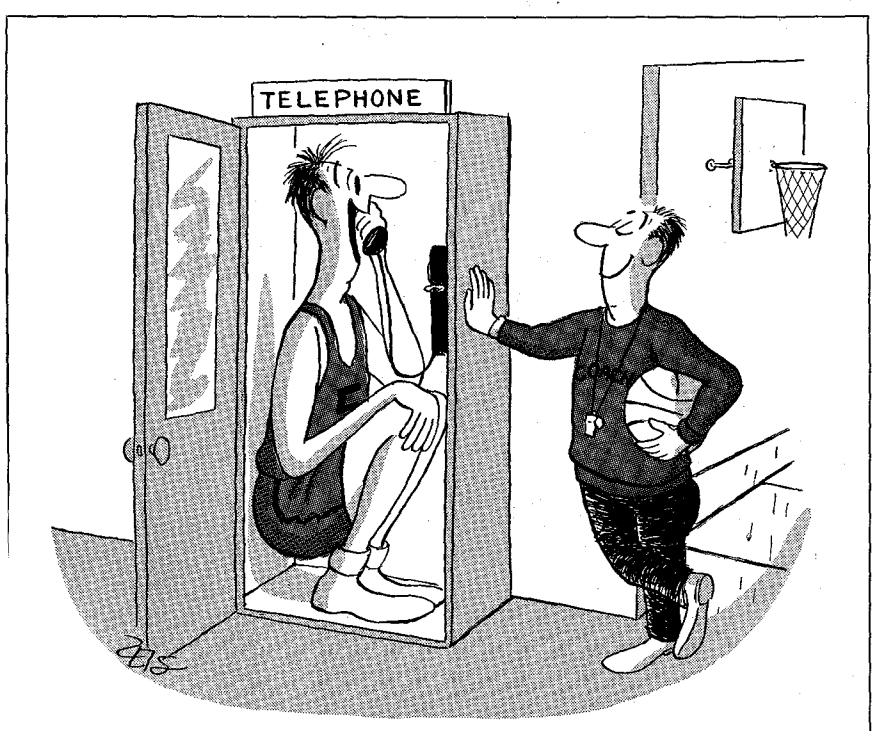
It was with surprise that he found Rao-Sha keeping level with him, shoulder to shoulder. Until they reached the second, steeper slope, and then, suddenly, a choking gasp came from the old man's throat, and he fell. He fell across Misoula's path, and his clutching hands caught at Misoula's legs, nearly throwing him as they slid down over the soft leather of the boots from knee to foot. With an oath, the Tatar recovered himself and pulled the old man roughly to his feet.

Rao-Sha was bent double, a hand to his side. He gasped, "You—will go—faster—without me"—and Misoula was off almost before the words were out. He ran, his stride easy and full of power. He ran fast, and so did his thoughts. The luck wouldn't desert him now—and if that beautiful little fool had indeed gone to the forest, he would find her before she came to any harm. Behind him, Rao-Sha stood straight, staring after him up the moonlit rise.

Through a rent in the clouds the moon shone down into the forest, making the clearing a glistening chessboard of silver light and black shadow.

Kai Kon came slowly to his senses, and as his eyes opened fully he knew at last where he was, and why. The sick emptiness of fear was in his stomach, and the thongs which held him to the great tree cut into his flesh.

A groan burst from him and his head drooped over his chest. But his eyes had not closed, and now, from the far side of the clearing, a flicker of movement came across their vision. Fear of Ta Wang froze him. He could not raise his head, but his eyes were still open. He saw movement again, and then, for one flashing instant, the shape of a man as it passed from one pool of shadow to another.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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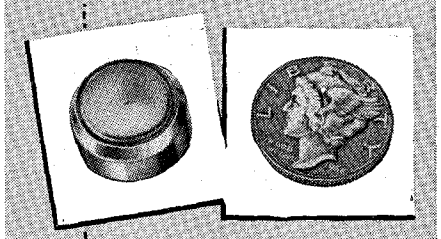

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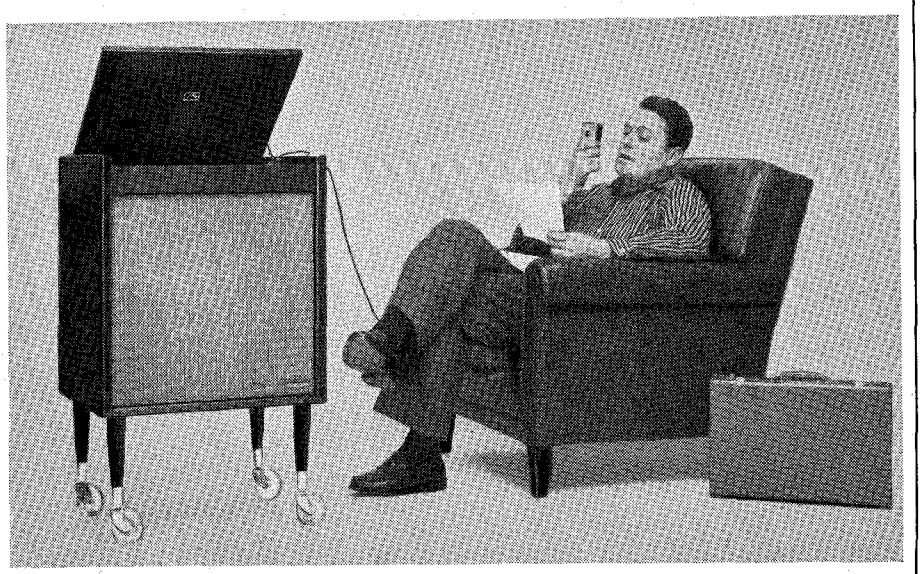

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And he knew the man. Who but Misoula wore a cap of that strange shape? The knot of immediate fear unwound itself in his belly, and across his mind a question flitted: Why was the Tatar here?

Then suddenly there rushed into his mind not the answer to this question but the knowledge of all Misoula had done to him. Rage swelled in him, choking all other feeling, and a hoarse shout came from his throat.

The echoes of it died away. There was no answering voice, but there was a sound—a different sound. It came from the nearer side of the clearing. Kai Kon turned his head—and saw his terrors made real.

This was Ta Wang! The body was in shadow, but the moonlight struck square on the great head, the mark of the King clear on the brow. And the eyes, like cold yellow flame, seemed to fix upon Kai Kon's eyes. Not a muscle in Kai Kon's body could move. His heart seemed to stop beating and he could not breathe. This was terror absolute.

Ta Wang sprang. . . .

Kai Kon's mind was numb, so that he saw and heard without knowledge of what his senses were telling him. The arching of the striped body as it leaped across and past him. A man's cry—Misoula's—from the shadows, and the ring of a shot which was too late. Ta Wang lost in the shadows too. Then another cry, cut sharply off—and after that, different and terrible sounds. . . .

Life came back to Kai Kon's mind, and he knew. In his justice, Ta Wang had chosen the guilty one. A great wave of relief, a mountainous backwash of dread, surged through Kai Kon's whole being. His head fell forward; his body sagged limp against the thongs.

When he came to himself, the world was a different place. He was still in the clearing, but moonlight was fading into another day. And he was free of his bonds and lay wrapped in the musky warmth of bearskins. There was a lightness in him, and his head was pillowed against a live softness which he knew, which was like no other softness he would ever feel.

There were others all around, but he did not look at them. He bent back his head, harder against the softness, and looked up into the face of Pyak-Lu.

Hence the inscription on the great pine. It was carved in penitence by Li Wang, who shared with all his fellows the prerogative of being wise after the event.

With one exception, no one ever knew that the minor miracle of Ta Wang's justice had at least been guided on its way by the agency of man. Suspicion may have flitted across the mind of Pyak-Lu, but if it did, she never spoke of it.

The exception, of course, was Rao-Sha. And he never told—why should he tell?—that when, in falling on the hillside, his hands had caught the Tatar's legs, his hands had smeared the horsehide boots with essence distilled from the plant which is sometimes called *Byao-Ma-Mi*. Which is a plant whose concentrated scent, though all but undetectable to human nostrils, is irresistible to any of Ta Wang's breed. THE END

## The Perfect Squelch

Despite an impressive combat record, the Army major was a reserve officer with all the casualness of a civilian soldier. This disconcerted several stiff new second lieutenants, regulars fresh out of West Point. When they were assigned to serve under the major, they let it be subtly known that they did not approve of his way of running things.

Soon afterward, another brand-new second lieutenant clicked in, saluted and announced he was reporting for duty.

"Sit down and tell me about yourself, lieutenant," the major invited. "How long have you been in the Army?"

"Sir, I am reporting directly from the academy," the lieutenant snapped as if the major had stupidly overlooked the obvious.

"Academy?" the major asked mildly. "Which academy? Riverside, Staunton, Valley Forge?"

"Sir," the lieutenant rasped in a tone of rebuke, "the United States Military Academy. Civilians call it West Point."

"H'm-m-m!" the major said. "They teach R.O.T.C. there now?" **R. M. Hitt, Jr.**

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# Fathers are Important Too

(Continued from Page 30)

eh? A kid went by on a bicycle, a mongrel dog trotting beside him. Harold grinned, and bits of the past scooted by with the bicycle. The first bicycle for Jimmy. It was red, Harold remembered, and second-hand. He had patiently and carefully sanded down the frame and sprayed it with lacquer so it would seem new. The first shotgun—a single. Jimmy had graduated to a double in three years and could outshoot Harold any day now. The first baseball glove, the first driving lesson, the countless times he had said, "Sit down, Jimmy, I want to talk to you."

So now Jimmy was gone—never, really, to return. There was college, and then the armed forces, and then probably a starry-eyed, red-lipped girl. Harold faced it, even though Sally still thought of Jimmy as "her baby." They would not, in the future, see much of Jimmy.

So Jill was left. Jill the scatterbrained, honey-colored, bright-eyed, lovely as an acre of cherry trees in full bloom, and sweet as a barrel of powdered sugar. Harold wished with much more than casual fervor all the fine things in life for Jill. She displayed at times, to Harold's dismay, all the sleek proficiency of a full-grown black panther in the jungle, and then at times seemed as guileless as a kitten.

"She's just a child!" Harold would scream, when Jill seemed embarked on some particularly adult project.

"It's about time she grew up!" he would also scream, when Jill showed signs of delayed adolescence.

"Never mind," Sally would say complacently. "She's a woman."

"That's no excuse!" Harold said. The fact that Jill was a woman and that Sally was a woman would someday, he was certain, lead to his getting an ulcer. Harold McGuire took a dim view of men who said that they understood women.

He turned away from the window and considered ways and means of announcing the signal honor that was to be bestowed on him, come Friday night. He could hardly just walk into the house and say, "I am Father of the Year."

Sally would probably say, "Fine, Mr. Father of the Year, put some wood on the fire."

No, that wouldn't do. He could start out by saying, "You know, every year the Chamber of Commerce picks a man to be ——" No, but he might say, "What would you say if someone picked me as Father of the Year?" He winced. He would just be asking for it. There'd be something in the paper about it eventually. Let them read it. Then he could shrug and say, "Why, it's nothing. I thought I told you."

When he got home that night he ran his car into the driveway, picked the evening paper out of the box and went into the house. Inside, Mrs. Kelly, their cat, announced that there was no kidney in the house. Their dog, Vicky, ran to the fireplace and picked up her rubber ball and eyed him soulfully.

"I," Harold said to the pets, "am Father of the Year."

The pets seemed unimpressed. Upstairs, Harold heard Sally and Jill yakking away.

"Hey!" he yelled. "I'm home!"

"Oh, hello, darling," Sally said. "Did we get any mail?"

"No," Harold said, "except bills."

"Put them in the drawer and close the drawer," Sally said. "We'll be right down."

Harold put the bills in the drawer and dutifully closed it. He sat down and opened the evening paper. Sally and Jill hustled down the stairs. Sally gave Harold a homecoming kiss, and Jill said, "Hi, dad. Guess what happened?"

"I can't imagine," he said.

"I," Jill announced, "am going to the Junior Guild dance."

"No kidding? Fine." Relieved, he turned to the sports page. Then he remembered that he was Father of the Year. "Be interested in all your children's activities," the magazine articles said. "Where is it—the high-school gym?"

"Oh, father!" Jill said.

"Did I say something wrong?"

"It's the Junior Guild dance, darling," Sally said.

"Just the coolest dance of the year, is all," Jill said. "In Portland."

"Oh," Harold said. "Portland."

"At the Multnomah Heights Country Club," Sally said. "Hardly anyone from out of town ever gets asked, you know."

"No, I didn't know; but, then, I can tell you who is middleweight champion."

"I do hope Estelle can find you something to wear," Sally said.

"And she has," Harold said flatly, "nothing to wear up in her closet, I suppose."

"Father," Jill said, as if explaining about the birds and the bees, "this is the dance of the year. Girls tear each other apart for an invitation, and you just don't go in any old dress that's in the closet."

Dimly, Harold remembered paying a bill from Estelle's shop. He winced.

"We'll just have to go up tomorrow," Sally said.

"She goes to school tomorrow," Harold said.

"Yes, and the dance is Friday, and she simply has to have a new dress. What's more important—a day at school or a dance she'll remember all her life?"

The question was purely rhetorical, Harold knew.

Sally and Jill went out to the kitchen. Under the dinner preparations was an *accompagnamento ad libitum* concerning the dance—or rather the expensive raiment that would cover his daughter when she went to the dance. The list was assuming rather alarming proportions, with Sally doing most of the listing. Jill confined her comments to small cries of delight.

Sally brought Harold a cup of coffee.

Harold grinned. "You going to this dance or is Jill?"

"Never mind, you don't know how a girl feels when she's going to her first big dance."

"I am in complete agreement, and unless there is reincarnation, I never shall."

Sally patted his cheek. "A dance, to a woman, is something like having a baby. At first you can't believe it, then you get apprehensive, and as the time approaches, you're so scared you wonder how you ever got yourself into it."

"And then ——"

"You know. And then everything's so wonderful you can hardly wait for the next one."

"Oh," Harold said. He thought briefly of quoting Sally in his Father of the Year talk, but decided against it. "Uh—got any ideas on fathers?"

"Oh—pooh!" Sally said. "Fathers." She went back into the kitchen.

"Fathers are important too!" Harold shouted. "After all, I should know if anyone does."

Sally came back from the kitchen. "Forgot your sugar." She put down the sugar bowl.

"I," Harold said, "am Father of the Year and ——"


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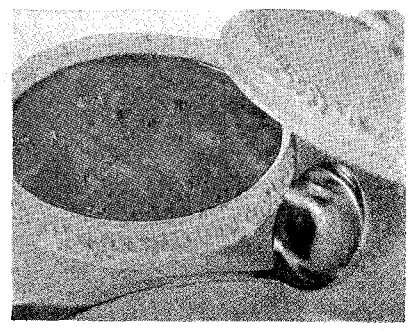

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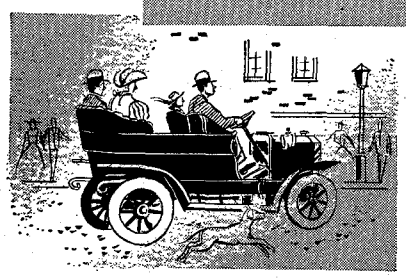

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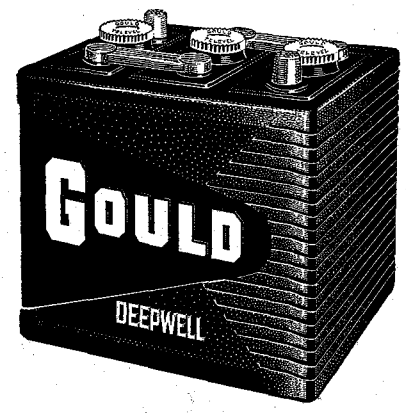


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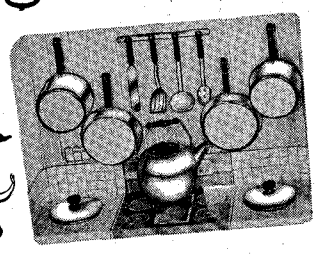

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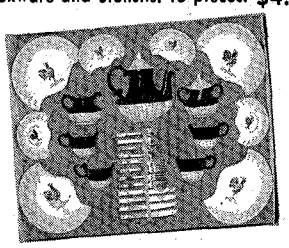

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"Of course you are, darling, but you don't have to make an issue of it."

"I'm not making an issue of it," Harold said. "I have been named Father of the Year by the Chamber of Commerce." He realized that this wasn't the way he had planned on breaking the news, but it seemed apropos after this discussion of women, and dances being like having babies.

"What?" Sally said.

"Anything wrong with that?"

"Why, no, I think it's wonderful. How did they decide on you?"

"They voted," Harold said. "They're going to make the presentation at the dinner on Friday night. I have to make a speech."

"Well, imagine that," Sally said. "I always thought of Fathers of the Year as being men with umpteen children."

Jill came into the front room. "Table's all set."

"Your father has just been named Father of the Year," Sally said.

"Gee, that's real cool. What is it?" Jill said.

"It is a signal honor," Harold said stiffly, "bestowed on me because, presumably, I was instrumental in raising you and Jimmy without both of you becoming juvenile delinquents."

"Oh," Jill said. . . . "Mother, do you suppose it would be all right to call Arnold when we're in Portland and tell him what color dress I'm wearing?"

"The Chamber of Commerce ——" Harold began.

"Of course. Naturally, he'll send a corsage," Sally said.

"Each year," Harold said, "they select a man ——"

"Do you suppose he'll send an orchid?" Jill asked.

"—— to be Father of ——"

"Probably not," Sally said. "A gardenia or miniature roses would be much better." She turned to Harold. "What were you saying, dear?"

"Nothing," Harold mumbled. Sally and Jill went back to the kitchen. It was obvious enough that, although he might be the *pièce de résistance* to the Chamber of Commerce, around home he was just some character useful when it came to repairing an old ironing cord.

The next morning Sally and Jill were up at dawn, apparently. Harold, half asleep, could hear them bustling and chattering like hysterical squirrels. Heels clicked up and down stairs, drawers were opened and shut. Finally he came awake and peered at his watch. Six-thirty. He yawned and rubbed his head.

Sally scurried into the room. "Oh, you're awake."

"You didn't think I'd be asleep, did you?"

"You can ride to the office with Charley, can't you?"

"I suppose so. Is there any coffee?"

"Coffee! Goodness, I haven't had time to make coffee. We want to get to Portland when the stores open."

"Holy Hannah!" Harold said. "Jill isn't getting married, you know. She's just going to a dance."

"Just going to a dance," Sally said. "It's the ——"

"The dance of the year," Harold recited, "at the Multnomah Heights Country Club, and Jill's lucky to be going." He stood up and put on his robe, slipped his feet into slippers. "I'll make some coffee."

"Even then," Sally said, "we won't have time to get Jill's hair done. We'll have to do that Friday."

"Tomorrow's Thursday," Harold said. "Why don't you ——"

"Because all the beauty shops are closed on Thursday."

"I see," Harold said. He went downstairs and put coffee on, then went out to the porch and got the morning paper. He sat down and opened it.

"Harold!" Sally shouted from upstairs.

"Uh-huh."

"Would you write me out a check?"

"Yeah." He turned to the sports page.

"For a hundred dollars."

Harold closed the paper. "A hundred dollars!" He put aside the paper and went upstairs. "For heaven's sake, Sally ——"

"Now don't spoil the dance for Jill by screaming about money."

"I won't spoil the dance, but I intend knowing why a high-school girl has to have a hundred-dollar dress."

Sally held up her fingers, ticking off items: "Shoes, dress, slip, bra, nightgown, robe ——"

"Nightgown and robe!"

"She's staying with Arnold's parents. She hasn't a decent nightie or robe to her name. I was going to get them anyway."

Harold went downstairs and wrote out the check, took it back to Sally and then went into the shower, reflecting on his status as the nominal head of the house. When Jimmy was home, he decided, things were in much better balance. Then Jimmy was always arguing with his sister, Sally was the moderator, and he, Harold, was the judge.

He turned off the shower and grabbed a towel. He walked out and looked at himself in the bathroom mirror, checked his hairline for any advanced receding, noted that the few gray hairs just below his temples were not multiplying, stepped on the scales to check his weight. There was not enough deterioration, he decided, for him to be cast aside like a used oil filter, and furthermore, although Sally and Jill seemed unaware, a few people in town took cognizance of his standing as a businessman, registered Republican, eight-handicap golfer and Father of the Year.

He dried himself, went into the bedroom and got into his clothes, reflecting on his sterling virtues and minimizing the faults. By the Lord Harry, he was going to have a talk with Sally and Jill. He was going to point out to them firmly but kindly that his first concern was for his family, and that their comfort, their well-being, was paramount, but that he did not intend to cater to every whim which their agile feminine minds dreamed up. He would say, "And I do not hold with the opinion rampant in this household that I am an idiot because I am not an authority on Junior Guild dances, the price of women's clothes, hair styling and other feminine foibles." That, Harold decided, would do for a start.

Sally met him as he went into the kitchen. She gave him a kiss and a pat on the cheek. "We have to dash, darling. There are grapefruit in the refrigerator, and, if you cook anything, be sure to turn off the range, and don't forget to pull the coffee maker when you leave."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Maybe you'd better get breakfast downtown."

"Look, I'm not a child. I'll manage not to starve to death."

"We may not get back in time for dinner, so if you want to get something at the club when you close up the office, then ——"

"See here, Sally," Harold began, "my first concern is for my family, and your well-being, your comfort, is paramount ——"

"I know it is, dear," Sally said. "Take care of yourself." She was out the door, waving good-by.

"But I am not an idiot!" he yelled.

Jill had already started the engine and Sally didn't hear him.

He went back into the house, seething. It was only seven-thirty, so he decided to walk downtown and pick up breakfast instead of fixing it at home.

After breakfast he walked over to his office. His secretary, Mrs. Abigail Jenkins, a gray-haired woman of indeterminate years, said, "Congratulations, Mr. Father of the Year."

"Who told you?"

She shrugged. "The word gets around. You were probably the last to know."

"Probably. Where's the mail?"

She handed him the mail. "What are you going to say in your speech?"

He started going over the letters. "Haven't given it much thought. Why?"

"Well, you can't just say that Jimmy and Jill grew like Topsy, which they probably did. Maybe an impassioned speech on juvenile delinquency and what's wrong with parents would stir them up."

Harold picked a letter from Jimmy out of the stack. He ripped open the envelope.

"Or how about a reverse approach? You hear all the time about what's wrong with teen-agers. How about a speech on what's right with teen-agers?"

"Holy Hannah!" Harold said.

"Nothing's right?"

(*Continued on Page 114*)

"Be careful, dear—I just waxed . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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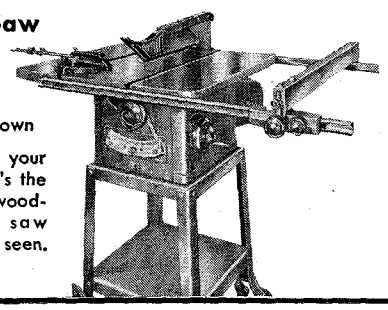

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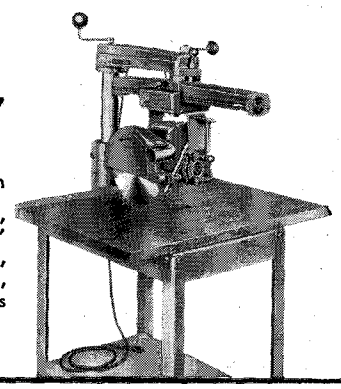

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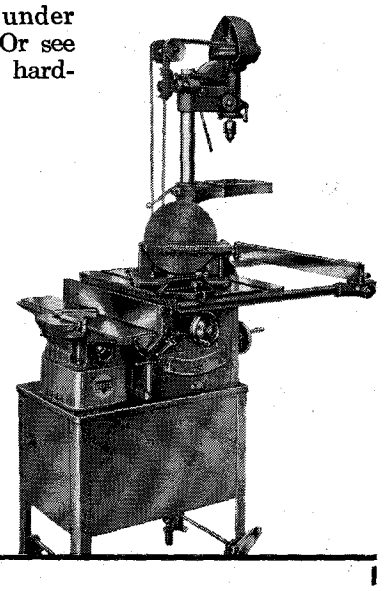

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(*Continued from Page 112*)

"It's Jimmy."

"Something wrong?"

"He wants to go uranium hunting!"

"He could be right, you know."

Harold hit the letter with the back of his hand. "Listen to this: 'Dear dad: Pete Rossini told me about you being made Father of the Year. Well, dad, I guess they couldn't have picked anyone better. No one could have wished for a better dad than you've been to Jill and me and, as far as I'm concerned, you're father of every year.'"

"Very nice," Mrs. Jenkins said.

"That's just the feint to the body," Harold said, "to set you up for the knockout. Listen: 'Charley Kowalowski is a senior in geology here, and to get some practical experience he's going uranium hunting this spring quarter. He has a jeep and all the equipment, and wants me to go along. It'd be a swell trip, and I'd learn a lot and, besides, we might find a million dollars' worth of the stuff. Charley has some good spots picked out. Actually, it'd save you money. I'll only need about two hundred dollars 'cause we'll be camping out and ——'"

Harold put the letter down. "The rest is more of the same." He stood up and paced the office. "I tell you I don't know what gets into these kids. He's taking premedicine. Now what has geology got to do with medicine?"

"What did going to China have to do with law?" Mrs. Jenkins asked unexpectedly.

"Huh?"

"Wasn't it in 1930, the middle of your junior year, that you quit school and shipped off to China?"

Harold stopped pacing. He peered at Mrs. Jenkins. "How do you remember all those things?"

"You pay me to remember things."

"Not that far back!" Harold yelped.

"O.K., just let me know the cutoff date. Meantime, I'll get to work." She went into the outer office.

Harold sat down and reread Jimmy's letter. He stood up and looked out the window. If he did consent to Jimmy's going, would he be too indulgent? Should he use a firm hand and tell Jimmy that he was staying in school and that's that? Of course, it was a harebrained scheme, but wasn't a boy entitled to a scheme or two like that in his lifetime?

He tried to remember what his own father had said when he wanted to ship out to China. Let's see. His dad was in his hardware store, weighing some tenpenny nails. Funny that he should remember the nails. Harold gave his father the pitch, talking fast, getting it all in before he was interrupted. His father peered at him over his glasses, poured the nails into a heavy sack, took them to the customer and made change.

"Well, dad, what do you think?"

His dad took off his glasses. "Always wanted to go to China myself. Never made it. You can tell me all about it when you get back. And, Harold ——"

"Yes, dad?"

"Keep your nose clean."

That was the way it was. The moment came back to him as clear as a photo. Harold turned away from the window, remembering the singing thrill of seeing the city of Seattle disappearing in the mist that cloaked Elliott Bay when he left.

But those were depression years. There was no assurance that he'd have been able to stay in school even if he hadn't shipped to China. "Things were different in those days," he said aloud, and then coming back to mock him were the times he had told Jimmy: "Things aren't any different now from what they were then. Times change, yes, but people don't, and the problems of those people are the same now as they were thirty years ago."

The problem now was restlessness, as it had been with him, and a fervent desire to see what was over the next hill while you were young. Still, dropping out of school this spring quarter meant more than losing a bit less than three months of school. He'd be breaking the pattern, and the rhythm of studying. He had a long, tough path before he took the oath of Hippocrates, and he might not, after six months hunting uranium, feel like going back to the sometimes very dull routine of studies. Harold sat down and tapped his fingers on his desk, wanting to make the right decision, even though, right now, it might not be such a vital one. Still, if he let Jimmy go, when fall came, and a return to school, Jimmy might say, "We almost hit it, dad, and a few more months will do it. I'm going to work here and get a grubstake, and we're going to try it again in a few months." Then he'd be drafted, and after that the reaching ache to be a doctor might have subsided into something he had thought about years ago.

On the other hand, the trip could curb some of the restlessness, might temper him by the rigorous and demanding life in the hills. "Well, Mr. Father of the Year," Harold said to himself, "what are you going to do?"

The decision didn't have to be made right now. He decided to sleep on it, although what good that would do, he could not, at the moment, say.

That evening he had dinner at his club and got home around seven-thirty. Sally and Jill were not back from Portland. He built a fire in the fireplace, fed the pets and settled down with a book. Half an hour later, Sally and Jill came in, laden with shopping plunder.

Sally dumped a hoard of packages on the couch, took off her hat and said, "Whew! What a day! I'm exhausted!"

"Oh, dad, you should see the absolutely dreamy gown!" Jill said.

"We had marvelous luck," Sally said. "Harold, I could do with a small highball to take off the edge."

Harold went out to the kitchen and fixed a small highball for Sally, wondering why it was that women were never happier than when they were completely exhausted from a shopping tour. He took the highball in and gave it to Sally.

"We got a letter from Jimmy," he said. "He wants to go uranium hunting."

"Uranium hunting!" Sally said. "Isn't that dangerous?"

"What's dangerous about it?"

"Couldn't he get radioactive or something?"

"No, he couldn't get radioactive."

"Then why do they put lead around uranium?"

"To shield people from the radio——" Harold stopped. "Take my word for it, he won't get radioactive."

"Oh." Sally sucked a finger. "Well, I'll have to dig out his warm clothes and I'll fix up a box of food, and I wonder where his first-aid kit is?"

"Sally," Harold said, "I haven't yet said he could go, but if he does, he'll be in a jeep, and probably end up in Colorado. He has enough clothes, they'll buy the food they need, and he has sense enough to take a first-aid kit and a snakebite ——"

"Snake bite!" Sally screamed. "You mean you'd let Jimmy go out somewhere and get bitten by a snake? I must say you're a fine Father of the Year if you'd let your only son ——"

Harold moaned. "Sally, be sensible. There are snakes everywhere, but ——"

"Harold McGuire," Sally said, "if Jimmy gets bitten by a snake ——"

"He won't be bitten by a snake and he won't get radioactive!" Harold yelped. "Hunting uranium is no different from a hunting trip, except you aren't liable to get shot hunting uranium."

"You never told me you were liable to get shot when you and Jimmy used to go hunting."

"We weren't liable to get shot, but there's always a faint possibility ——" Harold realized that he was in the normal feminine discussion, around and around and miles from the main issue. "That is not germane to the issue, the issue being whether the trip has enough in its favor to outweigh the obvious disadvantages of losing the spring quarter and the summer to uranium hunting. So don't dream up a flock of hazards that do not exist."

"I didn't dream up anything. You were the one who said there were snakes."

"Sally," Harold said, as calmly as possible, "drink your highball."

The next day was relatively quiet. Harold had to be in court all day and had no chance to work on his Father of the Year talk, but he had all the next day and he was used to talking on his feet, so he was unworried. As soon as he decided on the main theme, he'd make a few notes and speak from them.

On Friday, just before one o'clock, he had a more or less hysterical call from Sally. "Harold, you just have to pick Jill up at school and take her to the hairdresser. She has a one-o'clock appointment and I'm up to my ears. When she tried her dress on she was wearing ballerinas, but in her high heels there's an inch difference in the hem, but who cares except Jill? She insisted that I let it out and ——" (*Continued on Page 116*)

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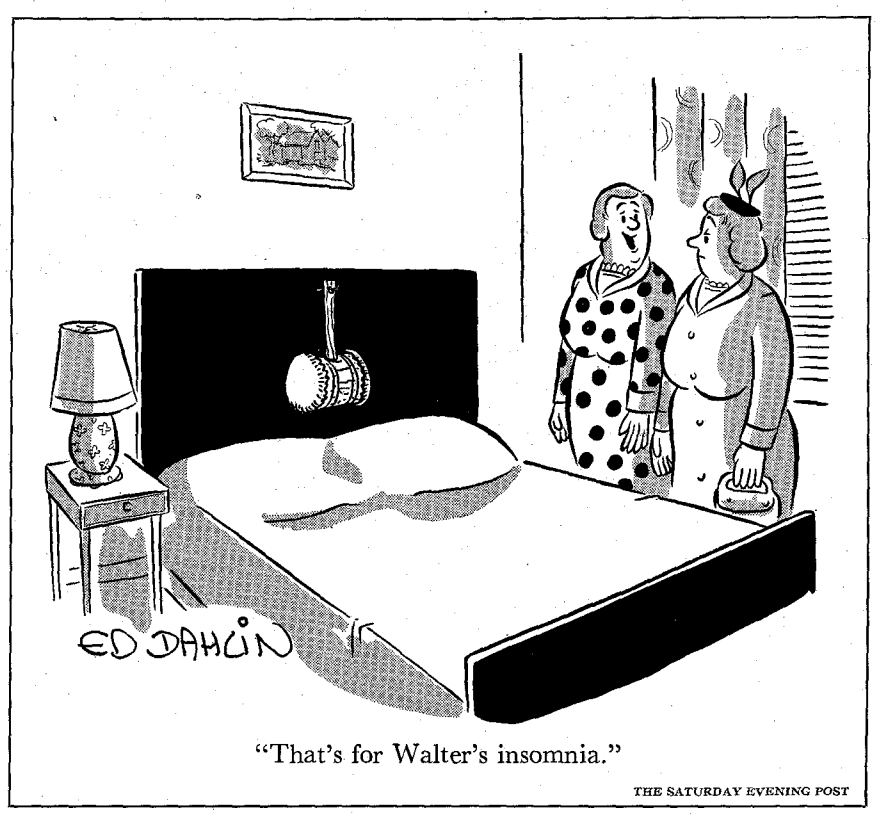


"That's for Walter's insomnia."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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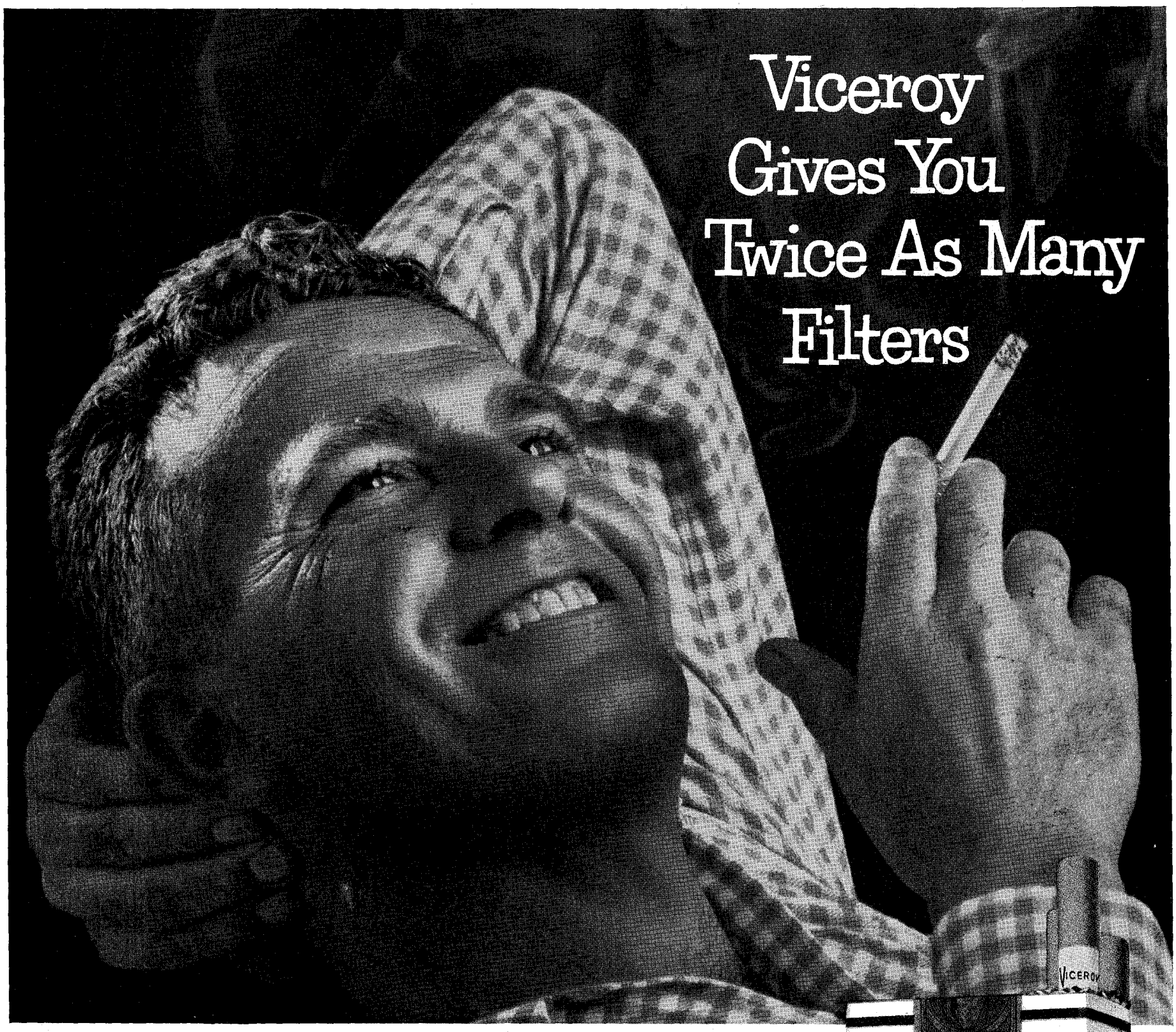


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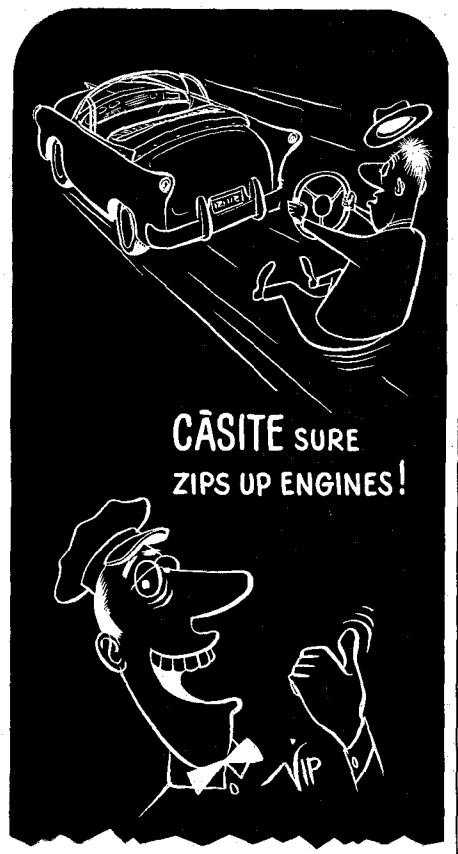


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(*Continued from Page 114*) "Look, I have an appointment with Charley Peters this afternoon." Charley Peters was the president of Clatsop Timber Company, one of Harold's most lucrative clients.

"Who's more important, your daughter or Charley Peters?"

"Do you want me to answer that?"

"I don't know why they picked you Father of the Year."

"Because I pay the bills," Harold said, "and I pay them by working for people like Charley Peters, not by taking Jill to the hairdresser. Tell her to take a cab."

"Then can you pick her up and bring her home at three? The bus leaves at four."

"All right." He hung up and ran his hands through his hair. *What's going to happen, McGuire,* he thought, *when Jill gets married?* He shuddered.

At three o'clock he was parked in front of the hairdresser's, and when Jill came out, he took one look, turned away and then swiveled his head around. It was his daughter. As she walked around the front of the car, his blood pressure went up like an express elevator. At one time he thought he had that hair business settled. Into the ashcan had gone an assortment of liquids designed to change a honey-colored blonde into an *ersatz* Marilyn Monroe. "Your hair," he had yelled then, "is going back to its natural color."

Jill climbed into the car and stared straight ahead, her chin lifted. Her hair was not only ten shades lighter than before. It was the color of a binful of lemons in a supermarket. Harold kept himself under control without having apoplexy. He was afraid to say anything, lest he say too much. This was a matter for Sally.

When they got home, Sally was in the kitchen. Jill walked in, Sally took one look, but didn't fall to the floor in a dead faint. However, she staggered.

Jill took the offensive. "I just told her to take the streaks out. I told her to make it all the same shade, and now it's just ruined, and I can't go to the dance looking like this. She turned away, ran upstairs and turned on the water works.

"She spends a hundred dollars for clothes," Harold shouted, "and then ruins the whole thing with a five-dollar bleach job!"

Sally was slowly recovering. She looked thoughtfully at the ceiling and then went to the foot of the stairs and said, "Jill, come down here." When Jill arrived, red-eyed, Sally said, "Arnold would die of shame if he had to take you looking like that."

"I'm not going," Jill said.

"You and your father go over to Hugh's drugstore and get a rinse. Get three different shades, and we'll pick the right one when you get back. And if you come traipsing home with any of those lemon-colored jobs, old as you are, I'll take a stick to you."

Wordlessly, Harold and Jill drove over to the drugstore. Wordlessly, they drove back.

"Take off that blouse," Sally said, grim-lipped.

Jill took off her blouse. Sally picked out a rinse and started reading the directions. "We need rubber gloves," she said. "You'll have to run over to Hugh's again."

"Listen, Sally," Harold said. "The last bus leaves at four and it's three-twenty-five now."

"Rubber gloves," Sally said.

Harold drove over to Hugh's again, got the rubber gloves and went back home.

At three-forty-five, Sally was working the rinse into Jill's hair, who winced but wisely did not complain. At four o'clock, Sally had Jill's head over the sink and was vigorously rubbing.

"Not so hard!" Jill said.

"Keep quiet!" Sally commanded.

Harold went into the front room and paced the floor. He went back into the kitchen. He pointed at his wrist watch. "What's the use of all this?" he said. "The last bus is gone."

"Go upstairs and get the hair drier," Sally said. "In the upstairs bathroom."

Harold, mumbling, got the drier. He took it down and gave it to Sally. The phone rang. Harold picked it up and said hello.

It was Jimmy. "Dad," he said, "did you get my letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have to know pretty soon. Charley is getting all set, and if I don't go, he has to find someone else."

"Harold!" Sally called from the kitchen.

"I'm on the phone," Harold said.

"You still there, dad?" Jimmy said.

"Yes, I'm still here."

"This drier won't go on," Sally said.

"I'll be there in a minute!" Harold shouted.

"You can talk on the phone later. We have to get this hair ——"

"Will you please pipe down for a minute?"

"Gee, I didn't say anything, dad," Jimmy said.

"Not you, Jimmy," Harold said. "Now where were we?"

"Charley Kowalowski has to know about the trip. He ——"

"Well, I guess it's all right, Jimmy. I was going to think about it awhile, but I haven't had a chance to think for a few days. Seems your sister is going to a dance. I'll mail you a check in the morning."

"That's wonderful, dad. Thanks a million. I'll cut you in on the uranium we find."

"O.K., Jimmy."

"Everything O.K. at home?"

Harold thought a moment. Everything at home was a madhouse, but he couldn't explain over long distance. "Everything's fine."

"O.K., dad; I'll write. Good-by."

He went into the kitchen. "That was Jimmy on the phone, long distance, about the trip. He ——"

"I plugged this drier in and it won't go on. Oh, honestly!" Sally said. "Everything goes wrong just when ——"

Harold looked at the drier. He flicked the switch from "Off" to "On." The drier started humming. "I don't see any point in this anyway. The last bus has gone. How's she going to get to Portland?"

Sally started playing the drier over Jill's head, now miraculously its original color. "That seems fairly obvious to me."

Harold thought that over for a few seconds and then the truth hit him like an acre of ocean. "You mean I have to drive her to Portland?"

"M'm-m-m," Sally said. "Hold still, Jill."

"Holy Hannah!" Harold screamed. "It's at least an hour and a half there and an hour and a half back, besides finding Arnold's house. It'll be five o'clock before we get away, and I have to get cleaned up and be at the Father of the Year banquet at eight-thirty. I couldn't make it before nine or nine-thirty, even if I drove like some character trying to kill himself."

"All right," Sally said, working the drier. "You go to the Father of the Year banquet at eight-thirty. Be there on time. In the meantime Jill can just sit here, and Arnold can just sit up in Portland while they present you with a trophy for being such a wonderful father that you make your daughter miss the dance of the year at ——"

"I know," Harold said. "The Multnomah Heights Country Club." He walked out of the kitchen and went to the phone. He called Nick Rossini, and when Nick answered, Harold said, "Nick, I'm going to be a little late for the banquet."

"A little late? Why?"

"I have to go to Portland."

"Now?" Nick said. "Tonight? Why?"

"It's kind of a long story, Nick, but, briefly, I find that I'm so busy being a father that I'll be late getting to the Father of the Year banquet. I may miss the food, but I'll be there about the time you finish eating."

"Well, that won't be too bad, Harold."

"And, Nick ——"

"Yes, Harold."

"Don't count on much of a speech. Right now I'm a little confused about raising children." Gently enough, he hung up the phone and went upstairs to dress.

THE END

## People are Like That

Young men in business and industry have attained special prominence in recent years. Do you suppose that our executives nowadays are generally more youthful than in the past?

Just the contrary. The average business executive now is 53.7 years old, according to a recent study, whereas the average age in 1928 was 51.4. There are only about half as many executives under forty-five today as there were in 1928. Reason: Longer training periods now. While a college degree still is no guaranty of going to the top, the study disclosed that it doubles and sometimes quadruples one's chances.

Lawrence Galton

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# Color... Portable TV... Transistors

## *Emerson*

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WORLD'S FIRST 5-WAY

## PORTABLE TV-PHONORADIO

*Engineering Miracle* #1! It's a portable TV set! Portable radio, too! There's a phonojack and switch for record playing! It plugs into a car and plays on a boat.* There is even an under-pillow or private ear listening attachment* for use without disturbing others!

It's the all-in-one portable—available in full UHF and VHF channel tuning. Five beautiful color combinations.

*Complete as illustrated (right), including built-in antenna and carrying handle.* **$134**

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*Optional equipment at extra cost

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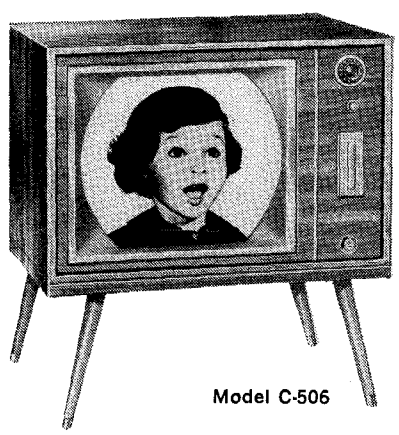

Model C-506

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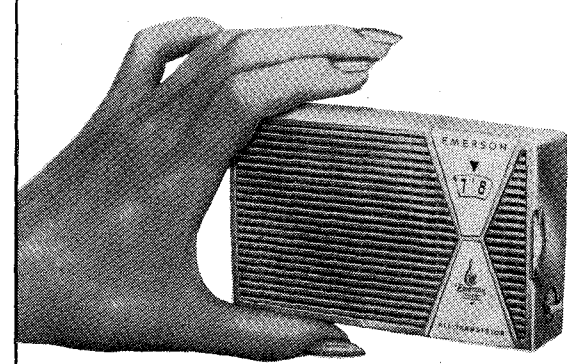


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*wherever you look... there's* **Emerson** †

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*creator of miracles in portable electronics*

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*Prices slightly higher in South and West*

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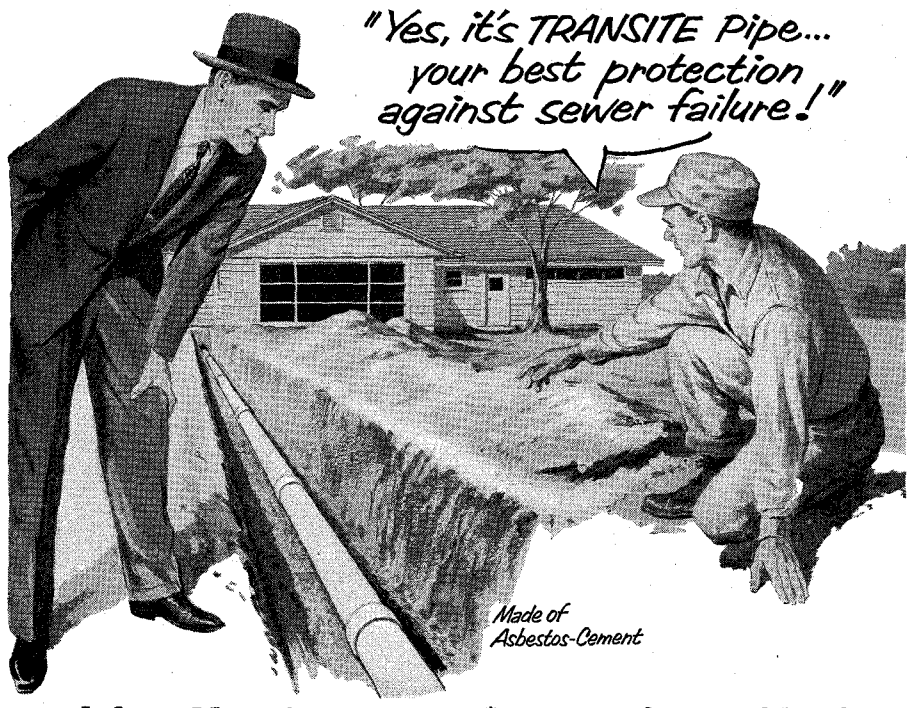
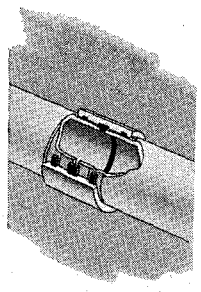



**Johns-Manville Transite* Pipe is the trouble-free white pipe that keeps roots locked out**



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**PHOENIX, ARIZONA**
*and the Valley of the Sun*


# The Happy Sausage Makers

(Continued from Page 41)

1955 when he visited Washington, D. C., as a company representative. He was greeted by a white-haired merchant who had been selling Jones products since 1903. In fifty-two years of business transactions, the merchant said gratefully, the Joneses had never pestered him with a salesman.

In that the Joneses have been unusual. They sell their product in every state in the country—and in Hawaii, the Philippines and Japan—but, until recently, they never employed a regular salesman, and mail orders still account for more than 40 per cent of the sales.

No one knows where or when sausage was first made; it antedates recorded history. The Babylonians and ancient Greeks made it. The Romans mixed fresh pork and chopped white pine nuts and seasoned the mixture with cumin—a member of the fennel family, raised for its bitterish seeds—bay leaves and black pepper. This apparently harmless patty became ritualistically associated with orgiastic festivals, and ultimately invited the condemnation of the early Christian Church because of its identification with pagan rites. When Constantine embraced Christianity, he outlawed the festivals and included sausage eating in his prohibition.

The American public has available today literally hundreds of chopped-meat products. Immigrants from Europe, although willing to break the ties of family, province and nation, nevertheless brought with them chauvinistic palates. Thus the nation has been provided with such an infinite variety of sausages and sausage makers—from Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Hungary, Poland—that an index of particular spicings would require a recipe book the size of an unabridged dictionary.

Native Americans seem to be just as persistently provincial and sectional. In the South and Southwest, merchandisers say, a highly spiced "hot" product is preferred. Some localities in New England prefer a white pork sausage, while many other sections of the country will not buy a sausage which fails to show sections of lean meat. People who move from one section of the country to another seem to carry childhood's taste buds with them. An urban business executive who at dinner orders vodka Martinis and French cuisine is the same fellow who hankers at breakfast for the dishes he was served as a boy, down on the farm.

The Jones family has been catering to and profiting by these loyalties for more years than most packing houses have been in existence. Less than a quarter of the existing packing companies, big and small, began operations before 1900. And in an era when the exigencies of commerce have made life difficult for the small concern, the Jones business is still entirely owned by Joneses.

Last year the company butchered and processed 80,000 hogs and marketed 11,000,000 pounds of meat products. Sausage production was about 4,500,000 pounds, and gross sales were between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000. Compared to the tremendous trade of the big packers, these poundages and gross sales may seem like small change—but the Jones Dairy Farm, now in an expansionary phase, is an exceedingly prosperous small business.

"It needs to be," said one of the younger generation. "There are so many more Joneses to feed."

Sausage is still the primary item of manufacture, and production has tripled since 1940. But there has also been diversification, and sales of hickory-smoked bacon and hams—principally to hotels, clubs and de luxe restaurants—and of fresh pork cuts and liver sausage (Braunschweiger) have increased greatly.

Recently I paid a visit to the Fort Atkinson farm where five generations of Joneses have lived and prospered. Two brothers—Alan Jones, fifty-nine, and Edward Jones, fifty-four, usually called Bud—now share management of the company. Miss Mary P. Jones, their aunt, who served as president for twenty years, is now retired, but she is always consulted on matters of policy.

As daughter of the founder, Miss Mary well remembers the early days of the business. Heir of an affluent landowner, vigorous and athletic himself, Milo C. Jones had no worries until he was stricken by arthritis in his early thirties. He lay flat on his back for seven years, unable even to dress himself or turn over in bed. Seven years of invalidism have a way of dissipating affluence. Wondering how a crippled man could make a living for his family, Milo C. thought of his mother's sausage recipe. Neighbors liked it; perhaps the general public would like it too.

So one day in 1889 he had two men carry him to the farm cheese kitchen, and there he supervised the first commercial mixing of Jones seasoning with honest Wisconsin pork. His adamant and combative spirit was to see him to success, but for a considerable time money was scarce and the going was rough. The whole family pitched in. From his bed, Milo C. functioned as the idea man. His wife, a brilliant Chicago girl he had met when she was teaching at Beloit College, was an able lieutenant.

There were two sons. Miss Mary, the daughter, recalls that her job as a child was to clip the society pages of the Chicago newspapers; these provided the names and addresses of supposedly rich people who could be solicited by mail to buy sausage. Chicago became the first big market for the tiny family concern. Milo C. worked out an ingenious scheme to get a country product into city kitchens while still fresh. Sausage was ground and mixed every morning and rushed to the railroad station. In Chicago it was picked up by the Brink's Express Company—which had horse-drawn drays then, rather than armored cars—and delivered on regular routes to homes on the gold coast and in the richer suburbs. For this delivery Brink's got ten cents a pound, which the customers absorbed.

Prosperous Middle Westerners moving to the East served as word-of-mouth missionaries, and soon Wisconsin's "Little Sausages" achieved national distribution and a devoted following. There were thin times for the family as well as prosperous ones, however. Selling a specialty like sausage has its drawbacks. Meatless days and high prices during World War I, the empty consumer pocketbooks of the depression years, the regulations and red tape of World War II, all caused headaches.

And there was one persistent headache, year in, year out. Pork was traditionally a cold-weather meat—sausage particularly. As a result, the manufacturing plant was closed down from mid-May to mid-September. No one wants a plant to stand idle for four months of every twelve, and fitfully through the years the family attempted to wrestle with the problem.

Once the Joneses brought in two formidable, pince-nezzed spinsters from a Boston cooking school to teach the house

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wives of Fort Atkinson how to make preserves and jellies. This experiment was a failure. The Fort Atkinson housewives thought they knew how to make jellies and needed no help from Back Bay; the Boston ladies refused, even at high wages, to consider the plebeian problems of mass production. When Alan and his brother took over management, the old problem of summer employment was still unsolved.

"We experimented with several products, notably a high-quality mincemeat," Alan Jones told me. "We tried growing, freezing and marketing frozen vegetables—particularly peas—and all with indifferent or poor success. Modern refrigeration and the tremendous demand for meat which got its impetus in the last war finally came to our rescue. We now process pork the year round. Our only layoff is a two-week period in August when all hands take their vacations."

"At the end of the war," Bud Jones said, "our plant had had no major additions for more than ten years. A number of large companies wanted to buy the business, and made handsome offers. We knew our plant was obsolete and needed overhauling, but a little soul searching seemed in order. The next generation of Joneses was coming along, but before we undertook the heavy obligations of expansion, we had to know whether or not our children found the business interesting and attractive enough to make it a lifework."

Alan has three sons, Alan, Jr., Bill and Mike. Edward has two daughters, Fannie and Deborah, and one son, Ted. A formal family council was held—so formal that minutes were taken—and the decision was made to go ahead with the building program. Since then about 75 per cent of the company's physical properties have been completely rebuilt, reconditioned or replaced.

Today Alan, Jr., a graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration, is office manager. Bill, who spent several years in journalism and book publishing after his graduation from Dartmouth, is the company's eastern representative. Mike, having worked several months for Hormel and Company, in Minnesota, is back with the farm. Gaunt, twenty-year-old Ted spent his freshman year at Colgate, but, shifted over to the University of Wisconsin last year to study animal husbandry. There will be Joneses making sausage at Fort Atkinson for a long time to come.

The fact is that the Joneses and Fort Atkinson have grown up together. When the first Milo came west as a Government surveyor, he was one of the founders of the town and later served as its mayor. He established the first dairy farm in Jefferson County, which is now the heart of Wisconsin's dairying industry, headed the first agricultural society, had his own tanneries and brickyards and built Fort Atkinson's first inn—the Green Mountain House—with his own bricks. The Black Hawk Hotel now occupies the site. He helped bring in the railroad, contributing a right of way through his farm and the land where the station now stands. As payment he asked, and got, a new black silk dress for Aunt Sally.

Fort Atkinson is now a highly industrialized town of 7000, and the Jones enterprise is only one of its industries. Yet Joneses and Fort Atkinson still go along together. Alan, Sr.—who has parted his hair in the middle since he wore a raccoon coat at Dartmouth and played baritone horn in the band—was the dominating influence in the creation and direction of Fort Atkinson's vocational school. Brother Edward played football for Fort Atkinson High before going off to Wisconsin U., and more recently was chairman of the community board which raised the money for the town's new $1,000,000 hospital. The Joneses very properly live on Jones Avenue, and the farm itself is just outside the city limits.

Two completely modern plants are operated. Broadly speaking, one functions as a butchering and cutting plant and the other serves as a sausage kitchen and center for processing, as well as housing the brand-new business offices.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Try to look at it this way, dad. You're just one among millions of perplexed parents in America today."

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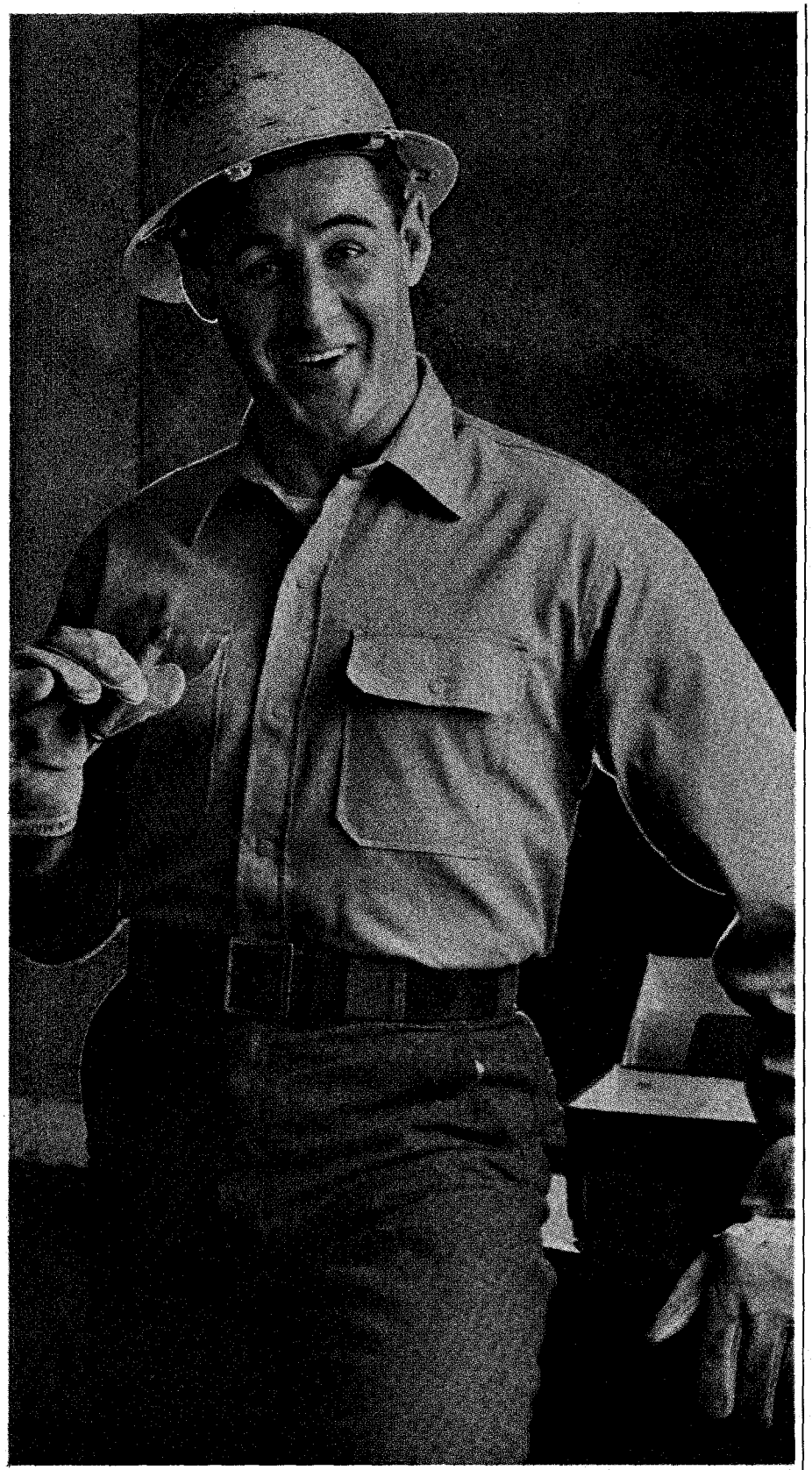

During the early stages of processing, the methods employed are much like those of most small packers. But once the hog has been "disassembled," the operation becomes unique. Some sausage is a by-product of the packing industry and is made from the "trimmings" of the hog. At Jones the major and most expensive cuts themselves—shoulders, loins and hams—go into the sausage mix, and fat and lean are weighed out carefully, so that they are in exact proportion for each 100-pound batch.

The farm puts up sausage in two forms—a one-pound roll of sausage meat wrapped in vegetable parchment, and link sausages.

The casings of the link sausages come from lambs raised on the South Island of New Zealand, for the Joneses believe that climate and feed conditions there produce the best possible casings for pork sausage. They further believe that natural spices, rather than essential oils or spice essences, make the best seasoning, and they sometimes go to considerable lengths to obtain the ingredients required. Dalmatian sage, for instance, has always been a part of Aunt Sally's seasoning, but during the war Dalmatia disappeared behind the German lines. The sage rose in price from ten cents a pound to seventy-five cents to $1.50—and then was unobtainable. After a long search the Joneses found a few Dalmatian shoots in an obscure herb nursery. Agricultural experts from the University of Maryland were called in to demonstrate the proper method of cultivation. As a result, during the war period a good many acres at the Fort Atkinson farm were devoted to growing Dalmatian sage.

Most of the hogs themselves come from farms within a fifty-mile radius of Fort Atkinson. So does the hickory wood with which hams and bacon are smoked. In many cases, fathers and grandfathers of the present-day suppliers did business with the Joneses, and the long continuity of this relationship has resulted in a clear understanding of just what kind of livestock the company wants. The head hog buyer is busier than a talent scout for a football college. He spends much of every day visiting farms and sizing up animals. He looks particularly for hogs that are not too fat. He likes them from five and a half to six months old and weighing from 220 to 230 pounds. The idea that a prize-winning porker should resemble a heavy-duty truck is now obsolete. The Joneses want the smaller hog because it is leaner.

There is also a long continuity in the friendly relationship between the Joneses and their employees. There are two-hundred on the payroll now. Until she retired a few months ago, the senior in service was Mrs. Minnie Rusch, over eighty, forelady in the sausage kitchen for forty-odd years. She called all the present Joneses by their first names—as well she might, as she has known them since childhood.

"Grandpa Milo C. Jones knew my parents well," Mrs. Rusch told me. "We were Germans, you know. After my husband died I went back to my folks, and one day Grandpa Jones came around with his horse and buggy and asked me if I wanted to go to work for him. That was in the fall of 1905."

The Jones Dairy Farm probably could be called a family enterprise on both the employer and employee level. One Fort Atkinson man went to work there in 1909 and since then fourteen members of his immediate family have held long-time jobs with the company. Two other families have been represented for three generations. Still another has five members currently employed, while two other members are alumni. When they come to work at the farm, they apparently come to stay. After a tour of the plants, I concluded that the butchers and renderers, the men who tend the hickory fires, the boners on the assembly line, the women in the sausage kitchen, with their clean white aprons, had almost as much pride and conscience about sausage as the Jones Boys themselves.

Happily enough, I arrived in Fort Atkinson on Miss Mary's birthday. She is a tall, thin, extremely well-read woman of wit and intelligence. When toasted that night at a warm and laughing family dinner, Miss Mary suggested that the wine, in deference to her age, should be downed to the "Spirit of 76."

She still occupies the original farmhouse built by her grandfather in 1846. From her front windows Miss Jones can see, through a delightful lattice of planting, the swimming pond designed by brother Philip, general manager of the firm for a number of years before his death in 1947. Built of limestone quarried on the farm, the pond is fed by the water from the ammonia coils of the company refrigerating plant—brother Philip's idea of the partnership of beauty and utility.

To the right and the rear, a few steps across beautifully kept grounds and sheltered by clumps of high black-oak trees, are the two commodious white houses where her nephews live and have brought up their families. To the left and beyond a wide meadow are the sausage plants and the farm. And beyond the dairy barns is the thicket where Alan, Sr., and Bud and their guests hunt pheasant in the autumn. They are sportsmen—as who


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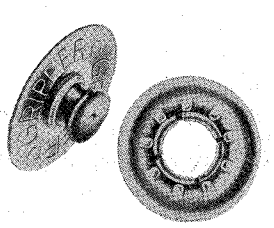
**New button-less work shirt!** Truly modern, thanks to GRIPPER Snap Fasteners that never come off.

Men like these shirts for convenience and safety—they can get in and out of them *fast*. A quick tug and the whole front opens. Shirts stay clean and wearable longer. And women like them because there are no buttons to replace—no torn buttonholes to mend.

Specially designed rust-proof GRIPPER Snap Fasteners make these convenient work shirts possible. They keep their "snap" through the life of the garment. Completely washer-proof. Wringer-proof, too. Try one of these modern work shirts. You'll never go back to the old-fashioned button kind.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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isn't in Wisconsin?—as well as businessmen.

As a matter of fact, it was Alan's passion for fishing which led him into an odd and offbeat business which still prospers in Fort Atkinson. Sometime years ago he and the late Urban Schreiner went fishing in Central Wisconsin. They could find no frogs along the banks of Jordan Lake, and the bass weren't hitting on artificial lures. The two men went to a nearby village, bought some fat pork, carved it in the shape of frogs, and before they knew it were rolling in bass.

This was the start of the Uncle Josh Bait Company. During the experimental phase, Alan Jones furnished hogback free from the family plant until his Uncle Philip caught up with him and made him pay. Originally intended for black bass and northern pike, the bait has proved effective on all species of fresh-water fish; and the pork frog and its family of baits are now taking salt-water stripers and bluefish on the East Coast, and steelheads on the West Coast.

I asked Alan how the company got its name.

"As a laugh," he said. "My partner, Schreiner, and I used to employ a guide who talked in a monotone, just like a rube radio comedian named Uncle Josh. So we called the guide Uncle Josh, and when we organized the bait company we called that Uncle Josh too."

Anecdotes about the Joneses are part of Fort Atkinson lore. The present Edward, an estimable husband and father, is still remembered as the little boy who, just before the noon-hour break, nailed down the toilet seats in the women employees' outside lavatory. He, in turn, remembers the walloping he got. They have never been conventional people. The first Milo wore Indian moccasins all his life and, in his old age, it was not uncommon for him to hoof it fifty miles to Milwaukee one day and back home the next. Some local antiquarians insist that Milo C. Jones was the first baseball catcher to squat directly behind the batter instead of taking the ball on the first bounce.

Uncle Philip's oddities are recalled with delight by his neighbors and relatives. In business life he was a man of Yankee thrift; in private life he was a man of almost Byzantine generosity, of great kindness and quick confusion. He would take a bus to New York to save money, hold a child on his lap most of the way to relieve a bedraggled young mother, and give away his overcoat. Once, in Milwaukee, a woman unknown to him arrived at the railroad station with a plate of hot rolls which she asked him to deliver to her aunt in Sullivan, Wisconsin. Phil solemnly accepted the responsibility. At Sullivan he got off the train, but could not find the aunt. He not only missed her; he missed the train and lost another overcoat.

The family solidarity amuses some contemporaries in the home town, but it is very real and probably accounts for the fact that, through the years, the firm has been conducted almost as a gastronomic trust. And the younger Joneses coming along intend to run it in exactly the same way. A very new sixth generation has now put in an appearance—the infant sons of Alan, Jr., and of his cousin, Fannie. They'll probably want to go into the business when they're old enough to walk around, white-jumper clad, in the sausage plant's cooling room.

In a letter to his brother, Jabez, in Vermont, the original Milo Jones wrote in 1846: "Do come out and see how we Badgers live and dig and grow fat on hogs and hominy."

Hogs are still keeping the Jones family from being lean. THE END

## To the First-Born

By M. M. PARRISH

Tell me, big brother, our elder son,
Have you seen the look of the other one
When he watches you—his paragon?

Have you noticed how he tries of late
So earnestly to imitate
Your speech, your walk, your every trait?

Of course, he wouldn't deign to let
You know of this; you still may get
Many a blighting epithet.

But, son, he'd readily pass through
Flood and flame if you asked him to.
Keep trophy-bright his trust in you!

*In your hands, too...*

*professional results with professional tools*

When you do-it-yourself, better tools mean better work on every job, big or small. That's why, for fifty years, Porter-Cable tools have been the choice of professional craftsmen everywhere—the men who know tools best.

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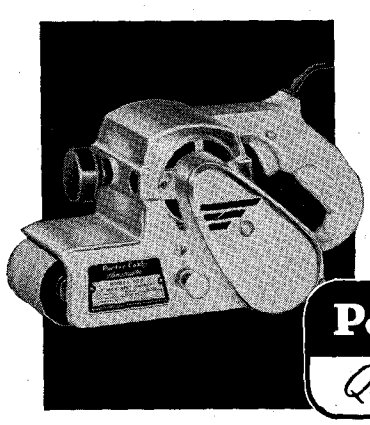

**For sanding and finishing** work of every kind, see and try the new Porter-Cable Model 136, 3" Belt Sander—a rugged, precision-built tool at a remarkably low price. Write today for full information and name of your nearest dealer.

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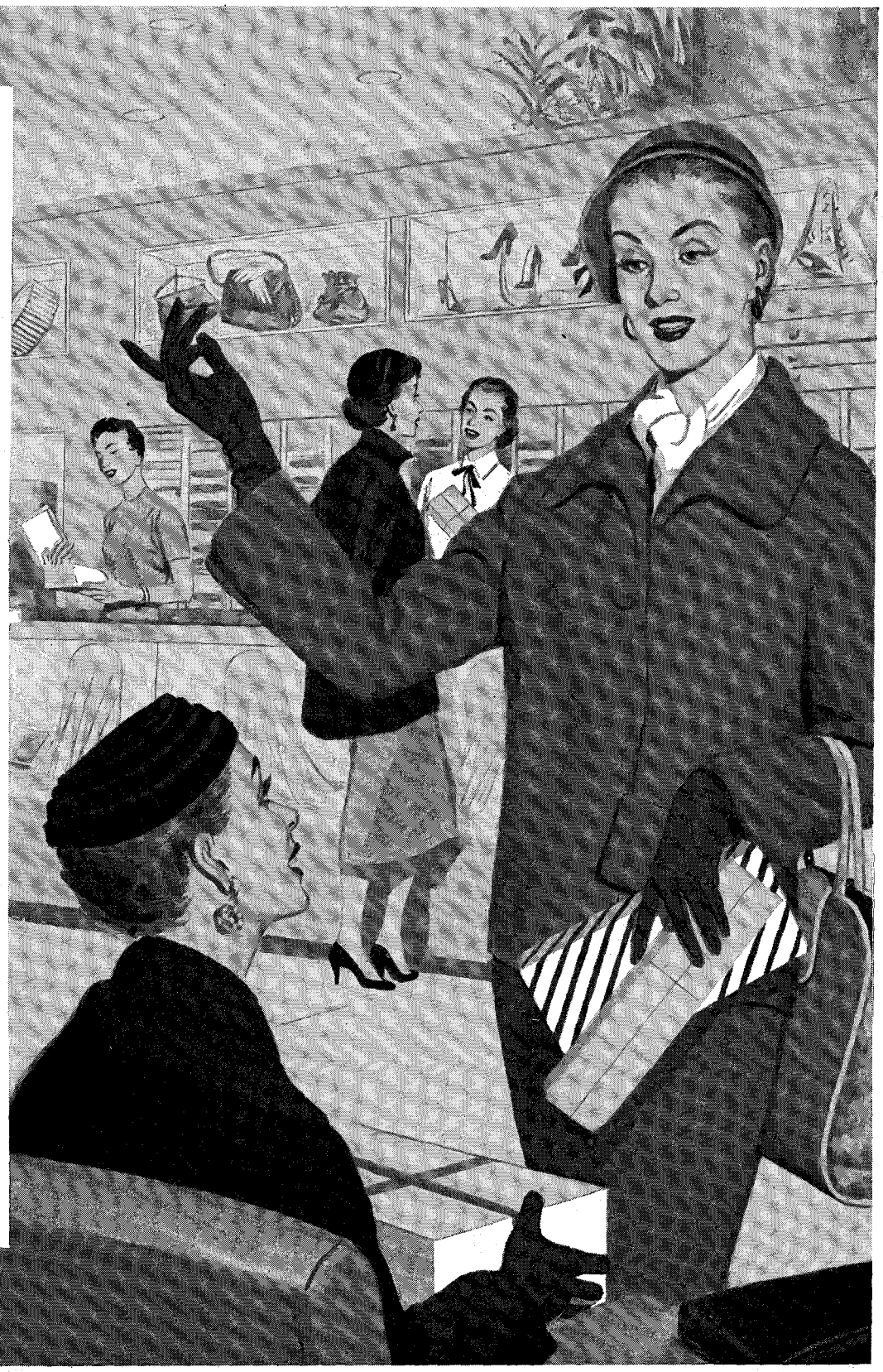
# "What I always want to know is— WHOSE NAME IS ON IT!"

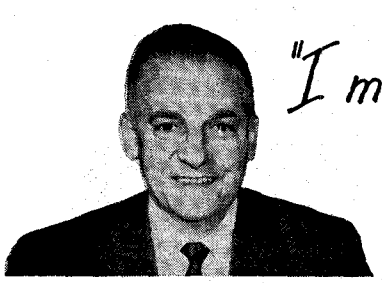


## "I'm always satisfied most with a Brand that's made a Name for itself"

And you'll be satisfied most with brands whose good quality you hear about, read about, know about. That's why advertisers in this magazine are good names to know. They're proud of their brands—they satisfy so.

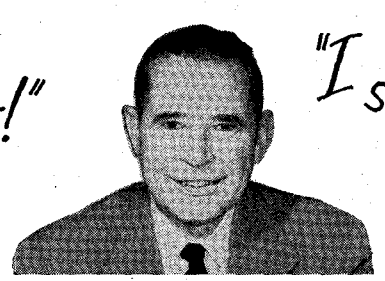
**FOUR WAYS BRAND NAMES SATISFY YOU MOST**

1. **BUY WITH TRUST!** Spend *confidently* on known quality. Brand Names wear best, work best, taste best, are best.
2. **SHOP WITH EASE!** Spend *efficiently* on proved value. Brand Names save time "puzzling" over labels, models, prices, etc.
3. **ENJOY MORE CHOICE!** Spend *shrewdly* among widest selections. Brand Names offer the most in types, colors, flavors, sizes, etc.
4. **GET THE "LATEST"!** Spend *smartly* on up-to-date products. Brand Names keep improving, modernizing, introducing new things.



"I made it!"

MANUFACTURER



"I sold it!"

DEALER

"I bought it!"

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# A Killer at His Back (Continued from Page 35)

would release the door in the lobby. "Do you think it could be Morris?" she asked.

"I doubt it. We're not working on anything that's hot, and nobody shoots a Hindu. If it was Morris, he'd have phoned."

"I look like a raisin pudding with all these things in my hair. Let me get a scarf or something, George."

Heidig waited at the door. He could hear the humming, steady climb of the self-service elevator. It was nice and clear and clean in the tiled expansiveness of the outer hall. A radio played softly in one of the apartments. Heidig lit a cigarette and was closing the book of matches that said, "Featuring Madeline at the console," when the elevator opened and closed, and there she was, as big and real as a painted horse, about forty feet away.

"Mr. Heidig?" she said. Her voice was throaty and low, yet it carried through the stillness like the sharp clap of your hands.

"Who is it, George?" Sheila asked. She was behind him, holding the scarf which she had not yet wrapped around the curlers that pocked her head, and Heidig, with his tongue as thick as a loaf of bread, felt helpless. "Do you know her?" Sheila asked.

"I—sort of know her," he said stupidly. He began to learn how rapidly dishonesty compounds when it is once released. "I just happened to stop in at a place tonight for cigarettes ——"

And Sheila said nothing.

Madeline, in her steep heels, approaching now uncertainly and with shortened stride, seemed to crowd the low, speckled ceiling of the hallway like a tiptoed stork. Her face was calcimine-pale with powder applied over tear rivulets, her hips were unconsciously rhythmic, her broad shoulders mantled by a sequined, not necessarily expensive shawl.

"I didn't know you were a detective when you spoke to me tonight, Mr. Heidig."

"Yes?" he said.

"I mean—well, excuse me." She switched her glance from Heidig's inhospitably blank face to the tight, unhappy and soap-shiny jaws of Sheila. "It's just that when you see a person night after night—coming into a place like ours kind of regular—well, you get a certain confidence towards that person. And Harold—he's the bartender at the place—Harold told me where you lived. I mean—well, I'll admit that I'm embarrassed."

"Tell the nice policeman what you want to tell the policeman," Sheila suggested. "Tell him the bartender didn't know he was married."

And there it was, as bad as that.

"Look, this is ridiculous," Heidig said, but the game was lost already; neither the wits of a wizard nor the words of a Webster could have brought conviction to the things he tried to say.

He told himself later that he had simply lacked the guts to do what was required. The camel-high eyes in the pale face of this troubled girl didn't fail in their bid for his sympathy; the difficulty was that Heidig, already compromised, had a thief's anxiety for a quick means of escape, and righteousness, as ready an instrument as sin, permitted him to say, "If you really need a policeman, miss, I think you'd better call Canal, six, two thousand; they're on duty all the time."

The big girl sagged. "I'm sorry," she said. Her soft mouth quivered and he began to despise himself.

"I mean if it's terribly important," he said then, almost in apology and half in appeal, because he knew how wrong he was.

"It's not that important, really," and she began to walk away. "I thought you were a better friend of Harold's, that's all."

Heidig closed the door and there was silence in the house. He had no belly at all for the explanation he believed would be required. Sheila stood there, watching him with injured puzzlement, but she was not a mousy, tearful woman in a time of trial.

"I suppose you think I lied to you on purpose," Heidig said. "About my not having stopped anyplace tonight?"

She didn't bother answering. She walked into their bedroom and he heard her close the door. Heidig went into the kitchen and sat at the table and stuck his finger into the soft mass of the liverwurst. He wanted to cry. The curtains flared at the open window as a strong breeze blew from the north.

Heidig got home the next afternoon at half past five. He could smell the meatloaf as he opened the door, and one of their children—Joie, who was four—came running out of the bathroom, naked as a trout and dripping water. He kept on going, shouting, laughing. It was bath time.

"George?" Sheila called.

So maybe it wasn't too bad. She at least called his name with the usual inflection, whereas he had expected silence or a swift, sharp-tongued assault. He walked to the bathroom door and leaned against the jamb. They hadn't spoken to each other since the night before. She was drying Janice with a heavy towel. She wore a large gingham apron that was brightly patterned and gay. The knots were out of her hair by now, the shine off her cheeks, the tightness gone from her jaw. Young George, propelling soap with his feet, was still in the roily bath.

"Well?" said Heidig. "You've got meatloaf, huh?"

"They were all out of Cornish hens on Madison Avenue, dearie." She took young George, fat and protesting, from the friendly warmth of the water. She handed him to Heidig with another towel. "Here, go to your clever father."

"You're not sore?" Heidig asked.

"No percentage," she said, "in being sore. You just learn things." She began to help Janice with her pajamas. She tossed her own head back, making certain he would notice the gloss of her wavy hair. "It doesn't look so much like a bag of bolts now, does it, George?" And he didn't know what to say or to do, except to grin, because he couldn't fathom the light touch of her new approach. She sent Janice off with a hit in the pants. "George," she said then, soberly, "that girl was here."

"Oh," he said.

"About an hour ago, just before she was due at work. And she's a nice girl, George. That's why she took the trouble to come. She said from the look on both of our faces last night she knew she had made a mistake and she wanted me to know there was nothing wrong. She said you were a harmless two-beer man at O'Brien's and never spoke a word to her until you asked her, 'Can I help you?'"

Heidig, seated on the edge of the bathtub, rubbed his itchy nose on the towel that covered little George's head. "I'm glad she came," he said. "To be perfectly honest, I had her on my mind all day. What was her trouble? Did she tell you that?"

"A first husband."

"Oh?"

"Somehow he found out where she was working and he phoned her three times last night—all the calls from out of town—he said he would see her when he got to New York."

"This was an especially bad first husband?"

"I think so, yes, but she didn't give any details. She said she didn't want to go to the police for reasons of her own, but she did want someone to advise her."

"I was a big help, wasn't I?" He handed little George to her and then stood up.

"All right," Sheila said. "Stop blaming yourself. You lied to me as one of the children might have lied, so you don't have to carry a cross on your back until they make you an inspector. This girl was in good control of herself this afternoon, but she's still terribly afraid."

"What about her present husband?" Heidig asked.

"I gather that she loves him very much, and it's what he will think that has her worried most. She's not really as all-around big as she looks, either, George. She's five months pregnant."

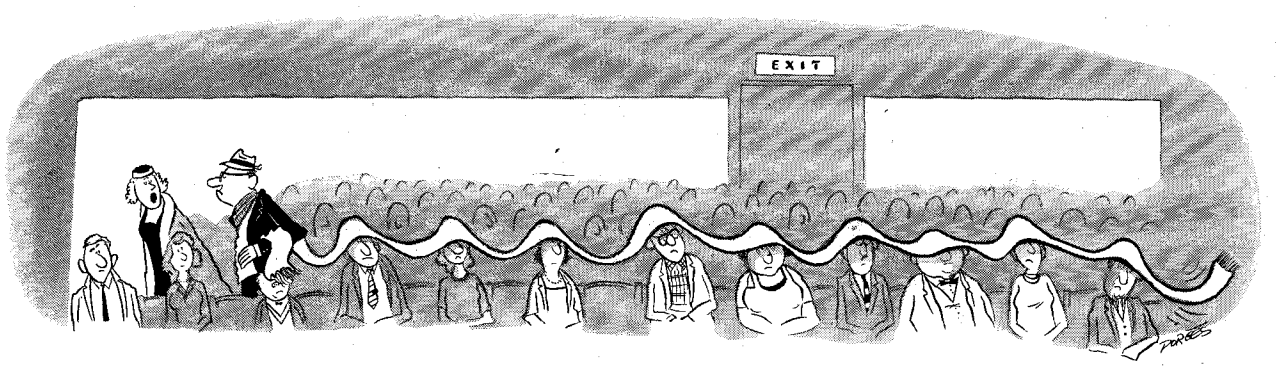
"The present husband, of course?"

"Don't be a pig. This is a good girl. I would swear it. And I think you should go have another beer at the Casa O'Brien."

"I see what you mean. Thanks for bein' so nice. I'll go there after dinner."

"Grab a meatloaf sandwich," Sheila said, "and go right now."

Heidig arrived at the Casa O'Brien while there was September daylight to

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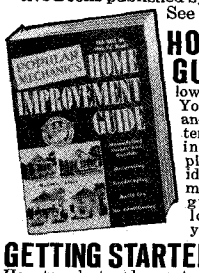

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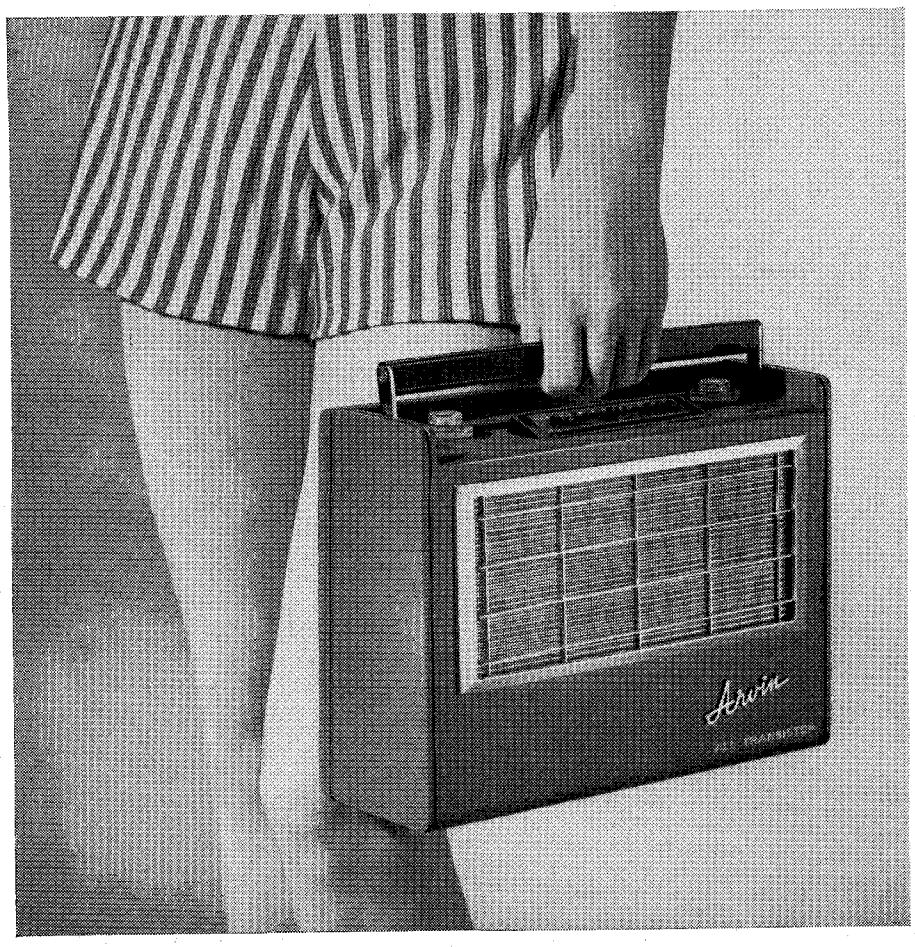

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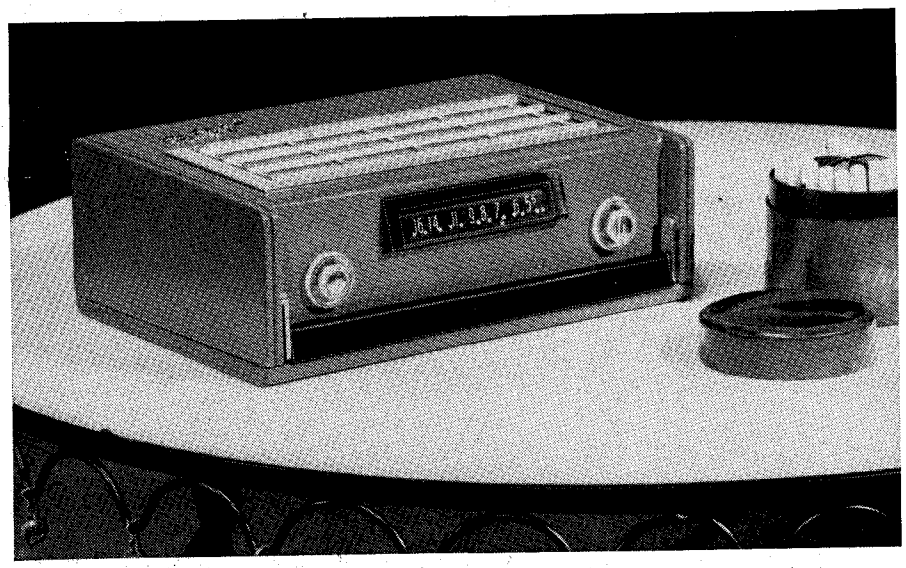

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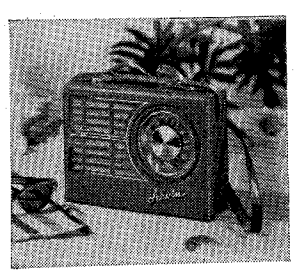

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spare. It was warm in the streets. He stepped into air-conditioning and the light strains of canned string music as it filtered sweetly through an amplifier high above the bar. A waiter went by with hot plates stacked the total length of his gray alpaca sleeve. There was no sign of Madeline. The lid was down on the small grand piano. Harold, the bartender, was pouring Martinis with a practiced hand. O'Brien was behind the register.

"Yes, sergeant?" O'Brien said.

"I was looking for Madeline."

"She didn't come in this afternoon." The amplifier, dealing the canned string music, crackled with mechanical dissonance. "She didn't phone, either, sergeant. It's the first dinner session she's ever missed, except for her days off, in the two months she's been with us."

"Suppose I told you that she wasn't five minutes away from here at her regular time this afternoon. And that she had every intention of coming here."

"Sergeant, I would be very surprised." O'Brien was a thin, rather nervous Irishman. "There was a man here looking for her just about the time she should have arrived," he said reflectively. "I mean if that means anything."

"Did he say who he was?"

"No, he didn't. And then he did. I mean he said he was an old musician friend of hers and that he had some piano arrangements she might like to have. A small man. Just about my own size. Younger, though—much younger. I said he could wait around, if he wanted, but he didn't wait very long."

"Was Harold here at that time?"

"No. Harold didn't come on till six o'clock—about forty minutes ago. But he does know Madeline better than I do. It's a terrible time to take him off the bar now, sergeant."

"It could be a terrible time all around," Heidig said, out of some informing instinct. "It could be worse than either of us knows." They walked to the bar and Harold watched them with interest.

"Who was Madeline's first husband?" Heidig said.

"What's that?"

"You heard what I said. You've known her a long time, haven't you?"

"I knew her in Chicago." Harold put down the cold-sweated shaker. "It isn't right to call him her first husband. She was married to the bum six days and got an annulment, from the church she belongs to and the state of Illinois. She got it hands down. He was a hop-headed, cokey, no-good bum. But why do you ask me? Didn't she go to see you last night?"

"Yes," Heidig said. "She came to see me."

"And what?"

Heidig's personal shame came up like fetid steam. He found it difficult to look at Harold. "I'm afraid I brushed her off, that's all. She told me nothing and I learned nothing."

"Sweet, merciful mother!" the bartender said. "Here I'm figuring it's all in the bag. I send her to a straight kind of a cop like you. A family man. I take for granted that you told her what to do, and that's why she's not here tonight. I don't want to open my mouth to the boss—to Mr. O'Brien here—until I learn what reason she gave."

"Let's not talk about what should have been," said Heidig.

"But you told her yourself last night. You said to her, 'Can I help you?' Didn't you?"

"All right, I did, but we'll lay off that. Now we start all over. What was her first husband's name?"

"Frankie Colligan, the piano player. He was an evil genius," Harold said.

"Explain that, please."

"I'm telling you. He was a great musician. He had one, two, three bands in Chicago, at different times, in the smartest places. When Maddy met him five, six years ago—that's what everybody called her, 'Maddy'—she was a nice big kid, a baby, almost—an' Frankie, by that time, had begun to slide. He could be charmin', though—heaven help us, could the bum be charmin'—and that's how he took her in. Just like I told you, a genius, a regular Doctor Jekyll and Mr. McBride—six days and pfftt!—it was over. Two weeks later Frankie was in jail."

"What did he go to jail for?" Heidig wanted to know.

"Manslaughter and narcotics. A two-vice parlay," Harold said. "I figured he was still in jail, but it's a long time ago."

"What'd he look like?" Heidig said then. "Was he small? About the same size as O'Brien?"

"That's right. The same size, about. Kind of dark, wavy hair."

"Tell him," said Heidig, indicating Harold's boss.

"Well, dark, wavy hair, as I said. It could even be gray now, after six years in the can. He'd be about thirty. Skinny, but very nice features—like Tyrone Power, maybe."

O'Brien, nodding, traced his thin lips with the tip of his tongue. His quick, anxious eyes had turned to Heidig. "That's the one who was here. I don't think there can be much mistaking of that."

"Did he ask you where she lived?" Heidig said.

"No, he did not. He never asked me that."

"Then we'll have to take it for granted," said Heidig, "that it's something he already knows."

Heidig took the subway, knowing that, lacking a patrol car and an open siren, it was the fastest way uptown. The Social Security data in his hand, which O'Brien had supplied, said MADELINE MARY NOVAK, with a Lexington Avenue address. He told himself the fist of panic in his belly was just an undigested lump of conscience, resting there like a rubber goblin because he had lied to his wife the night before and thought more of the immediate embarrassment than he had of his duty as a cop. Now, to the rocking, grating rhythm of the train, he mulled the other things that Harold had said:

". . . she married a Polish boy a year ago. A nice kid, name of Novak—Steve Novak. He's a big strong kid and Maddy loves him like it's a sickness. It's because he works nights, trying to build up a gas station that he's partners in on Seventy-first Street, that she plays the piano here. That's why she didn't want a general stink, like calling the cops official. She didn't want to hurt Steve with his family or in his business, or maybe have him try to twist Frankie's neck like an inner tube. She happens to know that Frankie don't tame easy."

Heidig, of course, had thought of putting in an alarm, but that seemed excessive and too dramatic, inasmuch as the girl herself hadn't bothered to go that far, and O'Brien had not said that the man was drunk or in any way off-key. *Or am I still telling lies?* Heidig wondered. *Am I telling them this time to myself?*

The subway train plunged noisily along.

It was one of several apartments above some reputable stores on Lexington Avenue. A narrow entranceway between two of the stores led to a small, glossy-paneled vestibule. NOVAK was among the printed names within the copper-fronted mail slots. Heidig pressed the black plastic button of Apartment C. There wasn't any

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response, but the gate from the street opened quickly behind him.

"I saw you from across the street," said Madeline.

He felt better then. "I'm glad you did."

And she looked better too. There'd been no need for her to apply face powder like heavy paint to porous bricks. The pallor she presented was her own. Her eyes searched Heidig uncertainly.

"You think I'm exaggerating all this panic, don't you?"

"Not necessarily," he said. "I'm more stupid than nasty and I can't afford fixed opinions. When you left my house today and started for O'Brien's, why is it that you never got there?"

"God was good to me, that's all. I saw somebody coming into the place, just as I saw you now, coming here."

"Frank Colligan?"

Her eyes were grateful. "You know?"

"I talked to Harold about you," Heidig said, "and of course I talked to my wife. I've got a few things straight, but where did you go after you saw this fellow entering O'Brien's?"

"I froze," she said in a whisper. "He didn't see me, but I could hardly think. I wanted somehow to be close to my husband, who works on Seventy-first Street, and I still didn't want to come into the house. Not by myself. I spent the last two hours in the movies across the street. Every ten or fifteen minutes I'd go to the lobby and look outside. That's how I saw you. You see, I still haven't let Steve—that's my husband—I haven't let him know."

"You haven't let him know what?"

"That Frank was out of prison and in New York. I was afraid of what Steve might do, and what might happen then."

"But your husband does know you were married to this fellow, doesn't he?"

"He knows that much. That and a few things more."

"When Colligan called you at O'Brien's last night—I understand it was from out of town—what did he say that scared you so?"

"He said that he was coming to New York—to see both me and my husband. 'For old times,' was the way he expressed it, though he's never met Steve. The second and third times he phoned, he laughed, and said he was fifty miles closer to New York each time. Then he said to me, 'How do you like living with this grease monkey you married?'—meaning Steve, of course—and this time he laughed the same way he did six years ago—before he killed a man."

"That's real cute," Heidig said. "It's the best of all. Now will you tell me why, knowing you were mixed up with this maniac—will you tell me why you didn't go openly to the police?"

"Because he told me last night that if I went to the police—as I did six years ago—or if any policeman grabbed him, he would guarantee to kill Steve!" She began to weep now heavily. "That's why, after I talked with Harold, I went secretly to see you last night, but all I could see was that I was getting you in trouble with your wife."

Heidig took a deep breath. "Let's go upstairs," he said softly. "Do you mind?"

Heidig led the way, and at the top of the single flight of stairs, just to the right, he could see Apartment C.

"I'll open it, if you want," he said.

She gave him the key and they stepped inside. A parakeet fluttered in foolish welcome as Madeline turned a light switch. The living room, beyond a small, square foyer, looked orderly and undisturbed. Heidig made a brisk cop's tour of the remaining rooms—the kitchen, the bedroom, the bath, three closets, a small sitting room with pictures on the walls, half a dozen books and one big television with a twenty-four-inch screen. *Lot fancier than we got home*, he thought irrelevantly.

He returned to the living room, where two casement windows faced the west, and in the fading daylight overlooked the tar-and-pebble rooftop of a restaurant. Both windows were closed, but only one had been secured. He found Madeline looking at this window with unhappy interest.

"Was it like that when you left?" he asked.

"I—don't think so—but, Lord, my head is like a beaten drum today. I just—don't know." She looked tired and bewildered. "It could even have been Steve," she said. "He does come by once in a while, and he'd probably air the place."

Heidig lit a cigarette and then picked up the telephone. "Mrs. Novak," he said, "I think that we should stop our cruising in the dark." He dialed a number rapidly. "Frank Colligan?" he said "Is that the man's whole name or is there something in the middle?"

"Francis Terrence Colligan," she said, watching him.

"Hello?" Heidig said. "Al? . . . Al, this is George. Let me talk to Joe Franz." He tapped the polished table top with the fingers of his free hand. . . . "Joe? Listen, I've got a customer in mind. The name is Francis Terrence—Cee-oh-double-el-eye-gee-aye-en—Colligan. . . . That's right. . . .

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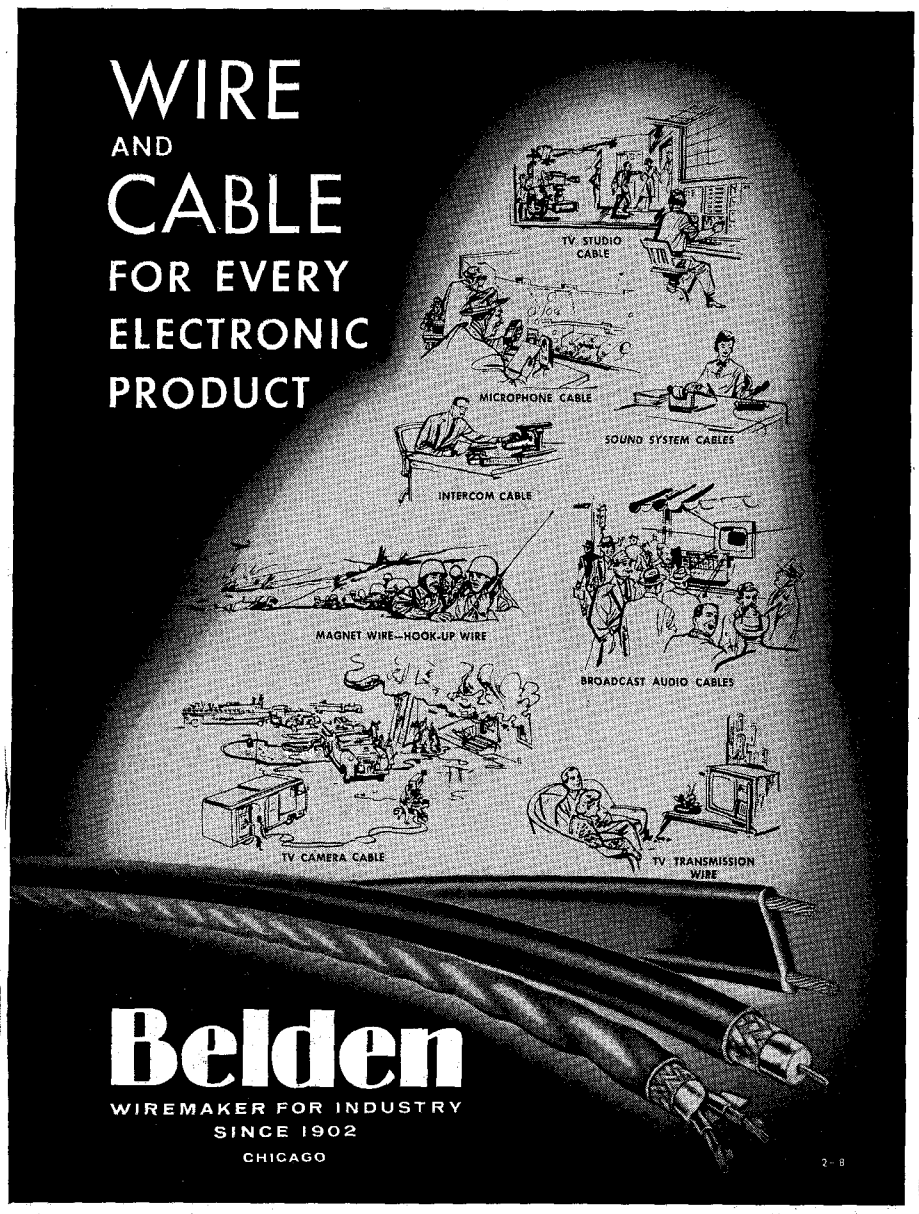


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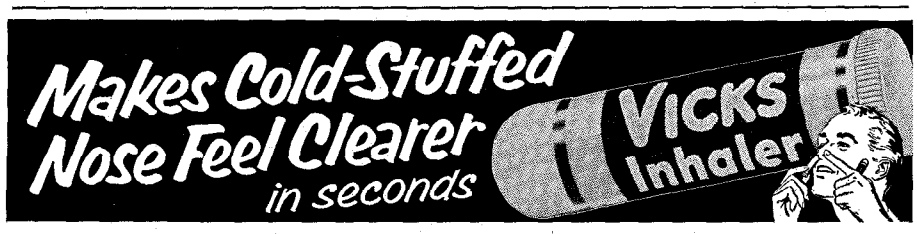


What I've got on him is this: A Chicago boy, he went in for manslaughter six years ago, manslaughter and narcotics—a user, I think, not a pusher. . . . Maybe on parole, but if he is, well, he's a long way from Cook County. . . . Run that through, Joe, will you, please? Then call me back. . . . No, I'm not home. Here's the number."

Heidig spilled ashes from his cigarette to the polished floor and the carpet's edge, and he begged to be forgiven. Mrs. Novak smiled. He felt better now that things were under way, the department moving, and Joe Franz on the job. He felt less guilty of his cruelty the night before. He looked across the room at Madeline and saw that she was steadier.

"Your husband's a nice guy, Harold tells me."

"A nice guy, really?" Madeline smiled then in a way he had not seen her smile before. "That Harold's a very conservative man. Look, Mr. Heidig, would you like to see a picture of Steve? It's silly as a one-dollar saxophone, but just for laughs." Heidig followed her into the little room where the fancy television set had impressed him. "It's a picture of Steve at work, with his partner, Ed. They were clowning just a week ago when they got in three new pumps, and they think they may make an ad of this one. Both of them think ——"

"What's the matter?" Heidig said.

"The picture's gone!"

"Take it easy," he said.

"But it's gone! And I know it was there! This morning it was there!"

"Your husband could have taken it," Heidig said. "The same as he might have opened that window inside."

But he knew somehow that she was not mistaken this time.

"They have a dozen of them down at the shop," she said. "So why would he take it? And he's working there alone tonight because—well, Ed's got kids, and that's the way it ——"

"Was the name and address of the gas station on the photograph?"

She nodded in misery.

"All right," he said, "let's go." And then the phone rang. Heidig picked it up. "It's me, Joe. . . . Yes? . . . I see. . . . Two days ago. . . . And high as an eagle's nose, they say? . . . Thanks, Joe. . . . Sure, make it a general report. That's what it has to be." He turned to Madeline Novak then. "Frank Colligan broke his parole two days ago," he said. "He's wanted in Chicago and he's reported back on the stuff. Maybe you'd better not come with me to the gas station. Would you mind?"

She was behind him all the way.

"So what's the matter?" Steve Novak said. "Why are you laughing and blubbering all at once? You've been to somebody's weddin', hon? You win a big prize on a tee-vee show?"

"I can't help it, that's all. It's the way I am," Madeline said. She clung to him. "Steve, this is Sergeant Heidig. He's a very good friend of ours. Oh, Steve! Steve! Steve!"

"You see what I mean? I'd shake hands with you, sergeant, but she won't let go of me. I don't know what it is that makes me such a winner with women. I got three quarts of gook in a tin can here and I got a carburetor I will sell you for a quarter."

Heidig laughed, but he also sighed the deep relief he felt. This Novak was a rugged, very sizable and nice-looking boy, about Madeline's age, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and tender in the way that best becomes the very strong.

"I mean, this is something special, isn't it, hon? You and the sergeant? What are you trembling about?"

"Here, let me take the can," Heidig said, "and the other thing too. I'll put them down someplace."

"Well, thanks. But what's the matter with Madeline?"

"She'll tell you now. As long as it's going to be all right, she'll tell you herself. It's best that way."

*Love is a great thing,* Heidig thought, and he supposed that in his own way he was something of an expert. There was a pale moon rising as the night spread over the town. The fact that he spilled some oil on his second-best pair of pants failed to rob the evening of its wholesome compensations.

Heidig put the large can down and placed the gritty carburetor on top of a rag. He saw that Madeline was talking with her husband near one of the new gas pumps. He walked, then, with his two soiled hands extended rather daintily, into the rest room labeled MEN. He reached for a section of paper toweling as a lavatory door swung silently open behind him and the barrel of a revolver was placed against the side of his head.

"You're a policeman, dad? Is that what you are?"

Heidig, with his heart stopped like a smothered flute, did not say anything. The mirror above a small washbasin showed him Francis Terrence Colligan in the clear fluorescent light.

---

Half the world today knows how the other half lives—they're paying for it.

FRANCES RODMAN

---

"Just keep your hands right where they are. Don't tear that towel, dad. Just hold the edges, cute-like. That's the way I like it, dad."

The face that Heidig saw in the glass was pinched to razor thinness and the eyes were either ascetic or mad. The pupils were dilated to the size of raisins. Any cop would know that Francis Terrence Colligan was sailing calm and sweet as a swan with a "fix" of at least two grams.

"When he moves now, dad—a little, teeny bit more to the left—the lover boy—the big sweet banjo that she got herself—see through the window, dad—I got 'im now."

And Heidig, having prayed, now moved. He took the whole towel box down from the wall and swung it as Colligan fired. Colligan screamed and raised the deflected gun again. Heidig grasped and bent the man's arm and they fell together to the grease-stained floor. The gun fired a second time and Heidig felt the straining body go limp beneath him. He lay stretched across the victim, breathless and exhausted, then got slowly to his feet.

"Don't come in, Steve," Heidig said. "There's really no point coming in. This man is dead."

He went outside and walked with Steve to Madeline, who watched him with a trembling gratitude she had no talent to express.

"It was Frank?"

"It sure wasn't the Mills Brothers," Heidig said unsteadily. "Or Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra."

The same moon kept on climbing in the fine September night. Steve Novak put his arms around the girl who loved him, as a police car rolled in from the street.

"I think I'll phone my wife," said Heidig. "And all we're going to need then is a case of ice-cold beer." THE END

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# Inside the Asylum (Continued from Page 36)

Porterfield, in July of 1954. Porterfield's friends believe that the Mental Health Association, a citizens' group, was bitterly disappointed. They say the association "wanted to run the new department," an accusation the association denies. In other states recent revolutions have caused open warfare between state officials and citizens' groups.

The problem Porterfield faced was formidable. Ohio's population was rising as new industry drew workers from the South. The population of Ohio's mental hospitals had grown even faster. To keep up, Ohio had spent in the last ten years $60,000,000 to build or acquire new mental hospitals. But they were more overcrowded than ever. Patients were sleeping on the floor and in beds crammed so close together that, as Porterfield said, "ordinary health measures are impossible." They were pouring into the hospitals at the rate of 10,000 a year. Moreover, many existing buildings were firetraps.

At the end of 1954, Porterfield announced that the state must spend $107,083,000 to construct new hospital buildings and rehabilitate existing ones. In addition, Porterfield asked for $100,487,157 to run his department during the next two years—an increase of $30,000,000, most of it to be used for hiring more doctors and raising their salaries. "We caused quite a stir," Porterfield recalled. Governor Lausche, conservative governor of a tightfisted state, had committed himself not to raise taxes. So had legislative leaders. In presenting his budget to the legislature, Lausche cut back Porterfield's operating budget from $100,000,000 to $80,000,000. As for Porterfield's request for a $107,000,000 building program, Lausche recommended that the decision be left to the people—they should be asked to vote on a bond issue.

The mental-hospital program became the biggest issue in the legislature. Dr. William Menninger, from the Menninger Clinic, in Topeka, Kansas, addressed a joint session. Kansas, he said, was probably the only state whose state-hospital population had gone down in the last five years. Why? Because Kansas in 1949 began spending money not on buildings, but on doctors. Doctor Menninger said, "Many patients will get well in a barn if you have the right doctors and the right treatment." But Kansas couldn't hire enough doctors because there weren't enough in the country. So the state had begun to train its own. It paid doctors well for their three years of training, but required them to spend two years in state

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This sailor-hatted youngster of four became a professional musician at fourteen and has been playing away for forty years. He also finds time to act in films, his latest being No Leave, No Love, and to appear on television, produce summer shows and run a restaurant. He numbers three brothers and a brother-in-law among his close colleagues. Can you name him?

**John Fanning Roberts**

CORRECT ANSWER:
Guy Lombardo


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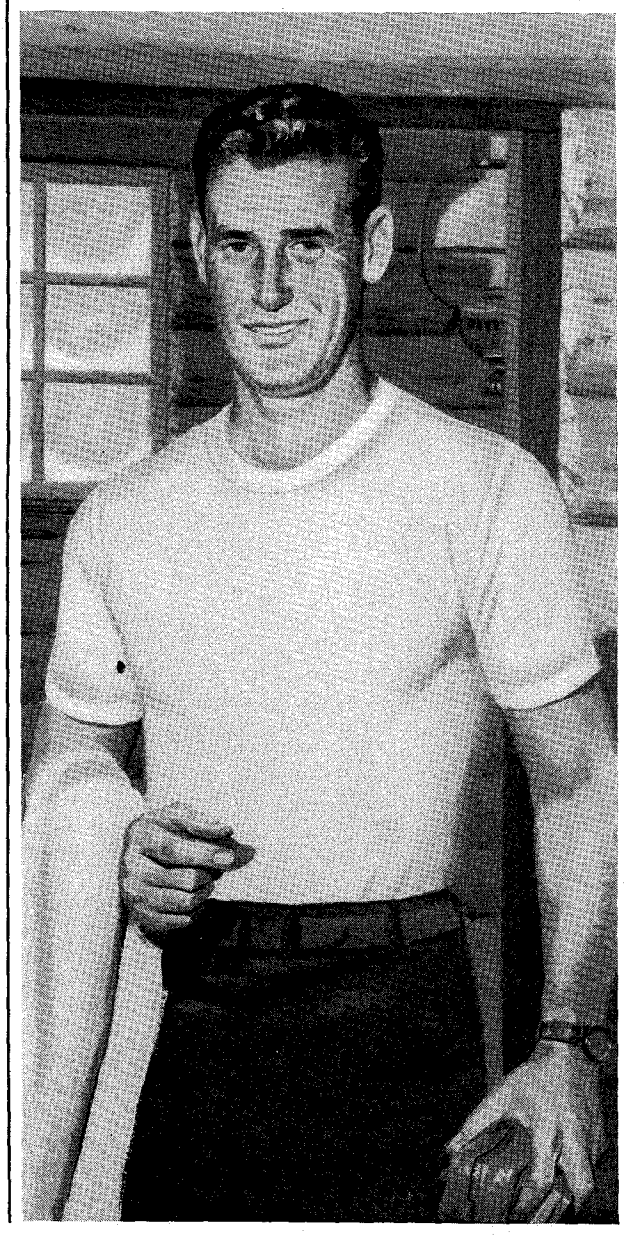
## says Ted Williams

who knows his baseball . . . and how to keep warm, comfortable and healthy in cold weather



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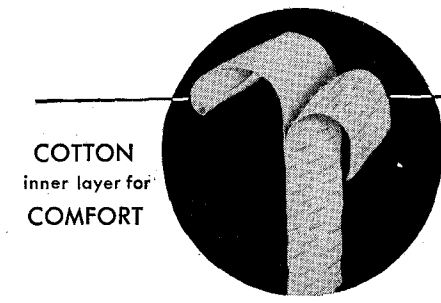


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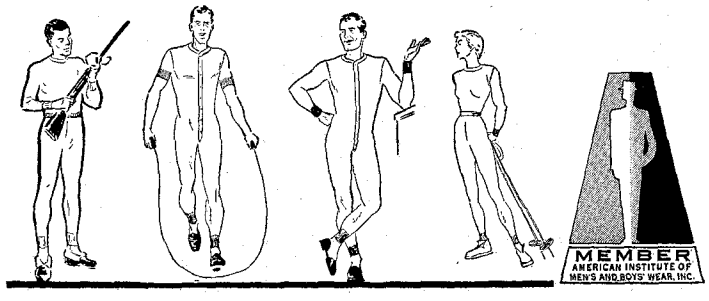



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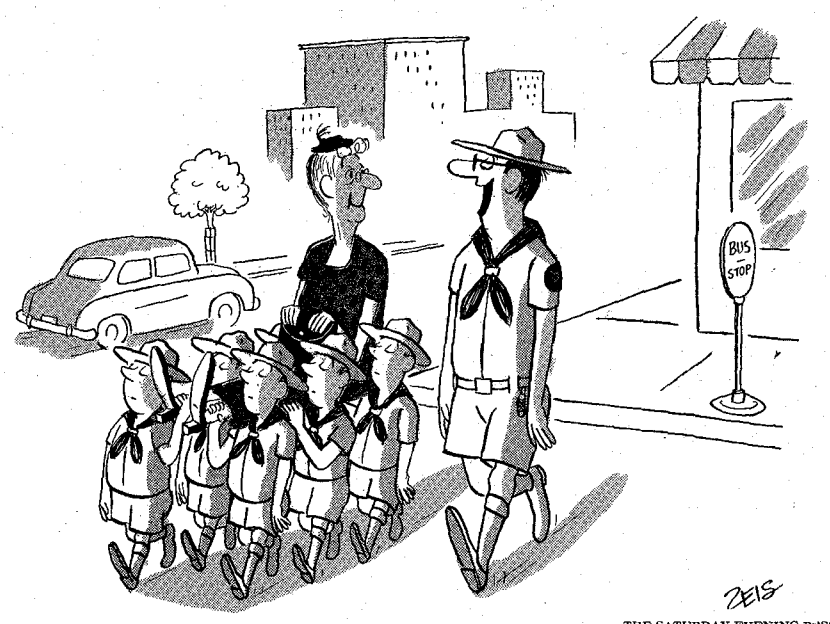


"Finest little troop I ever had."

hospitals before fleeing to private practice. As a result, Doctor Menninger said, Kansas now had one doctor for every seventy-four patients, instead of one for every 343 as in 1948. It had tripled the number of attendants and psychiatric aides. All this was costly. But Doctor Menninger thought it less costly than a building program.

He said, "I think one of the blots on our social horizon all across this country is that year after year we go on building more brick and mortar when we don't have enough doctors to staff the hospitals we already have. New York State voted $350,000,000 on last election day for more hospital beds, and they can't staff what they have right now." He urged the Ohio legislators to "give first priority to helping people get well." He said, "That means buying 'brains.' I am certain that the only feasible way to do that is to establish training programs."

So an issue was joined in the legislature: Bricks vs. brains. Porterfield's program had emphasized bricks. The legislators ordered a study of other state-hospital systems. They toured Ohio's mental hospitals themselves and were appalled by what they saw. In the end, they provided both bricks and brains, with emphasis on brains.

To get brains, the legislature raised the governor's recommendation for an operating budget to $90,894,954. This was $10,000,000 less than Porterfield had requested, but $10,000,000 more than the governor had recommended—and $20,000,000 more than the department had spent in the previous biennium. The budget will bring Ohio's expenditure up to $3.19 per patient per day, a little above the average for all states. (The private Menninger Clinic spends about forty dollars.) To pay for the increase, the governor, by executive order, raised the price of liquor fifty cents a gallon in state stores, thus keeping the promise, in letter, if not in spirit, not to raise taxes.

The legislature authorized hospitals to hire more doctors, and it established a doctors' training program to be carried out at three new institutes in receiving hospitals. Doctors may choose to stay only for their three-year residency training at a starting salary of $3400 a year. Or they may agree to put in two additional years as staff doctors at a state hospital; in this case they will start at $6000 a year. Thus Ohio hopes it will get at least two years' service out of the psychiatrists it trains. As an inducement to stay longer, the legislature authorized Porterfield to raise salaries. Fully-trained certified psychiatrists now receive from $12,000 to $17,000 a year. Superintendents receive from $18,000 to $19,000. These salaries are not the highest in the country, but they are close to the top.

Not forgetting bricks, the legislature submitted to the voters a $75,000,000 bond issue for a building program. It was surrounded on the ballot by several other proposals, one hotly opposed. The people defeated other referendums, but approved the bond issue. Governor Lausche said recently, "We've lifted ourselves to the vanguard of the states attempting to do something about the problem."

What has the new program meant to our hospital, Columbus State? Not much, so far. The bond issue has helped not at all—the legislature allocated no money from the bond issue to Columbus this year. The superintendent hopes to get next year a new building for the intensive treatment of new patients, and a new medical building for the treatment of physically ill patients, though he will have to share the medical building with two schools for the retarded.

The new training program should, in the long run, mean more doctors, provided it attracts and holds young doctors. The superintendent hopes to get additional residents for training later this year. The additional money for operating expenses did not permit the superintendent to hire more attendants and senior staff doctors—most of it went to the new training institutes, to other hospitals or to state schools for the retarded. And a score or more attendants quit, incensed because doctors' pay was raised, but theirs wasn't.

The critical questions of what kind of psychiatric institutions a society should have and how they should be operated have been studied by experts for the World Health Organization, a United Nations agency. These experts wrote that most western countries need about one hospital bed per 1000 population for custodial care of the mentally ill. The next step is not to provide more beds, as has been done in the United States—we have more than three beds per 1000. Rather, the hospital's doctors should devote a third of their time to a community mental-health program—work with private physicians, help discharged patients, set up an outpatient service, daily hospital, and special clinics for alcoholics, epileptics and children.

As for the hospital itself, its atmosphere is all-important. The experts wrote, "Too many psychiatric hospitals give the impression of being an uneasy compromise between a general hospital and


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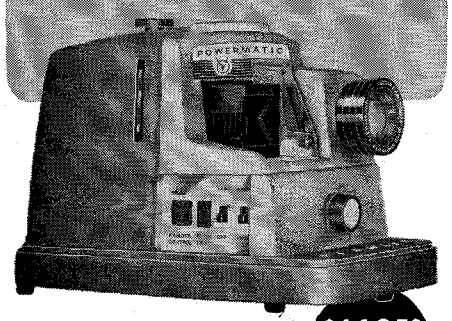


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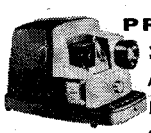

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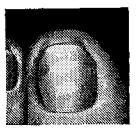

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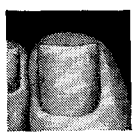

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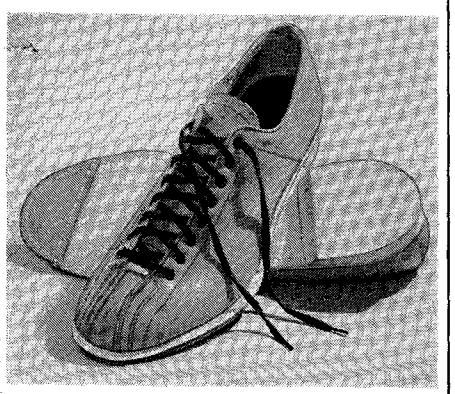

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prison; whereas, in fact, the role they have to play is that of a therapeutic community." Does the hospital preserve the patient's individuality—is he robbed of his clothes and personal possessions? Does hospital life resemble as closely as possible life in the outside community? "In a western country, where men and women mix freely at work and in recreation, it is obviously desirable that they should do so when in the mental hospital." Are the patients busy at planned and purposeful activity? The experts stressed group psychotherapy and group activities of all kinds.

Janitors must clean the living quarters "if the patients and the nurses are to be free to devote their day to therapeutic activity." Patients should not be locked into their wards; neither should they be locked out, for if they need solitude they should have it. There should be one doctor for every 150 patients, one nurse for each five or six patients. Each patient should "feel that there is one doctor who is his—one doctor who knows him well and whom he knows." Each patient, however chronic, should be reviewed regularly by another psychiatrist. As to architecture, "The therapeutic community should take the village as its model"—several small buildings, not a single "giant monoblock building" that dwarfs patients and herds them together.

Obviously, Columbus State does not come very close to this ideal—big, old, isolated Columbus State with its locked wards, untrained attendants, overburdened doctors and patients segregated by sex and either idle or doing the ward drudgery. Yet Supt. M. R. Wedemeyer has said, "This is not the best state hospital in the country, but it's far from being the worst." And that seems a fair judgment.

What, in general, is the state of the care of the mentally ill in American state hospitals today? "Deplorable!" exploded the clinical director of one state hospital who was asked that question. "We've got twenty-five doctors here, but only nine of these are doing psychiatric work, stretching the definition of psychiatrist as far as you possibly can. And we've got over 5000 patients. Oh, we feed them all, and they all have beds. But that's all they get. We've got one ward where half the patients spend the entire day in the toilet—they're incontinent, and the attendant doesn't want them to dirty up the rest of the ward, so he keeps them standing up in the toilet. And we call this a hospital! Go to England and you will see a hospital that is a hospital. Here we have two open wards in the entire hospital—the rest are locked. In England you have the reverse. Shackling the insane was called undesirable in Europe at the time of the French Revolution. This news has not yet crossed the Atlantic."

It would be hard to dispute his view if one visited only his hospital, or such places as State Hospital No. 3, at Nevada, Missouri, with over 2000 patients and seven doctors—none certified by the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology—or Weston State Hospital, in West Virginia, which for years was obliged to use a building so decrepit that a radiator fell through the floor; or a southern hospital, which has one of the highest discharge rates in the country only because it's so crowded that when a new patient comes in the front door another must go out the back; or Chicago State Hospital, where for years the prime qualification of the superintendent was that he be a Pole in order to hold the Polish vote; or the brutal backward hospitals in remote areas which do little but feed their patients, then once a year call in a neurosurgeon to lobotomize the most unmanageable.

The best private hospitals and the best university hospitals present a far different picture. The private hospitals are likely to be a cluster of little buildings situated on landscaped grounds. They are heavily staffed—Chestnut Lodge, in Maryland, for example, has only eighty beds, but there are sixteen full-time and four part-time doctors, including four analysts. Such hospitals rely heavily on individual psychotherapy—the Institute of Living, at Hartford, Connecticut, reports that "every patient who can benefit is under some form of psychotherapy." But these places take care of only 2 per cent of the nation's hospitalized patients, and they are prohibitively expensive—$1600 a month at one.

The good university hospital is likely to be an imposing modern tower in a great urban medical center—Boston Psychopathic, or the Neuropsychiatric Institute of the University of Illinois Hospitals. Illinois' Neuropsychiatric has only forty-five beds, but it is served by twenty psychiatrists, five psychologists, four psychiatric social workers, and fourteen laboratory investigators. These hospitals are primarily teaching institutions. If they already have on hand one acute catatonic schizophrenic, they are not going to take another, though twenty knock on the door. They will be sent to the nearest prolonged-care state hospital—that is, to your hospital. It is these state hospitals which have to cope with the enormous bulk of the nation's mental-health problem—and enormous it is.

Today there are more people hospitalized for mental illness than for polio, cancer, heart disease, tuberculosis, and all other diseases combined. There are 750,000 Americans in mental hospitals today. They occupy half the space in all American hospitals. A member of every third American family will spend a part of his life in a mental hospital, as things stand now. The cost of caring for the mentally ill is more than $1,000,000,000 a year. Dr. Francis J. Braceland, president of the American Psychiatric Association, has said, "Were these statements true of any other illness, the situation would be regarded as a national emergency."

What is being done to cope with the problem?

Ever since 1773, when Virginia built a hospital at Williamsburg, primary responsibility for the mentally ill has been accepted by the states. In the last ten years it is the states which have led in tackling the problem. The first governors' conference to deal exclusively with mental illness met in Detroit in 1954. The problem had forced itself on the governors' attention—many had discovered that care of the mentally ill had become the third-biggest item in their budgets, exceeded only by schools and highways.

In general the states have fought their way through the problem in much the

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Determined to make me a
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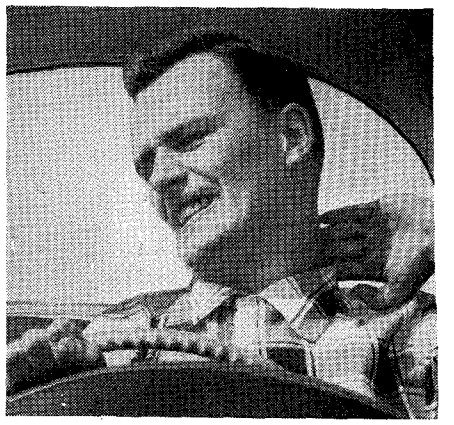
By Arthur
Frederic Otis



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same way the Ohio legislators did in 1955. At first they launched enormous building programs. Now they realize that the process of building ever larger and ever more numerous and ever more costly hospitals, in order to lock up an ever-increasing army of mentally ill, is ruinous. So they began hiring psychiatrists—and found themselves competing with one another. California still mails brochures to doctors in other states' hospitals, enticing them with high salaries and the California climate. There are in the United States only 9300 psychiatrists—only half of whom are fully trained and certified—and all the training institutions in the country are turning out only 500 new ones a year. So the states have started training their own. But soon they may find that they have nobody to train, for young doctors do not seem to want to become psychiatrists.

Currently the states are spending money on research, and soon they will be competing for the country's few psychiatric researchers. In addition, the states have attempted increasingly to prevent mentally ill people from going to the hospital—to link the hospital, as the U.N. experts suggested, into a chain that includes school, community clinic, court, general hospital, after-care homes and rehabilitation services.

"You will never solve this problem," one expert said recently, "until psychiatrists become a drug on the market." But even if all the doctors in the United States were put to work in a single hospital, they would not cure everybody there because they simply don't know enough—any more than all the cancer specialists in the country could save the lives of all the patients on a single cancer ward. The cause of most of the major psychoses remains to this day unknown, and so does the cure. The great need is for research. Yet the amount spent on research has been pitifully small—only about $6,000,000 a year, compared to about $25,000,000 spent on cancer.

Happily, the situation is improving. In 1955, the states appropriated about $10,000,000 for research. For the first time important private money has become available—$15,000,000 from the Ford Foundation to be spent over several years. And this year President Eisenhower asked Congress for $10,052,000 for research into mental illness. Congress raised the President's recommendation by about $4,000,000. (This is still less than the Federal Government spends on hoof-and-mouth disease.) All told, there will be available in America next year at least $20,000,000 for research into mental illness.

The first direct large-scale Federal entry into this field came in 1946, when Congress created the National Institute of Mental Health. The institute, a magnificent pile of bricks in the rolling hills of Maryland, promotes research, prevention and training. It grants money to individual researchers and to medical schools for training, and it makes grants-in-aid to states to help them develop community mental-health services. It conducts research of its own—laboratory research on the chemistry of the nervous system and the action of drugs on it, investigation of the role of heredity, and much more.

Congress has authorized the expenditure of $1,250,000 for a three-year nationwide study of every aspect of the problem of mental illness—a study that may become a landmark in American medical history. It will be undertaken by a Joint Commission led by Dr. Kenneth E. Appel, former president of the American Psychiatric Association, and Dr. Leo Bartemeier, chairman of the Council on Mental Health of the American Medical Association.

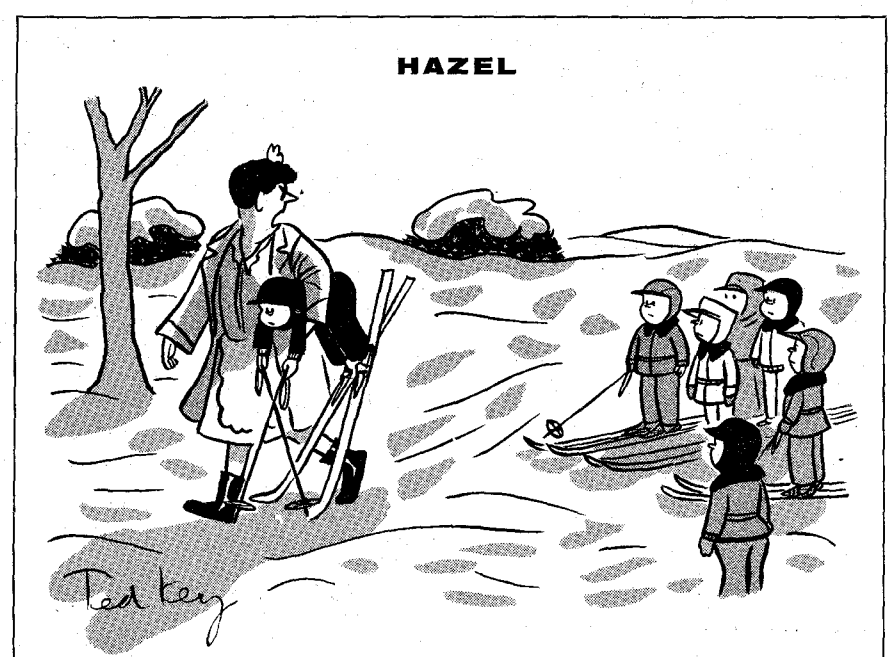
Doctor Bartemeier has said, "We have good reason to question, fundamentally, the concept of a mental hospital as the primary tool for treating the mentally ill. Within comparatively recent times the 'pesthouse' concept of treatment for the physically ill has fallen to the assault of intensified medical research and the wide application of new and healing techniques. . . . Smallpox, typhoid fever, yellow fever, malaria, all dreaded killers in their time, have fallen. . . . Mental illness can succumb to the same attack." Doctor Bartemeier called the survey "the chance of a lifetime." It began in 1956. It may produce the basis at last for a national mental-health policy.

In recent years we have abandoned the word "insanity" and substituted "mental illness," partly, no doubt, to erase the stigma of "insanity." Unfortunately, the impression has arisen that mental illness is no worse than a bad cold. People tend to forget that serious mental illness is a crippling sickness. The depressed patient is truly depressed, just as you are when you are depressed, only infinitely more painfully. The catatonic who sits mute and stuporous is in the grip of a terror almost beyond comprehension. And he knows it.

"Many people seem to think," says Dr. Benjamin Kovitz of Columbus State, "that a patient is either completely broken with reality or is not. This is wrong. If you talk about a patient in his presence, he knows it. I once had a patient who said her head ached and I ordered aspirin and the attendant laughed and said, 'No brains, no feeling.' This is an idea that Dorothea Dix was fighting a hundred years ago. In those days they didn't bother to heat asylum rooms because they thought lunatics didn't know whether they were cold or not. It would be comforting to think that because psychotic patients are living in their own world they don't suffer. But it just isn't so."

Before 1838, when the original Columbus State Hospital was built, the insane had been thrown into workhouses with malefactors. It was a real improvement to provide them with "asylum." The first superintendent wrote proudly that restraint was seldom required if patients were treated with "kindness and forbearance." His hopes were high for the new hospital. But it was not long until he reported that it was full to overflowing. From time to time down the years new buildings and whole new hospitals were built, but they never were built as fast as patients came to fill them.

In those days among the "causes" of patients' illness listed were abuse from husband, fear of want, a horse's kick, religious fanaticism, constitution, intemperance, measles, blasted prospects, disappointment in love, fright, skull injury, hard study and excessive grief. Some patients were given a pint or more of wine a day for three weeks, or until they became "saturated," when they were given iron tonics. Others were given opium. Nearly all were given purgatives. The superintendent wrote, "Medicine alone will not cure the insane. . . . [Relatives] appear to be of the opinion some panacea, unknown to members of the profession generally, is used by the specialist to bring back reason that has left the temple of the soul. Mistaken opinion. Specialists having charge of the insane boast of no superior knowledge."




"Because he has homework."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Not until 1905 did the hospital begin using the first of the devices thought of today as physical treatment—hydrotherapy. And not for another thirty years did it get a new weapon—Insulin shock. And then began a sudden surge forward—electroshock, psychosurgery and now the new drugs. Though human mental disorder is ages old, virtually everything known today about its physical treatment has been learned in the last twenty years. (Interestingly, not a single treatment was discovered in America.)

One by one each of these treatments has been hailed as the dawn of a new day. One by one each has disappointed in some degree. Nonetheless, a feeling is widespread today that psychiatry is on the threshold of a great future. Doctor Braceland said, "Psychiatry at present is in a ferment. There are several new drugs about . . ." Dr. Daniel Blain, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, said, "The despair that consigned the mentally ill to simple custody for life in mental institutions is rapidly being displaced by the realization that mental illness is not hopeless and that the great majority of the mentally ill can be treated and returned to the community in a relatively short period of time. . . . Dramatic advances are being made in psychiatric therapies on all fronts."

Certain concrete achievements have been made. Patients suffering from pellagra, who once filled Southern mental hospitals, have practically disappeared since the discovery that pellagra is a dietary ailment. Not many years ago all mental hospitals were full of paretics, but penicillin was discovered and it cures syphilis, which causes paresis. Some cases of cretinism can now be successfully treated with thyroid. Hospitals for epileptics are closing, for drugs have been discovered that enable most epileptics to lead normal lives.

And new leads are being followed. New modifications of electroshock and psychosurgery are under study. National Institute scientists have learned how to analyze blood flowing through the living brain; this may lead to important discoveries. It is thought by some that the adrenal glands of schizophrenics do not function as do those of normal people. Certain chemicals have been found to produce false psychotic symptoms—they are research tools. The immediate future seems to belong to biochemists and pharmacologists, though in the long run the most important findings may come from basic research.

Scattered around the country are innumerable small projects. In a little laboratory in the basement of Columbus State, Dr. James W. Papez, an elderly neuroanatomist, thinks he has found in the brain cells of dead psychotics a funguslike organism that causes psychosis; though the other doctors do not accept his findings, they do not laugh at them—or at other work in a field wher so little is known and so much hoped

If the end of the pesthouse is not in sight, its existence has been challenged Doctor Blain, after speaking a while ago of the difficulties and disappointments in his field, quoted Dr. Alan Gregg, of the Rockefeller Foundation, who recalled that at the dedication of the Mount Palomar telescope a few years ago the guests were allowed to look at a star never before seen by man—a star whose light had been on its way to earth a 186,000 miles a second for 195,000,00( years. In so awesome a context of time and space, the guests felt insignificant in deed. But one of the speakers reminded them that although the philosopher may say, "Astronomically speaking, man i completely negligible," the psychologis may reply, "Philosophically speaking man is the astronomer."

"And in that heartening answer," sai Doctor Gregg, "lie the consolation an the glory of those who study the min and spirit of man."

Meanwhile, pending the millennium the state hospital struggles along. Out o the hilltop in Columbus, the same pa tients sit in rocking chairs on the chron wards; the attendants on the disturbe wards perform their onerous tasks; th ward doctors pursue their weary round occasionally heartened by a good hour talk with a new patient or an old patient surprising recovery on a new medicin And the clinical director hurries fro staff meeting to individual patient to conference on how he can stretch h meager supply of doctors and drugs. An the superintendent goes on hoping f larger appropriations, more doctors an fewer indignant relatives.

They are all doing their best with wh they have. Superintendent Wedemeyer, big man in a white coat in an old, va nished office, said recently, "Once in while something nice happens," a passed a letter across his desk. It w from a woman whose aunt had died Columbus State, and it said, "I want y to know that I shall always apprecia the kindly interest that you, the phy cians, nurses and other members of t staff took in her during the time she w in the Columbus State Hospital. I f that in your position you are renderin great service to society. Best wishes continued success in all that you do."

Editors' Note—This is the last article in a series of six.

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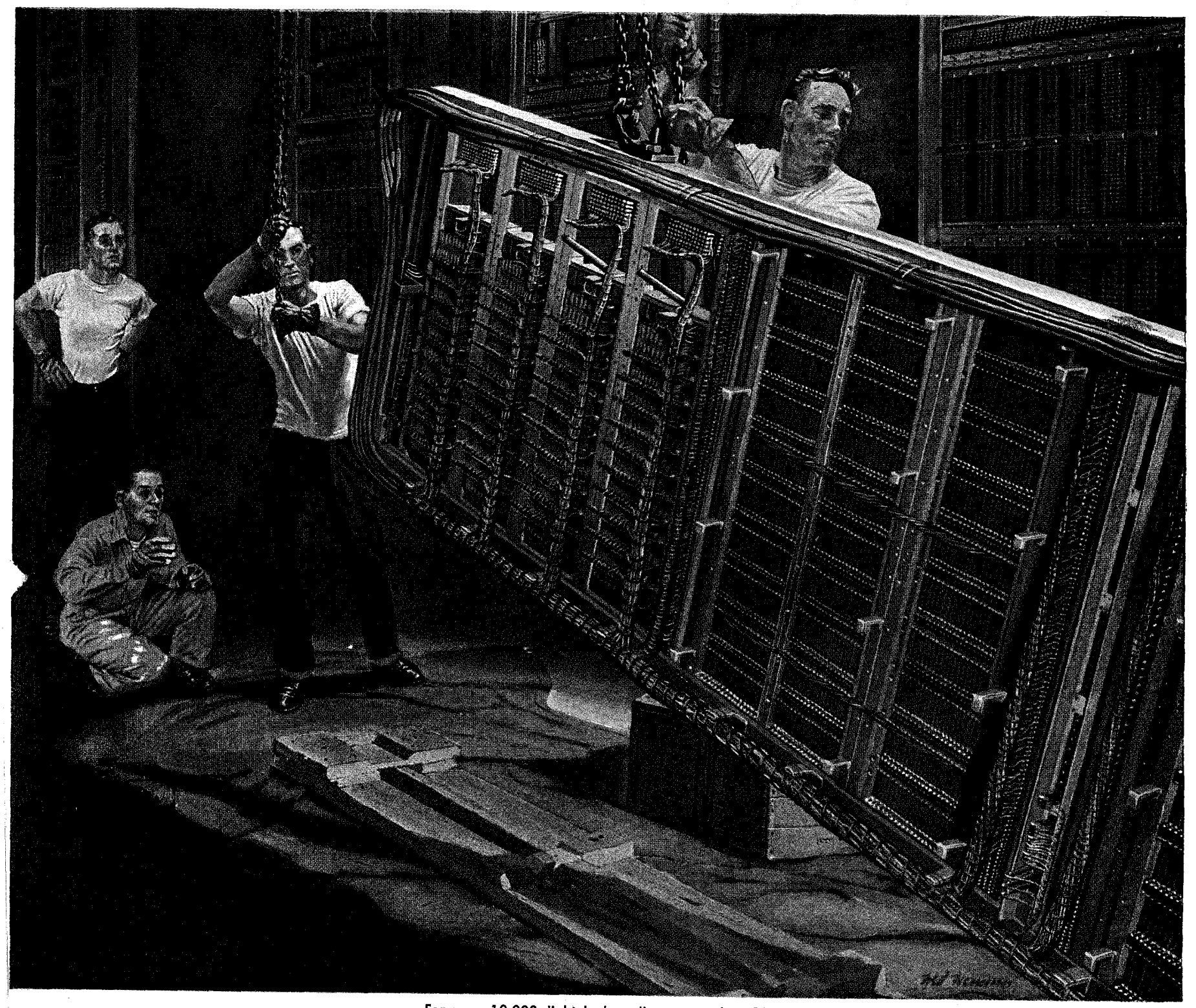

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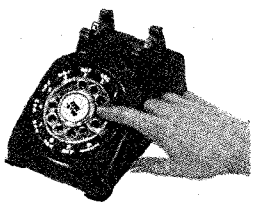

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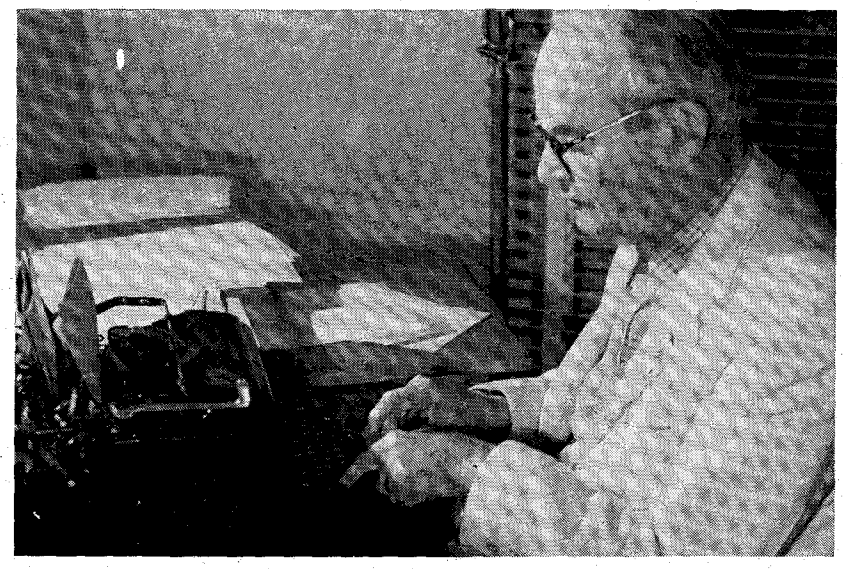
# Keeping Posted

## The Story of a Famous Storyteller



*Author Kelland: going strong as he marks a forty-year alliance with the Post.*

In 1916 a thirty-five-year-old newspaperman submitted some fiction to the Post, and the effect upon him, he now recalls, "almost toppled reason from its throne." He received, in the same mail, checks for a serial and three short stories. Clarence Budington Kelland lost no time twitching his reason back into position, and then began an extraordinary magazine-author relationship which, with the world-popular author now seventy-five, is flourishing right along on page 42.

Kelland reflects, "It has been a wonderfully agreeable forty-year association, first with Post Editor George Lorimer and his colleague, Tom Costain, then with the present editor, Ben Hibbs and associate editor Erd Brandt." Another way to describe this happy fellowship is mathematically: forty-six serials, 134 short stories, six articles. Counting his current serial, Kelland has had two this year, one in '55, one overlapping '54 and '55, and one complete in '54; and readers complain that this isn't enough. Peace, friends—he has completed three serials which there hasn't been time to publish.

How does Bud Kelland do this remarkable work? "With unmethodical method," says he. "I get up in the morning, torture a typewriter until it screams, then stop." The scream is heard during the fifth hour. Kelland can't plot a story in detail; he starts with a character, digs up another, and starts them talking. At the end of Chapter I, he has little notion what will happen in Chapter II. Unbothered by noise, he writes—fast—in trains, hotels, ocean liners, lumber camps, bunkhouses, airplanes. He uses the five-finger typing system; three on the left hand, two right.

Kelland has great fun with preparatory research; whatever his story setting, he goes and lives in it. Like spending weeks in the New York Post Office, or on the White Sands proving grounds, or in a lumber camp; like living with the FBI, the Secret Service, with cowboys and oil riggers, with Arabs in the Middle East. He remembers, "Once I asked my old friend, Bernie Gimbel, if I could borrow his New York department store for a few weeks, and he graciously not only lent me that but many of the employees." (Stolen Goods, serial in 1949.) Recently Kelland has had a splendid time zooming around in red automobiles of the New York Fire Department. He takes special pleasure in historical research—"I have a letter from Ben Hibbs of which I'm especially proud, saying that in all our association I've never been caught in a factual error. That's especially gratifying to an old newspaper reporter." It should gratify the Detroit News, his old newspaper.

Kelland has had a widely respected career in Republican politics—beginning as a precinct committeeman in 1902 and climaxing with sixteen years as national committeeman from Arizona—but he declined to run again this year and took no part in the campaign. He says, "I'm accused of hard-shelled conservatism. Certainly, I'm conservative as opposed to radical, and I find with sorrow that I can't unqualifiedly support the present principles of any party." He hopes his own party "will return to wise conservatism as opposed to cockeyed radicalism," but he exclaims, "I still firmly believe that Republicans are better for the country than Democrats."

Kelland lives summers on Long Island and spends the winters in Arizona; no special reason for this program except that he likes it. His pleasant summer place is one of Long Island's oldest houses, complete with secret rooms for storing pirate loot, though he insists they are always empty. To let off steam, he belabors a golf ball. Score: good day 92, bad day 98.

He is feverish about baseball and other American forms of playful combat; in earlier days he used to pal around the country with Grantland Rice covering sports crises on special assignments. But the Keeping Posted editor didn't know Kelland was a wild and woolly New York Yankee fan until the editor phoned him during the fifth game of the recent World Series to ask a quick question. The answer was postponed while both parties absorbed some hot dope from Kelland's TV set. The editor found this a charming way to get in on the last three outs of a perfectly pitched ball game.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

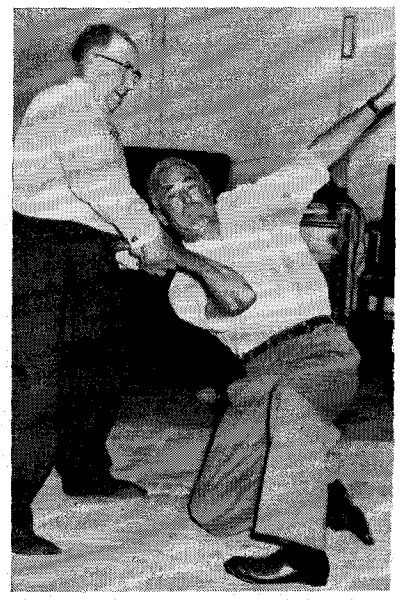
**"My Dad, Walt Disney"**

*The daughter of a world-famous American now tells the unknown, surprising story of his private life. By Diane Disney Miller, as related to our own Pete Martin.*

## Don't Get Pugnacious With This Man

When Associate Editor Dick Thruelsen heard that Mr. Bill Underwood, of Toronto, was teaching a system of self-defense that enabled dainty young ladies to disarm thugs and toss 'em over their pretty heads, he was skeptical. So he and Underwood met in a New York hotel room, and every few minutes as the talked, Underwood, to emphasize point, would grab Thruelsen, tie him i a knot and mop up the floor with him. After a few hours of this, Thruelsen felt that he should do a piece on "Defendo" (page 24) while he was still alive.

Next day, having a relapse into skepticism, Thruelsen took Underwood to



Klein's Gymnasium in Times Square an persuaded a large, muscular young ma who was training there to attack the D fendo expert and see what happene Underwood mopped up with him to

Since Underwood himself, by son wacky arrangement of fate, has nev been assailed by a real badman, Thrue sen sort of hoped that as they walk around town together, some fellow wou try to get funny with the little man. this was a questionable way to feel abo a friend, and a worse way to feel abou poor, unsuspecting badman, happily t friend was not even jostled.

Later, in Philadelphia, Thruelsen h Underwood demonstrate his painful a to the Post editors, using a gym m placed in the office of an editor who, b ing on vacation, was unable to defend l office. Secretaries, under instructio more or less convincingly tossed arou men; Underwood tossed a couple of e tors, and then he grabbed Thruelsen a really gave him the works. In the ph Thruelsen is feeling as awful as he loo

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